FOREST AND STREAM.

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A NEW JERSEY SCHEME.

HERE is something novel and interesting from New Jersey. Some student of game protection and politics has evolved a scheme to combine the two; and the plan has been embodied in a bill introduced into the Senate. The plan is this:

Exact from every non-resident of the State a license fee of $10 for the privilege of shooting or fishing; and if he seeks to evade the tax, fine him $100 or clap him into the common jail, there to "remain until the same shall be paid." The county clerk gets $1 extra from the victim for his services in issuing the license, and the fine is to be divided, one-half to the persons who prosecute for it, and the other half to the county collector. The license appears to be good only for the one specific county in which it is issued. So far there is nothing new in this non-resident tax system; the novel feature is found in some entirely new county game commissioners' provisions.

These provide for a board of ten commissioners, who, on petition of twenty-five residents of a county, shall be appointed by the presiding justice of the Supreme Court. The duties of the ten commissioners are designated to be the enforcement of the game laws; their term of office is three years; and they are to "serve without any compensation whatsoever." The officers of the proposed Commission are a president, a secretary and a treasurer; and they are given authority to dispose of all funds which may come into their possession for the purpose of enforcing the laws and restocking the covers; they are authorized to arrest game law offenders; may employ agents to purchase game, birds and fish for stocking purposes, and may also employ aid to enforce the laws; all this provided that the funds expended by them shall come from their own treasury. The treasury is to draw its revenues from two sources: all sums received from non-resident licenses, and one-half of the fines collected by justices of the peace.

Such a plan may have originated with some person who is intensely interested in game protection, who would perhaps be willing to give his own time gratuitously to the cause, and imagines that in the several counties there will be found material for the boards of ten commissioners.

It is one of those schemes which with honest, earnest and competent men might work wonders; but which would be quite as likely to prove a failure and to give opportunity for fraud. Indeed it is just such a plan as the pot-house politicians would certainly welcome and make the most of.

There used to be a law in New Jersey which provided that non-resident sportsmen wishing to shoot or fish must first comply with the by-laws of the organized game societies. One game society got up a set of by-laws which required a non-resident to hand over into its treasury ten dollars before he could shoot birds; and as there was nothing small nor mean about the society, when a New Yorker had paid in his money, it gave him a license to pot song birds, the law of the State to the contrary notwithstanding. The fat income from New York city song bird shooters was cut off when the ridiculous statute was repealed; but if this new measure should go through, doubtless ten thrifty individuals could be mustered in the same county to revive the profitable plan on lines suitably modified.

We beg to call the attention of the West Jersey Game Protective Society to Sec. 10 of this bill, which provides for the repeal of the charter of any organized game protective society now existing. That means that if the county commissioners go in the West Jersey Society goes out.

The charter of the West Jersey Society delegates to it the making of laws for non-resident sportsmen in the six southern counties of the State, and the society has enacted that no non-resident may shoot in that country until he shall have become a member of the society, $5 the first year and $3 per annum afterward. In the last annual report to the Legislature the New Jersey Fish Commissioners said of the law creating the West Jersey institution:

> The law in our opinion is not in accordance with the spirit of American institutions. To exclude a man from certain privileges because he cannot afford to pay $5 therefor does not speak well for the hospitality of New Jersey. Numerous complaints concerning this law have been received, and information obtained from our wardens is to the effect that the violators of the law who have been prosecuted in the counties where this law applies were almost invariably members of this society. Your Commission is also informed that the membership of this society is composed principally of sportsmen from Philadelphia and other places. Your Commission would accordingly suggest the repeal of this law.

There is not the slightest reason to believe that this extraordinary and preposterous delegation of the law making power to individuals would stand the test of the higher courts; unquestionably it would be declared unconstitutional. The only reason why it has not been tested is that those who have had their guns confiscated, or who have been fined under its provisions, have preferred to settle rather than to go to the expense and worry of fighting the imposition in the higher courts.

And now that we have mentioned the New Jersey Commission here is a pertinent suggestion: The members of the present board are doing excellent work; they have proved themselves to be intelligent, earnest, trustworty officials. Game and fish protection under their direction gives promise of amounting to something. Instead of trying any new schemes give the present system a chance; back up the Commission with the funds they require; let them have the wardens they need for the work; and if there shall be found in any county ten men to co-operate with the Commissioners and their wardens the problem of how to protect New Jersey game will not long remain unsolved.

SALE OF GAME IN CLOSE TIME.

WE recorded last week a Minnesota game law decision, in which it was held that the law forbidding the sale of game in close time did not apply to game imported from outside of the limits of Minnesota. The immediate result of this ruling is that the game dealers of St. Paul and Minneapolis are sending broadcast to the hunters and commission merchants of adjoining States invitations to ship to them game, which, they explain, they can now openly expose for sale; and under the present conditions, as determined by the decision of the Supreme Court, they are enabled to offer more than usually enticing inducements to these outside dealers in game. The wardens of Minnesota, then, have to contend with the same obstacles which are encountered in New York State, where also it is lawful to sell during the close season game coming from outside the limits of New York.

The practical operation of a law which thus permits the sale of game all the year around is this: There are absolutely no restrictions upon the amount of game dealt in, nor upon the sources of supply from whence it is drawn. The way is perfectly open for traffic in game killed illegally in local covers. Under one bill of lading honestly covering a shipment of game from abroad, a dealer in New York may go on perpetually selling game received from New York hunters, or in Minnesota from Minnesota hunters. The protectors, wardens and voluntary associations of sportsmen cannot be expected to secure convictions of illicit traffic when the dealer has this sufficient shield in his invoices received with other game from other States. In New York city even so powerful and shrewd an association as the New York Association for the Protection of Game does not feel warranted in bringing action against a dealer, although the counsel of the Association may be convinced that he is dealing in New York game, for in one single invoice the dealer has that which, like charity, covers a multitude of sins.

At the last meeting of the Association, held on Monday of this week, a committee of three was appointed by the president to endeavor to effect the repeal of Sec. 249, which is the provision permitting the universal sale of game, and to procure the passage of such other laws as may prevent the selling of game out of season in the State of New York. The members of the committee are Messrs. Charles E. Whitehead, Robert B. Lawrence and Benj. L. Ludington. The sum of $500 was appropriated for the expenses of the committee, and we feel assured that they will make a strenuous effort to carry out the spirit of the resolution under which they were appointed.

The sportsmen of this State should band together and unite in an effort to repeal this iniquitous measure. The contest will not be an easy one, for it is almost certain that it will be necessary to overcome moneyed influence at Albany. The lobby is strong there this year and the interests at stake for the dealers are of such magnitude that they may be expected to spare no expense in holding their own.

Happily, as the defect in the Minnesota statue is one of title only, there is reason to believe that it may be remedied without special difficulty.

SNAP SHOTS.

Recent advices from the Yellowstone National Park indicate that the winter there is late and light, but little snow having fallen at last reports. A scouting party, which came in a short time ago from the southern part of the Park, reported that only six buffalo were seen on the trip. Of these three were in the recently-constructed corral and one just outside of it, one was near the head of Fox Creek just north of Two Ocean Pass. This one, the scout said, looked thin and was restricted by the snow to a small area where there was very little grass. The scout did not believe that it would live through the winter. The other was on Falls River, not very far from Beula Lake. There is an open tract of country there with warm ground and water, and this buffalo will probably live through. However, the party saw the carcass of another, recently dead, lying in the middle of the stream, only a short distance from where they saw the living one. Three moose were seen yarded on Snake River. There was plenty of elk and other game.

Deer were formerly counted among the game animals of Massachusetts, for the protection of which laws were provided. Subsequently the species became extinct or was supposed to be extinct in the State outside of Cape Cod, and as the law was altered by successive Legislatures, in course of time it came about that protection for deer was no longer afforded except in the counties of Plymouth and Barnstable. This condition appears to have resulted from inadvertence rather than from any deliberate design of the Legislature, and now that the game is once more appearing in the northern and western counties of the State there should be no delay in restoring ample protection for it in those sections. Massachusetts should have a law providing for a close term of several years on deer everywhere within her limits. If this is supplied there is no reason to doubt that the species may gradually increase and add to the woodland attractions and possibly in time to the available game stock of Massachusetts covers.

The Bannock Indian matter has now reached the very stage where it should have begun months ago. The people of Jackson's Hole started in to negotiate with the Bannocks with repeating rifles, and demonstrated their skill in negotiation by killing a number of inoffensive Indians. Now a bill has been introduced into Congress providing for the appointment of a commission to treat with the Bannocks for a surrender of their treaty rights to hunt on unoccupied Government lands. We ought all of us as citizens to rejoice that the repeating rifle has been put aside, and that civilized methods have been resorted to to secure the desired end. If the Indians can be induced to surrender their hunting privileges by fair means a decided advantage will have been gained. The next step in order would be to restrain the lawless whites who kill game out of season and have been accustomed to lay upon the shoulders of the Bannocks the blame for the depletion which ensued.

The Sportsman Tourist.

THE KING OF CAMPERS.

WINTER is upon us and the moose have yarded, secure from the pursuit of honest men. The pools where the salmon splash in summer are smoothly blanketed in white and the whole wilderness sleeps, that in a few months it may greet us anew, fresh as a blooming girl. The rifle withholds its thunderbolts and lies lazily stretched on its row of pegs. The big reel that has sung the death song of many a hapless victim is a prisoner in its box. Rifle and reel, paddle and rod, these never grow old. If one could only live a thousand years to use them! They are the cure for business and politics, the refuge from the places "where discord rears eternal babel."

Amid the half-formed plans for next season my mind turns often to the stories of the heroes who found for us all the grand Canadian wilderness, that summer heaven on earth. The story of those men's voyages, as told by Francis Parkman, is in my opinion without an equal in the literature of outing. First among these explorers, of course, stands that ideal woodsman, that king of campers, Samuel de Champlain. As one reads the account, one does not know which to admire the more, the indomitable spirit and cheerful resourcefulness of the great explorer, or the marvelous genius of the historian. Surely Parkman is the monarch of wilderness description. Who that has read it can ever forget the voyage of Champlain up the Ottawa as described in "Pioneers of France in the New World?"

"All day they plied their paddles. Night came and they made their camp-fire in the forest. He who now, when two centuries and a half are passed, would see the evening bivouac of Champlain has but to encamp with Indian guides on the upper waters of this same Ottawa—to this day a solitude—or on the borders of some lonely river of New Brunswick or of Maine.

"As, crackling in the forest stillness, the flame cast its keen red light around, wild forms stood forth against the outer gloom—the strong, the weak, the old, the young; all the leafy hosts of the wilderness; moss-bearded ancients tottering to their death, saplings slender and smooth, trunks hideous with wens and goitres and strange deformity; the oak, a giant in rusty mail; the Atlantean column of the pine, bearing on high its murmuring world of verdure; the birch, ghastly and wan, a specter in the darkness; and aloft the knotted boughs, uncouth, distorted shapes, struggling amid dim clouds of foliage."

Then follows the description of the scene as they ate their evening meal and then lay down to rest. A shiver creeps over you as you realize the night's cold, for he says:

"Perhaps, as the night were on, chilled by the river damps, some slumberer awoke, kneeled by the sunken fire, spread his numbed hands over the dull embers, and stirred them with a half-consumed brand."

The sunken fire! How those three words bring up the whole scene. Not merely burned low, but eaten down into the mossy earth, below the level of the surrounding ground. Who can fully appreciate it except one who has looked in vain for a good camping chance away from the peat bogs that line the shores of so many Canadian rivers?

"Then the sparks, streaming upward, roamed like fireflies among the dusky boughs. * * * As he lay once more by the replenished fire sounds stole upon his ear, faint, mysterious, startling to the awakened fancy, the whispering fall of a leaf, the creaking of a bough, the stir of some night insect, the soft footfall of some prowling beast; from the far-off shore the mournful howl of a lonely wolf or the leaping of a fish, where, athwart the pines, the weird moon gleamed on the midnight river."

O, good Mr. Parkman, you were there! You knew how it was yourself. And then the morning:

"Day dawned. The east glowed with tranquil fire, that pierced, with eyes of flame, the fir trees, whose jagged tops stood drawn in black against the burning heaven. Beneath, the glossy river slept in shadow or spread far and wide in sheets of burnished bronze; and in the western sky the white moon hung like a disk of silver. Now a fervid light touched the dead tops of the hemlock, and now, creeping downward, it bathed the mossy beard of the patriarchal cedar, unstirred in the breathless air. Now a fiercer spark beamed from the east, and now, half risen on the sight, a dome of crimson fire, the sun blazed with floods of radiance across the awakened wilderness.

"The paddles flashed, the voyagers held their course; and soon the still surface was flecked with spots of foam; islets of froth floated by, tokens of some great convulsion. Then on their left the falling curtain of the Rideau shone like silver betwixt its bordering woods, and in front, white as a snowdrift, the cataracts of the Chaudière barred their way. They saw the dark cliffs, gloomy with impending firs, and the darker torrent rolling its mad surges along the gulf between. They saw the unbridled river careering down its sheeted rocks, foaming in unfathomed chasms, wearying the solitude with the hoarse outcry of its agony and rage. * * * Over the rocks, through the woods."

That was the portage. "Over the rocks, through the woods!" We who have done it know, do we not?

"Then they launched their canoes again and with toil and struggle made their amphibious way—now pushing, now dragging, now lifting, now paddling, now shoving with poles."

As we read we wonder if Champlain really did learn to handle a setting pole and to trim the ends as they "broomed up." I think he did. Parkman did, anyhow.

"Day by day brought a renewal of their toils. Hour by hour they moved prosperously up the long winding of the solitary stream; then, in quick succession, rapid followed rapid, till the bed of the Ottawa seemed a slope of foam. * * * Now they glided beneath overhanging cliffs, where, seeing but unseen, the crouched wildcat eyed them from the thicket. * * * In the weedy cove stood the moose, neck-deep in water to escape the flies, wading shoreward, with glistening sides, as the canoes drew near, shaking his broad antlers and writhing his hideous nostril, as with clumsy trot he vanished in the woods."

Parkman understood the charm of the presence of the wild animals. He knew what a sense of companionship there is in a caribou track along the shore. The next paragraph is, to my mind, one of the finest things in the English language:

"In these ancient wilds, to whose ever verdant antiquity the pyramids are young and Nineveh a mushroom of yesterday; where the sage wanderer of the Odyssey, could he have urged his pilgrimage so far, would have surveyed the same grand and stern monotony, the same dark sweep of melancholy woods; and where, as of yore, the bear and wolf still lurk in the thicket, and the lynx glares from the leafy bough;—here, while New England was a solitude, and the settlers of Virginia scarcely dared venture inland beyond the sound of cannon shot, Champlain was planting on shores and islands the emblems of his faith."

It has been suggested by some one that Parkman was too rhetorical for accuracy. The very opposite is true. He attains, by his selection of words, at once a conciseness and an accuracy impossible to any commonplace attempt. "Ever verdant antiquity!" Do you realize the tremendous sweep of the description? It is like a lightning flash by night, in whose brief brilliance the wilderness, eternal, primeval, evergreen, is revealed to the vision of one who, in more leisurely daylight, has become familiar with the details.

"The lynx glares from the leafy bough." What other word than "glares" can be found which so sums up the characteristic conduct of the lucivee? Did you ever see a lynxs in a tree? Well, the first time you do, his bulging eyes will be all you will remember probably. It seems as though Parkman had hunted the language through for just the word that meant all he wished to say.

Read the account of how the dauntless Champlain, following a red-headed woodpecker, the first he had ever seen, became lost; how he wandered for three days. "He had found paths in the wilderness, but they were not made by human feet." How he finally followed a little brook to the big river, how he figured it all out and found himself, is told as only Parkman could tell it.

Among all the camp makers of Canada—the world's greatest camping ground—Champlain is foremost. Honor be to his name, and no less to that of Parkman, who, with an imagination of transcendent power, has illumined a minute familiarity with woodland affairs. The picture is so lifelike that we can see through the mists of 280 years the very flickerings of Champlain's camp-fire, and as we do so we thank the good God that we are privileged to gaze upon the same majestic scenes of rock and river, of mossy, barren and placid lake, unmapped and unnamed, in large part, as in the olden days. Oh, Canada, to thy gray and venerable hills, thy ever green shores, thy gentle, bounteous wilderness—to thee fond memory turns, while the repose of the snowdrift is upon thee, and the rifle hangs upon the wall. Brave is "the bright roll of thy forest chivalry," and no less brave is he who, with pen of light, has written the portrait of thy foremost hero and placed it in the gallery of imperishable renown.

FREDERIC IRLAND.

UNCLE LISHA'S OUTING.—XII.

The East Slang.

DURING the night the rain ceased and the morning broke through rifted clouds which slowly scattered in white-fleeced flocks and drifted away across the azure field. Though the storm had partially stripped the trees of their ripened leaves, they seemed none the less brilliant when the unveiled splendor of the sun fell upon them, for each unfallen leaf had gained more intense color, and like every branch and twig sparkled with innumerable drops of liquid crystal.

Leaving their companions to the pursuit of sport on shore Sam and Antoine took their guns and went down to the upper landing, where they were surprised to find a couple of blanket-coated swarthy men, just landed from a bark canoe, bending intently over the dew-beaded bottom of Sam's upturned canoe and conversing in unintelligible, low and musical tones.

"Dar was you Injin, jes' Ah tol' you," said Sam triumphantly.

At their approach the Indians turned toward them without any manifestation of surprise, and one of them, a good-looking man of middle age, greeted Sam with a pleasant smile of recognition.

"How do, Lovet? Know me? Me Joe Tocksoose. Make um dat canoe five, six year 'go."

"Why, yes; so you be," said Sam, giving him a cordial hand, "but I never s'posed I'd run ag'in ye here. Trappin' be ye?"

"Yaas, ketch um moosquas, some."

His companion ignored the presence of the white men after the first glance at them, and turned his back upon them and pottered lazily over a useless rearrangement of the traps and muskrats in the bow of his canoe. His low-browed face was sullen, his little eyes as cruel as a snake's, and he looked as if he might be a savage brother rather than a civilized descendant of his barbarian ancestors.

"You no trap um musquas?" Tocksoose asked.

"No, hunting ducks. Shot many, hev ye?"

"No, rather have musquas. Better for eat. Better for skin. Shoot um plenty duck?"

"Wal, some. Hain't hunted a turrible sight. Where be you a-campin'?"

"Up dar," the Indian answered, pointing toward the Slang. "Make 'em good canoe. Very good bark. Come see some day."

"Nawah, Tocksoose," the other Indian growled with gruff impatience as he shoved the canoe afloat and stepped into it.

"Onh-onh, me come," Tocksoose answered, and followed his companion. "Goo'-by, Lovet, come see canoe," and getting clear of the weeds they paddled away as silently as if they were ghosts of their long-departed progenitors haunting the changed scenes of their earthly life. The Indians went across and down stream, examining and resetting their traps in houses along the border of marsh.

Sam and Antoine shaped their course up stream, finding no game on the ground which the trappers had just passed over, but after passing the South Slang ducks arose, singly and in flocks, frequently enough to give them all the shooting they could wish. But they missed much oftener than they killed, for Sam had not acquired the knack of cutting down his birds in the moment that they labored upward from the rushy covert before they began to climb the air in a swift ascending slant, or scurrying away in swifter level flight, when he continually made the mistake of shooting behind his mark.

Antoine always dwelt long on his aim, and when he attempted a shot at a single flying bird poked after it till it was out of range and then lowered his wabbling muzzle or blazed away into empty space. Now and then a duck succumbed to Sam's shot and came down with a headlong, surging splash into the marsh, perhaps to be lost in the even sameness of the sedgy level, perhaps to be retrieved after a groping search in the maze of wild rice stalks or denser tangle of more diversified marsh growth. Achieving such indifferent success, they came to the East Slang and entered the narrow channel, when a dusky duck arose from the weeds on their left with a prodigious flutter and outcry of alarm. Sam caught aim and fired in the instant during which she hung almost stationary after the upward spring. Confident of the correctness of his aim, he was surprised and disgusted beyond measure to see the heavy bird continue her flight, climbing the air almost perpendicularly and with continually increasing speed to a height at which she looked no bigger than a swallow.

"Wal, by the gre't horn spoon!" was all he could say, and Antoine offered such soothing condolence as one is apt to receive when he has made an unsuccessful shot.

"Wal, Ah'll was spec' for see it tombly, he was so beeg lak geese an' so close Ah can mos' stroke it wid mah paddle. Prob'ly you'll was hit it, but he was fool dauk an' a'n't know de way for fall, so he fall up, prob'ly, 'less prob'ly he was gat tire of dis wicked worl' an' goin' look for de angel. Bah gosh, he mos' gat where dey was."

They were still watching the towering bird when suddenly her wings closed spasmodically and she came down like a plummet, striking the water so near them that the canoe was sprinkled with the upbursting shower of spray, while in the center of the circling wavelets the inert, lifeless bird rose and sank like a balancing scale.

Again Sam ejaculated, "Wal, by the gre't horn spoon!" and Antoine was surprised into an expression of astonishment. A close examination proved that the bird had been hit by a single shot, which had bored the brain.

"Jes' Ah tol' you," said Antoine complacently; "you'll was mek him crazy in hees head of it, so he'll a'n't know de way for fall. Ah'll know what hail it jes' soon Ah'll see him fall up dat way, me."

Sam's gun was reloaded, and they were again moving forward when a small, dusky-hued waterfowl swam boldly into the channel before them within short range.

"Hol' on. Don' shot." Antoine said in a low but intensely earnest tone as Sam leveled his gun on the easy mark, but as the words were spoken the trigger was pulled, and out of the cloud of smoke the shot rained upon the spot from which the daring fowl had instantaneously vanished.

"Dar," cried Antoine in supreme disgust, as the rebounding echoes came rolling back from hill and woodland, "A'n't Ah'll tol' you? What for you shot at dat mis'bly leetly hell-davver? You can' keel it more as hit litlin, an' if you'll was gat it, he a'n't wors more as not'ing 't all. Naow he gone daown for see his fader, de dev', an' in minute he come back for laft at you. Dar." And there indeed the uncanny, keen-eyed, sharp-billed head popped just above the surface two gunshots away, swimming for the marsh, where it presently disappeared.

Then they were startled by a rush of multitudinous swift wings, and a great flock of teal swept past, following every turn of the channel in their arrowy flight till they alighted with a long, resounding splash fifty rods further up stream. Standing up and peering cautiously over the marsh, Sam saw the flock swimming in the channel opposite to a clump of low-branched trees on the eastern bank.

"They hain't six rod from a good place to crawl up tu 'em," he whispered, as he settled back on to his knees and took up a paddle. "Le's run int' the brook here an' land an' tackle 'em from the bank. If we git a good lick at 'em we won't want tu hunt no more to-day."

They landed on the bank of the brook and held across the field till the clump of trees were in range with the place where the teal had alighted. Turning at a right angle, they advanced cautiously in this direction and were soon close behind a screen of low-hanging oak branches, looking between which they saw at least a hundred unsuspecting teal swimming and feeding within easy range, the blue wings gleaming in the sunlight in brilliant contrast to the dull color of the general plumage.

"You pour it int' the thick on 'em a-settin'," Sam whispered, as they silently cocked their guns, "an' I'll let 'em hev when they rise."

Antoine nodded and poked his gun through an opening to what he imagined to be a perfect aim on the thickest huddle of the flock. Sam felt a pang of contrition for the impending slaughter of the innocents, but held his gun ready to do his part in it. The roar of Antoine's gun was prolonged by the roar of a hundred pairs of wings starting to simultaneous flight, and quickly echoed by Sam's discharge. Rushing forward to the verge of the marsh, the shooters peered eagerly under the lifting cloud of smoke and saw one solitary wing-tipped teal struggling toward the cover of the marsh through the frost-blackened lilypads. Antoine had quite over-shot the sitting birds, and Sam, aiming at the whole flock, had missed all but the chance-struck victim.

As far up stream as there was water enough to float one, it must have been alive with ducks, for now the air was swarming with them, a disturbed congregation, uttering cries of alarm, some circling about in confused flight, some making straight away over the woods to the two creeks, and some following the course of the stream, passing overhead and before the chop-fallen gunners.

"Sam, bah-a-gosh!" Antoine ejaculated in most abject self-disgust. "Le's we load off aour gaun an' shot one 'nudder. We gat too fool for leeve some more."

"By the gre't horn spoon, Antwine," Sam replied in utter contempt of their performance, "we couldn't hit one 'nuther erless we helt the muzzles o' aour guns in aour maouths. We might 's well go an' git the canew an' see if we c'n find that 'ere waounded duck," and he began carefully reloading his gun.

"Dat dauk? You maght jes' well hunt for haystack wid needle as hunt dat dauk. Nobody fan' him but mink or prob'ly de hawk. What for you load off you gaun? Bah gosh! Ah'll a'n't load off mah gaun some more. He a'n't so good as stick hwood. Ah, Sacre hol' damashin' gaun!" Antoine growled at his musket and handled it as if with an intention of smashing it on the nearest tree,

but at last shouldered it. Sam finished reloading and remarked as he set a cap on the nipple:

"It hain't no use o' blamin' it ont' the guns, Antwine."

They took the shortest way to the canoe, each engaged in the unprofitable silent self-communion which is a common but not happy experience of sportsmen. To what one of the brotherhood does not the missing of a lost opportunity come like a ghost to haunt his waking hours and trouble his dreams?

Their moody silence was continued as they paddled down the Slang, each plying the paddle industriously, quite regardless of every chance of a shot offered by rising or passing birds. Of the last there were not a few, for a boat was coming down the creek, disturbing the waterfowl with more frequent shots than Sam had ever heard except at a general muster of the militia, or had Antoine since the Papineau war.

"It was prob'ly some boy jes' shot for mek nowse," Antoine commented.

The heads of the two occupants of the approaching boat could now be seen above the wild rice that hid craft and channel. Presently a pair of wood ducks sprang into the air a few rods in advance of the moving heads, one flying to the right, the other to the left, and in the same instant the polished barrels of a gun flashed upward in the sunlight, a jet of smoke puffed out, followed by another as quick as a finger could shift triggers, and as the double report rolled up wind to their ears the two canoemen saw the ducks tumble limp and lifeless back into the marsh. Three more ducks, alarmed by the echoes that rebounded from the wooded shore beside which they were resting, got up together at long range, but the alert sportsman picked up a second gun and brought down two with the first barrel and with the second hit the last of the three so hard that it came down with a long slant in front of the canoe now emerging from the Slang. Sam finished the wounded fowl with a charge from his long single-barrel and exclaimed in reply to Antoine:

"Boys, I cal'late that feller 's a man, an' one 'at understan's his business. By mighty! don't he jest clear the sky o' ducks? Le's let him go ahead, for I'd dumb'd sight ruther see him shoot 'an tu shoot myself, leastways as I 'pear tu shoot tu-day." ROWLAND E. ROBINSON.

THE TALKING PINE.—IV.

The Kloo-kwallie.

WHEN the leaves turned brown, the third moon after the ripening of the first salmon berry, I left the city of Squin-tum, the white man, and journeyed to the Lake of the Mountains, and smoked the chinoos until the moon rose; then I went in my canoe across the lake, and when the moon was only so high as the pine that has seen only one snow, I sat by the foot of the Talking Pine to see the sight of the Kloo-kwallie, and watch S'doaks, the son of Yelth, the Raven, become a Tah-mah-na-wis man.

It was a good sight.

A fire was started and soon made to blaze high, that the Maschee Tah-mah-na-wis would have his power burned away.

Paints of many colors were brought out and soon all the dancers were painted so bright that the evil eye was blind. Spudt-tee-doch, the protector, was brought and stood up in the light.

"Listen," said the Talking Pine, and I heard a low song that came from a long way, and was faint like the voice of the lake when the wind ripples its face, and the kloo-kwallie was begun.

It was a low-toned song that had not many words, yet those words were not in the Twana language which was spoken by the tribe of S'doaks, and the Talking Pine told me he did not know the words, though he had heard the song many, many times when he was young.

Louder it sounded and many voices joined in, and then the klootchmen who do not dance gathered their skirts close and sat down to beat drums in time with the medicine chant that the men were singing. Like the beat of the surf on the ocean sand the song rose and fell, louder, and deep and full, until a great noise like the sound of the streets in the white man's town across the mountains came in the air and filled it.

That was the song of the Kloo-kwallie, the song that nobody knows except the wild men who dance until all are hoo-ie and their eyes stare and see nothing, like the crazy folks who have looked on the evil eye.

With a great roar of voices and the beating of many drums came the dancers, all in line and all dancing slow. Each one would jump and then stand stiff like a man carved from wood, and then jump again. Around the fire they all moved until they looked like black shadows, and the light of the fire went up in the air and made bright the arms of the Talking Pine, and no light shone through the circle because so many were dancing.

After the men had danced for some time and the song was fast and the dancing wild, the Talking Pine whispered and told me to watch now and listen, for S'doaks would soon be tested by the fire.

As I watched the dancers seemed to get pelton, crazy the white men say, and two ran up to S'doaks and caught him, one by the neck and one by the heels, and they carried him to a small fire that was built to burn slowly. Over this fire they held S'doaks with his back close to it until it was burned and cracked, and blisters came and caused pain that would make any but a medicine man moan and cry out.

But S'doaks had strong medicine, and laughed while his back burned. Then they carried him back and set him down again in the circle to dance. As he danced around the fire and sang the medicine song the klootchmen gave him sticks pointed with bone, and with these he scourged himself until the blood began to flow and dried black against his skin.

The other dancers lashed his back and arms with switches and put cedar splinters which blazed like a torch against his skin, and S'doaks still danced, for his medicine was strong and his Tah-mah-na-wis made him so he did not feel his hurts.

Until the moon was straight over the head of the Talking Pine the dance went on, and then S'doaks fell down like a dead man with his eyes open. But he could not see, for his medicine had gone and he was like other men and like a man who was mem-a-loose—dead, you know.

Then the mid-win-nie men, who do not dance, took S'doaks and carried him to the medicine lodge and brought him back to life again and he got well in time.

The Talking Pine told me that he must go through the torture as many times as he could before the moon when the birds nest, and that if he did this and his medicine was strong so he would not feel his hurts, then he would be a new Tah-mah-na-wis man and be one of the mid-win-nie clan and be a doctor.

This I know he did, for I saw him cure a boy who had looked on the evil eye and was already dead, but the medicine of S'doaks was strong and brought the boy back to his body and made him alive again.

And this was the dance of the Kloo-kwallie that was danced at the foot of the Talking Pine. When it was over, I got in my canoe and crossed back to my lodge and waited for word to come again from my friend, the wise one. EL COMANCHO.

WITH A SURVEYING PARTY IN THE INDIAN TERRITORY.

BY FRANK WINCHESTER, ONE OF ITS GUESTS.

Part IV.

THE second day came clear with a strong north wind, and the Judge and I with a full supply of cartridges for ducks and geese went to the river after an early breakfast, but to our surprise we found no ducks where King and I had found them in such numbers, and I then led the way up the river toward the goose sandbar, on which a few could be seen sitting, the Judge laughing at the joke upon King and me, if the slickers should be found stolen; but when we drew near we saw the slickers lying on the sand and the few geese upon the bar paying no attention to them. Knowing that the main forenoon flight in from the feeding grounds would begin about 10 o'clock, we at once waded out to the bar, and each of us soon had a shooting hole scooped out in the sand in which we could lie and be covered by the slickers, and then the work began with a straggling one every few minutes until the main flight came, and then it was shoot until all of our shells were empty.

As we arose and looked at our work the Judge most emphatically declared, "Carried away by excitement, you and I, Son, have been worse than two pot-hunters; but I am done; I have had goose shooting enough for a lifetime." I felt that we were both unworthy the name of sportsmen.

A hail from the bank apprised us that Cap had sent a team down for our game, and though we ate every goose at camp neither the Judge nor I engaged in any more goose shooting on that trip, although they used that sandbar for a roost during our entire stay in camp.

While waiting for a suitable day for bass fishing the Judge, Cap and I had several conferences, planning to invent some method by which we could beat King catching bass, but the only result was that Cap and I determined to ask King to provide us with tackle so that ours should be as near like his as possible; the Judge contemptuously refused to give up his jointed rod and reel, declaring that "If three expert bass fishermen with civilized rigs could not beat a half-breed Indian with his bungling outfit, it was time we quit the business."

A few days after the storm we were aroused by King before daylight and told to "Get up before the morning star sets and get ready to go fishing." We found a warm south wind gently blowing, while the stars were shining with intense brightness in a cloudless sky. After a breakfast by lamp and fire light combined, we mounted our ponies and followed King down into an unknown land to fish for bass in a stream somewhere in that country called the Walnut. Fording the river, we followed King down the river about six miles until we came to the Walnut Creek, which proved to be a stream nearly three times as large as the Red Rock had been, but presenting many of the same characteristics, except that close to the river upon the bottom land is formed a wide deep pool resembling a bayou, extending nearly three-quarters of a mile, where it became a chain of deep pools connected by shallow ripples, like those we had found in the Red Rock near the northern part of the territory. In a canebrake near the river King, Cap and I each cut a fish pole to suit our individual tastes and King in addition cut a heavy stout cane, to the top end of which he tied a very large hook; in reply to the Judge's inquiry as to what use he would make of it, he said, "Would come handy to get big fish to shore," a remark which caused the rest of the fishing party considerable amusement.

Picketing out the ponies, we carried fishing tackle and guns and followed King up the stream, noticing the gunny sack carried by him, but having no idea of the use he would make of it until we came to a narrow and shallow pool well stocked with large minnows, when to our surprise King soon made a minnow seine of the sack, with which he caught a goodly supply of the minnows, and then used the sack to keep the minnows in and to keep them alive by placing it in the water. As the Judge had arranged his jointed bamboo rod while we were cutting our cane poles, when we reached a deep pool he was the first one to get a cast. He seated himself on a rock overhanging the pool, and as luck would have it, as his minnow struck the water it was seized by a black bass of about 3lbs. weight which he soon landed, shouting, "Rod and reel forever." Returning his hook and bait to the water it was seized by a fish which darted away, resisting all the Judge's attempt to check him, in fact breaking the tip when the Judge tried to give him the butt, at which he said: "Boys, I've hooked the King of all the bass," and King replied, "No bass at all, but dum'd big catfish;" and with a broken rod the Judge worked upon his catch for nearly an hour while the rest of the party were catching bass, until he called upon King to help him land the fish, and as King gaffed his catch and drew it to shore the Judge moaned: "Boys, I've fooled away an hour's time playing a big flathead catfish, so big I could do nothing with him, and I thought all the time I had a big black bass, and he's broke my pole, and now we've got him shall we keep him or not?" King declaring his flesh better than any bass, the 20lbs. of catfish was safely tied to shore.

Upon the Judge's declaration that his rod was ruined, King went out in the timber to a tree festooned with vines, and from beneath the vines drew a well-seasoned cane pole which he gave to the Judge, who soon had it rigged, and then joined us in catching bass. But there was no playing them. When we hooked one he was unceremoniously dragged to shore and placed upon the string, and so plenty were they that by 10 o'clock we all agreed that we had all we could use while fresh, although we had returned to the water all that we thought weighed less than 3lbs. Yet no two of us had equaled King's catch, and in spite of the fact that each of us copied King's methods and we fished the Walnut two or three times each week thereafter during our camp life, yet no two of us could ever catch as many pounds together as King would catch alone. While our fishing trips added to the variety of the food of the camp, even the Judge, scientific sportsman as he had theretofore been, in the hope of equaling—if not beating—King, degenerated with Cap and me into pot-fishermen, each using thereafter a large line, large hook and a cane pole strong enough to pull out to shore any fish that we might catch without waste of time; our efforts were fruitless, and King remained high hook in every contest. But oh! the delight that the well-broiled black bass gave as a change of diet whenever we wished a change from turkey, quail, possum, venison or bear-steak. And how memory lingers over the picture of those bass from 3 to 4lbs. in weight that the cook placed before each of us! The aroma from some of those feasts yet lingers. Surely, the gods while feasting on ambrosia never surpassed in solid comfort the enjoyment we had at table during our camp life on that trip.

WITH THE BOBO BEAR PACK.—III.

Footprints in the Trail.

A FEW moments after saying good-by to Col. Payne and Mr. Foster, who waved adieus from the opposite side of the river, the remainder of the party started from camp with the entire available pack, bound to break the monotony of life by bringing one more bear into custody. Two days before Noel Money and myself, while prowling around on foot through the heavy cane near the river, had seen a fresh bear track, apparently of a big bear, not over three-fourths of a mile from camp. We were pleased to see Bobo head in that direction and not toward the Hurricane country. As luck would have it, our bear—or another bear which did just as well as ours—actually materialized. We had not gone a mile and a half from camp before the dogs began to sniff suspiciously along the trail. At first we thought it was only the deer trail, whose tracks were thick in the soil softened by the rain; but a moment later Bobo, leaning over in the saddle, pulled up and called for the others to stop.

"Here's your bear!" he said, pointing to a series of deep holes in the leafy mold along the path. "And you can bet he's a big one, too. Turn in the dogs!"

A moment, and all the dogs were sniffing at the trail. Another moment, and the entire pack was strung out, each dog giving mouth at the top of his voice. It was indeed a glorious chorus, enough to set every drop of blood tingling in one's veins. I presume every one shouted, and I know every one rode, each at his best. In an instant the path was silent and deserted, and in half a dozen different directions men and horses were seeking riding ways through the cane.

The Plan of the Battle.

In describing a battle no two eye-witnesses will speak of it alike, because of course no one man can see all of even a dog fight, let alone a battle, by himself. The description of a bear chase, therefore, can not be called comprehensive, for it is impossible for any one man to see much beyond his own nose. From what I could learn by converse with the various commanders of detachments as we rode back over the country where the battle was fought, I should imagine the situation to have been something like the following: The bear headed north and was in a few moments jumped in very thick cane. The chase bore to the left, Mr. Money and Bill, one of the colored men, bore also to the left and made down into a slough which took them half a mile from where they started.

Capt. Bobo, Fincher Bobo and myself went to the right. The others of the party kept still further to the right over toward a big bayou. Between Capt. Bobo's party and this bayou there ran a native hunter by the name of King, who was living in a shanty near the Bobo camp. King was on foot, but knew the country well.

We now were scattered over a couple of miles of country and we had the bear surrounded on all sides but one—the far side. It was this that made the weak point in our line and it was Capt. Bobo's part to head the bear. He knew that a certain direction would bring him to the dry bed of an old bayou which penetrated the middle of the battle-field, along which he could ride for a mile, and so perhaps by riding back again into the cane to the right could get in ahead of the pack, whose course we took to be about halfway between these two big bayous. If the chase was thus headed we had it in our hands, for the bear could not break away from the mile or so of heavy cane without being seen and killed by some one.

Trials of the Chase.

I knew nothing of this state of affairs until afterward. My own concern was to keep in sight of Capt. Bobo, who was going a hot pace through some stinging switch cane on his ride for the bayou. I found Mr. Foster's roan pony was master of but one gait with any speed to it, namely, a high-headed gallop, not altogether suited to grapevines and briers in combination with cane thickets. Moreover, he had notions of his own about following a trail, and was continually flying the track and getting lost out in the middle of the wide, wide world. A good bear horse will not do this, but will stick to the "hack" and follow it steadily, even when the rider can hardly distinguish it. The pony and I had several arguments over this, more especially when the trail began to lead up and down over the points of the bluffs along the bayou. Wherever the pony saw an opening or a thin place among the trees he wanted to go there. He hadn't lost any bear, and all he wanted was to get into thinner cover, where he wouldn't be continually rapped over the head by the canes which hung so heavy on all sides. In one of our arguments we plum lost the trail and Bobo got entirely out of sight. Then I let my angry passions rise, and spurred the pony to get him back into line. Then he ran me into a tree, and very nearly broke my leg, and the saddle came off, and I hopped around on one leg and thought of the army in Flanders. It was impossible to make the saddle any tighter, because the pony wasn't big enough to fill out the girth (we had to stuff hay around him to make him fit the saddle); so I set the saddle on top of him again, and with many groanings made on after Bobo with the saddle loose, except in so far as I could tighten it with a knee exceeding sore.

This was what was happening in my immediate vicinity. Meantime Fincher Bobo had left us and was following another hack to our right. The man King was now about abreast us on the right. Money and Bill were charging up and down their narrow slough about half a mile from us, expecting every minute to get a shot. Money had met misfortune also and had broken a saddle girth, changing saddles then with Bill, who got a very poor one in the bargain. As they rode on down in the slough a big buck jumped up in front of Bill's mule, frightening that placid creature nearly into a dead faint at first, and later into mulesquian pyrotechnics which must have been fun for Money to witness. The immediate result of all of which was that Bill came off the mule and landed on the ground in a sitting posture. At this he fetched a most grievous hollow groan. "W—whoa, mule!" he said, as soon as he could speak; and then, "Mr. Money, I'se hu'ht in my innards! I'se hu'ht in my innards, sho'h's you bohn. Whah's that bottle you has, Mr. Money?"

Mr. Money gave him the bottle, which he offered to carry after half emptying it. *Par parenthèse*, Mr. Money later asked Bill for the bottle, and Bill told him it had "done leaked 'most all out"—a statement in the main part quite accurate.

What the Bear was Doing.

While Money and Bill were engaged as above, the bear was fighting the pack within 100yds. of them in thick cane. Had they only known it, this cane was thinner a little away from the edge of their slough and there was an old hack cut right across that body of cane. They rode past the hidden mouth of this path a dozen times, but did not see it. The fight was going on in an old burning, and here the dead cane and the briers made such a mat of cover that a man could not get into it. Money told me that the bear was once within 20yds. of him and he fully expected to get the shot, but he could not see either bear or dogs so thick was the cover.

The bear never crossed this slough at all, but paralleled it, Money losing his chance by not knowing that 20yds. more of scramble would have brought him into easy going and in sight of the bear. The bear kept right in the middle of this easy going, being now between Money and the man King, who was in the thin cane off to the right.

Meantime I had overtaken Capt. Bobo and we both rode on up the bayou. For a long time we could hear nothing and could not tell whether or not we had headed the bear; but at length as we got into a cross-hack leading over to the right from the bayou we could hear the chase very plainly. Capt. Bobo now sent Fincher in to find a hack leading into the heart of the brake (which he did not strike in time), and then Capt. Bobo and I chased back and forth along that narrow trail, according to the varying direction of the flood of savage music which came swelling down to us from the heart of the wilderness of cane.

"It's a running fight," said Capt. Bobo, "and they'll cross in here somewhere. He's our bear, sure, and you'll never have a better chance to kill one. Just tie your horse when they get a little closer, and run in on foot."

It seemed absolutely certain that I would kill this bear, and no thought to the contrary entered our minds. The dogs were less than 300yds. away. The noise they made may be judged when I say that I could hear not the least reason for Bobo's surprised statement that "he thought he heard a shot." I heard nothing but the dogs.

But the sound of the fighting grew less, became stationary. Puzzled, we set spur to the horses and rode the hack clear across to the big bayou beyond. We were now on what had been at the outset the right-hand side of the chase, and we were now riding back toward the start. There were therefore now on our right hand Fincher Bobo, Money and Bill and the man King.

How the Bear was Killed.

Where was this man King? None of us had given much thought to him, he being welcomed to the privilege of running after the dogs on foot if he liked. He did like it, and he ran so well that he got through the thin cane and kept abreast of the bear and the pack as they fought back and forth in the "burning." He heard the pack turn toward the bayou, and ran into the only clear space there was there and climbed up on a fallen tree. He could hear the panting of the bear long before he could see him. At last the bear came out of the cane into the open. He was half standing up and looking back at the dogs, his tongue hanging out and himself blowing like a bellows. The little one-eyed cur dog called Bad-eye was the first dog to come in sight. The bear had never seen King at all. Bad-eye made a spring at the bear's head or neck. At that instant King fired the shot which Bobo had heard, and which lost me my bear on that day. King said he aimed at the bear's ear. The distance was 20yds., and he missed it by just 5in. He shot three times with a .38-56 Winchester, all bullets striking the neck or passing through.

So Bobo and I rode up from the bayou just two minutes, or 250yds., too late. There on the ground, summoned as if by magic out of the depths of the wilderness, lay a vast black object, inert save in such motion as twenty fighting dogs gave it in their still unappeased rage. "He's the bull of the woods," said Bobo. "I knew by his track he was a big one." And very big indeed he was for a black bear, just over 7ft. long along the top of his back from nose to tail, and 8ft. 6in. across his fore paws when his arms were extended. We thought he must have weighed between 500 and 600lbs., though he looked as if he would weigh 800lbs., to a novice.

Then we blew high and long to tell all men the bear was dead, and to us there came Fincher Bobo and Mr. Money and Bill, and also a gentlemen who was a stranger to some, Mr. Beard, an old friend of Capt. Bobo's, who had arrived in that country that morning and was headed for our camp when he heard the dogs running and so joined the chase.

Our bear being much too large for any horse or mule to carry, we cut him up into sections of a few hundredweight each and took him into camp. His hide, larger than that of my pony would have been, was given to me to wrap about my pony so the saddle would fit him. And if any man doubt the bigness of said hide, let him come up into the FOREST AND STREAM office and take a look at it.

But this was not the last bear we killed.

E. HOUGH.

900 Security Building, Chicago, Ill.

AN ADIRONDACK NIGHT.

BY FRED MATHER.

THERE is one particular night in camp which always comes to the fore when the pigeon-holes of memory are overhauled and dusted. The night itself did not differ materially from hundreds of others of equal beauty spent among the lakes and mountains of the Adirondack region, but from a very singular occurrence it stands alone among camping experiences, often among wilder scenes and wilder men; and this is the way it happened:

Near the head of Fourth Lake, of the Fulton chain, is a small island which at that time, fifteen years ago, was occupied by the cabin of Fred Hess, guide, hunter and woodsman, and his family. On the eastern end of the island, and only separated by a few feet, lies a smaller one of less than a hundred feet in length, and on this my tent had been pitched for some days while I was investigating the aquatic life of the lake. Jack Shepard, my guide, had gone down to the Old Forge, at the foot of First Lake, for mail and supplies, and I had been alone for two days and one night. I had taken trout enough for supper and breakfast, and was boiling the tea-kettle and preparing to fry the trout for an early supper, when a volley of rifles and terrific yells came from the head of the lake. This was surprising, because few take rifles into the woods in early June, and most men who love the woods are silent in order to observe such life as may be stirring. Soon three boats put out, and with much argument the party came in my direction, two men in each boat, and it soon appeared that the dispute was concerning a place to camp, their guide, who had brought them from Blue Mountain, urging them to go down the lake where there was wood at hand, but they overruled him and landed, because, as one said, "there's a camp there now, and if it's good enough for them it will do for us."

To say that I regretted their decision is mild. They were a noisy lot of rude fellows, rarely found in the woods, and not at all to my taste. My tent was well back from the water and they paid their respects in this fashion: "Say, mister, how are you?" said the tallest of the five; "we just come up here f'um N' York to do a little shootin' an' fishin' an' have some fun. I'm Slim Jim, an' these 'a me fr'en's. This is Patsy Bolivar, Corky Jack, Ikey the Mug, and Baldy Soura." I acknowledged the introduction and remarked that the place was a poor one for a camp because wood had to be brought from the main land. This had no effect in inducing them to move on, and they returned to the boats to unload. Their guide, George Chamberlain, soon had their big wall tent up and started some of them for wood and then he came to see me. I hailed him with, "Well, George, where did you catch that crowd?"

"Over at Blue Mountain. They wanted to go across to Old Forge and do their own rowing and camping, but no one would let them have boats to go alone, and they never could have found the carry at the Brown Tract Inlet, so I agreed to come along and take the boats back."

"Will they pay for the round trip, do you think?"

"Oh, yes, they're all right in that, and they pay well. They ain't as bad as they make out to be—but green? Well, I've had green men in the woods before, but nothing like this party. They are hotel bartenders on a vacation, noisy and trying to enjoy the woods, but you'd enjoy seeing them fish."

"Did they get any?"

"Not a trout. They had good rods and everything in good shape, but the man they call Baldy stepped on two split-bamboos and broke them, and one rod was splintered on a log by Ikey, who used it as a club on a bullfrog, but the frog got away, and there's only one good rod left, and that I took care of, for they broke the second joint of one before they got to the lake. The stage ran over it, I believe."

"Perhaps their coming here is not so bad, after all; they may relieve the monotony of camp by their freshness. I was afraid they were a different class of men."

"They're all right, only a little strange in the woods. Here they come with the wood, and I'll go get supper ready."

By this time the sun had gone down and the stars were out in all their glory; Aldebaran was glaring red in the eye of Taurus, above the chair of Cassiopea, and the voices of the night were beginning to be heard. Our camp was still, for the men were resting. There was no wind and frogs began their sonatas; a baritone opening with a slow movement, which was taken up in a higher key and run through the allegro, andante and adagio, when the smaller ones ran it into a minuet, all the while emphasized by a powerful basso profundo on the northern shore. It was one of the grandest of nature's musical efforts performed by her most versatile soloists and choristers! It was a night for a lover of nature to commune with her and leave all thoughts of man and his ways as though they did not exist, when the boiling over of the kettle roused me to the fact that things far below Aldebaran and the Pleiades needed attention.

I am, or was, an old duffer! How long that state had existed I have no idea, nor how long it lasts does not seem to be laid down in the cyclopedias. Neither am I aware of the precise characteristics of an old duffer, or what mental or moral traits entitle one to that exalted rank, which, of course, must be far above that of a young duffer. By reason of my gray hair and beard no one would suspect that I was a young duffer, and this is the way I attained the honor. Supper had been cooked and eaten, pipes smoked while listening to a fine male and female quartet at the permanent camp of a gentleman on the south shore, to the accompaniment of a well-fingered banjo, when the following conversation took place at the camp below:

"What you doin', Baldy?"

"Mixin' a sheep-herder's delight."

"Must be good! What do you put in it?"

"A thimble full of cayenne, five dashes of tobasco sauce, same of Jamaica ginger, three dashes of gin, new apple jack to taste and serve hot."

"Ever drink one yourself?"

"Oh, no! I never care for mixed drinks; got the prescription from old Col. Todd, of Texas, who always took plain whisky for his, but he said that down his way where they raised great lots of sheep it was a favorite with the men who were exposed to the night air, and it is what you need to-night. Never made any before, only once when I had a day off and went to Coney Island. I tried it on a man who wanted a warmer to break a chill and I volunteered to make him one, as I knew the proprietor."

"Did you attend his funeral or only send flowers?"

"Come off! He's still doin' business at the old stand, a boss plumber, and he straightened right up after the drink, and you'd never see anything wrong about him, except that the setting had melted out of his diamond scarf pin and the filling in his teeth had disappeared. Here, take this one up to the old duffer while it's hot."

Then I knew that I was an old duffer! It was a revelation such as Burns wished for, and Baldy Sours held the mirror up that I might see myself as "ithers" did. The "sheep-herder's delight" turned out to be a very palatable hot toddy, "sweet, strong and plenty of it," and after smelling its fragrance I joined the party below and proposed long life to the concocter of the harmless beverage with the formidable name. From across the lake came Foster's good old song, "Come where My Love Lies Dreaming," and while the island party were rapt in the melody there was one whose memory drifted back to the time when the author of the song was a living friend and charmed the public with his "S'wanee River" and other melodies that still remain with us after the gifted writer of them is forgotten by the public; and while I was thinking of the evanescent character of popularity the song ended. A loon uttered its weird cry near the head of the lake and the frogs hushed their clamor at the uncanny sound. There was silence for a moment when Billy asked in a low tone: "Did you hear that?"

"Yes," answered Jim cautiously, "I wonder what it was."

"Maybe it was a deer," ventured Corky.

"Deer your granny! a deer don't make a noise like that. I've seen and heard lots of 'em in Central Park, and they call like a goat. I tell you that was a bear," was the assertion of Patsy.

"They say there's lots o' bears in these woods," said Baldy, "but I don't want to see any. We've got guns enough to kill a dozen bears if we didn't get too scared to use 'em, but I'll let the rest of you have all my bears." Then turning to me he asked: "Could a bear swim across the lake to this island?"

I assured him that bruin was a good swimmer and that several bears had been killed right where we were, and seeing the effect of this not only on Baldy, but on the whole party, the temptation to go further could not be resisted, and I added: "There was a bear on the island last night and it took my pail of butter, a loaf of bread and the trout that were laid out for breakfast."

"Did you wake up?"

"O, yes, he made a great racket with the butter pail pounding it on the rocks, for the cover was on tight. I got up and threw a chunk of fire at him and he splashed in the water and swam off with the pail."

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed Baldy, "I wish I was in N' York; that's good enough for me. I tell you this camping out is all well enough to read about; but luggin' a boat over the carries an' sleepin' on the groun' when you doan know what kind o' snakes an' pinchin' bugs is under you, an' bears a-comin' in the night, I don't see where the fun comes in. Was that a bear made that noise a minute ago?"

"Yes, that was a bear," I told him, and at that moment the loon lifted its voice again like the wail of a lost spirit and there was a hush. The banjo on the main shore was resting and the frogs were quiet once more. "That bear is up at the head of the lake, where you launched your boats and fired off your guns. What were you shooting at?"

"Nothing," said Jim. "Baldy thought if we fired off our guns it would scare the bears away, and so we fired."

"That's where you were wrong. Never take guns into the woods in June, or at any time in summer; there's nothing to shoot, and they are a nuisance. When a bear hears a gun he knows that a man is about and there is a chance to rob his camp when he is absent or asleep, and I would advise you not to shoot any more."

"Tell him about the trout you caught, Baldy; show the professor the fish if you've got it yet."

From "an old duffer" I had suddenly become a "professor," and there were two reasons for it: one was that a few fruit jars were in front of my tent containing specimens of newts, dobsons and small fishes that had died of alcoholism, and the other was a probable doubt of the propriety of using the older name when in the presence of the "duffer." Baldy went to one of the boats and brought forth a fish about a foot long, saying: "There he is, and the gang says it's a sucker; but our guide, Mr. Chamberlain, says it's a small salmon. He ought to know, but I'll leave it to you." That the fish was one of the species of the sucker tribe needed but a glance to determine, but a look from the guide was sufficient and I answered: "No doubt Mr. Chamberlain is right, but the only name that science knows this species by is *Catostomus longirostris*. You will observe, Mr. Sours, that it differs from the trout in having the mouth underneath instead of being terminal, the lower lip being bi-lobed and tuberculated, the pectoral fins are long and reach to the insertion of the dorsal, while in the trout—"

"There! I told you it wasn't a sucker! Much obliged, Professor; these fellows think they know a lot about fish. Say! what do you fish for trout with? We bought a lot of tackle on Broadway; know Tom Conroy? Bet you do. Well, he's a nice fellow, but he put us up the queerest lot of stuff to catch trout with that you ever did see—a lot of poles like coach whips, some fiddle strings and then the hooks! look at these! and not a sinker! I've catched fish off the dock and I know what fishin' is, but Conroy thought he'd be smart and play a trick on us, but I'll get square with him yet, you bet!"

I looked the tackle over. One rod that the guide had cared for was a good ash and lancewood fly rod, the lines were waterproof silk, the "fiddle strings" proved to be good silkworm gut, and the "hooks" were artificial flies of proper sizes and assorted patterns. "Well, these are about what I use," I replied; "what's the matter with them?"

He stood in the light of the camp-fire, his short, stout figure casting an exaggerated shadow on the tent, and his bald head shining in the starlight above his good-natured face, looking at the artificial flies he had in his hand. After a moment he said: "Trout won't bite on them things, for I've tried 'em. I cut a pole in the woods and put a lot o' these flies on it and tied a bullet on for a sinker, an' fished more 'n an hour where a man took three trout with a worm a while before, and I never got a nibble.

Couldn't get a worm; they say there's no worms in these woods, and the man brought in some for himself from North Creek. You can't make me believe a trout would bite at such dry fodder as that—no, sir!"

"The trouble with Baldy was that he didn't spit on his bait," said Slim Jim, sententiously; "he was in a hurry."

"If you had spit on it all the fish in the lake would have been killed," retorted Baldy, "but our guide took some trout before we got up yesterday morning, and he used some kind of a grub that he got out of a stump, and he let me try one, and that is how I got that fish that I showed you. What did you say its name was?"

"*Catostomus longirostris* is its full name."

"Say, would you mind writing that down for me? I want to remember that name and have it stuffed when I get home. I knew it wasn't a regular trout, for I've seen lots of 'em down to Fulton Market, at Blackford's, on the first of April, but these fellows tried to make me think it was a sucker. What's that?"

An enormous bullfrog, with a voice several tones lower than any that we had heard, opened his throat down by the boats and startled some of the party. A rustle of wings overhead as some wandering waterfowl hastened on and was lost in the night added to the surprise, and Baldy's question remained unanswered. The frog plunked into the water, and after a moment Patsy Bolivar remarked that he wished that there was a good hotel near, to which Ikey agreed and Corky thought the Bowery a much better place o' nights, "For," said he, "on the Bowery you know where you are, an' you know what all the noises are, an' there ain't no spooky things makin' you start. I don't believe I'll sleep a wink to-night. Say, Baldy, make us another o' them delights, cow-punchers, that's it? That's a good name for it in the woods, but it tasted like a common hot whisky, or what one of my patients from the South, who drinks peach an' honey in summer, would call a hot toddy, only it lacked the pinch of lemon peel to finish it."

"I didn't have all the necessities for a genuine sheepherder's delight, or you wouldn't want another until yer throat got well," said Baldy, "but I tell you we've got to go slow on the booze, for there's only two bottles left after that smash when you dropped your end of the boat on that first carry, and if anyone goes short it ought to be you and Ikey. We don't get any until we get through the woods, and I won't take any more on this trip myself."

Slim Jim raised up his head and said: "Stick to that, Baldy, there will be more for the rest, but make us a hot tod before we turn in; use half a bottle and that will leave a bottle and a half. We'll use the half to-morrow noon and have the full one for our last camp. How's that, boys?"

This proposition was approved and all agreed to go on short rations during the great emergency, yet there seemed to be grave doubts as to the expediency of letting Baldy sacrifice himself as he had proposed, because, explained Jim, "Baldy is fond of the old stuff, but never touches it except on his vacations, and then he sometimes makes up the deficiency, although he has been very moderate on this trip."

By this time it was evident that the guide's estimate of this party was correct, and that they were not the gang of toughs that I first thought, although a strange party to meet in the woods, and I began to feel at home and glad of the chance to study this strange form of life. The guide, like most of his class, had taken no part in the talk unless appealed to, and was evidently enjoying his novel experience. The night had worn on until the belated moon had risen, and by her waning disk it should be near 10 o'clock. The brew was finished, good nights were said, and all retired. My fire had gone out, but the night was warm, with just breeze enough to keep the mosquitoes off without a smudge; the black flies, which abound in June and had tormented the new arrivals so much until they consented to use the tar and oil, do not work at night, and I sat in my tent contemplating the grandeur of the night, watching the rising moon and the formation of a few fleecy clouds while alternately listening to the singing across the water and again to the magnificent chorus of the frogs. It was well worth while to live on such a night. Even a song of the concert halls of the vaudeville, softened by distance and the water, did not seem to jar upon the senses, or on the voices of the night. Perhaps it was a case where "Dischord ofte in musick makes the sweeter lay." Be this as it may, there was a sense of rapture in the scene and sounds; a small bird in the fullness of its life trilled a sonnet to his lady love in his dream, as a cloud drifted across the moon. The music of that night, the well assorted chorus of the frogs, the carol of the bird and the gentle lapping of the water on the rock blended in memory has often been enjoyed.

"God is its author, and not man; He laid
The keynote of all harmonies; He planned
All perfect combinations, and He made
Us so that we could hear and understand."

It was near midnight before I thought of lying down. The tired party below slept audibly when I crawled under the blankets and floated off into dreamland. Suddenly there was an alarm, a heavy splash in the water, a cry of "Bears!" and a volley of rifle shots. The commotion in the water continued, and just as the clicking of the repeaters announced readiness for another shot a voice between the boats cried: "Help! Don't shoot! It's me, Baldy Sours. O, dear! Help or I'll drown! Help!" Some one kicked the fire into a blaze, and they pulled poor Baldy out, dripping from his rim of hair to his feet, but hanging fast to the bottle from which he had been trying to extract an unnoticed and unrecorded nip, and as he stood there in his underclothing, with a sad look upon his usually cheerful face, a shout went up which startled the loon into a ghostly laugh that drowned the guide's remark about "two boats all shot to pieces," while from the opposite camp, which had been listening, came the strains of the banjo and the song:

"The twinkling stars are laughing, love,
Laughing at you and me."

Baird's Sandpiper on Long Island.

NEW YORK, Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* On Sept. 17 last I shot at East Hampton, L. I., a specimen of Baird's sandpiper. This is the specimen recorded by Mr. W. Vaughn in the *Auk*. F. GALLATIN, JR.

[No mention is made in Mr. Vaughn's note of the individual who killed this interesting specimen.]

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

OLD HICKORY made an effort the other day, and wrote me a short note. There were but eight pages of it (letter size), but it served to remind me that I had not done much in that way of late. I have always something which I would like to say in FOREST AND STREAM, but somehow or other it seldom gets written. I could give reasons, but instead will offer a few disjointed remarks:

Mr. Hough's correspondence is always entertaining, but I have taken special interest in the papers on trapping. I have done a little in that way in the old days, and my wife has a set of furs (in good order) made from the skins of fishers which I trapped in Maine, away back in the fifties. We used deadfalls a good deal at that time, but the fishers were taken in steel traps. The Boston furrier who dressed them told me they were the finest he had ever made up—they all went to Russia at that time.

I never trapped for a livelihood, and regard this calling as one of the hardest and most uncertain of employments. Those young fellows who are anxious to get their living in that way can do no better than read what Mr. Hough has to say about it in his recent articles in your columns.

I have read also with interest what he has said of snowshoeing. Nowadays I don't take any thirty mile tramps on mine, though I sometimes find them convenient to beat a trail through a snowdrift when I go out to inspect the trout-horse. I believe that your readers are not acquainted with this excellent animal (which his name it is Jo-Jo). Some other time I may enlarge upon this subject.

Yes, the caribou snowshoes are the best; but the genuine are often hard to get. They may be had by following a formula analogous to that recommended for obtaining pure port wine: "Go to Oporto, see it made, then sit on the cask all the way home."

To a man who for many years has been deeply interested in the subject of game and fish preservation, and has spent much time and effort in the hope to accomplish something substantial in those matters, there is something inexpressibly dreary in the reading of the programmes of the various "national associations" which have and will be organized in this interest. I wish they—or some one of them—might accomplish the purposes of their organization, but I hardly think they will. I suppose, however, that I should not be eligible as a member, for I sometimes fire sitting shots. In fact, about all the shooting I have done in the last five years was at sitting objects last spring, and yet I have long opposed spring shooting. However, the temptation (or whatever it was) was too strong, and I knocked 'em endways. The gun was my old 10-bore Parker, commonly called Aunt Hannah. Like Aztec, and for similar reasons, I am a "black powder fiend," and the charges consisted of 3½drs. of the blackest kind of Hazard's Duck Shooting No. 4, with 1oz. No. 6 leaden shot. I am thus precise in detailing the constituent elements employed in the destruction of these cats because it seems to be the fashion. The distances were from 5 to 15 yds., and after the gun cracked there ensued a slight vibratory movement of the extreme end of the tail. I used the brand of powder named because I have shot it for more than forty years and know just what it will do under any circumstances, besides the shells were the last that I loaded for ducks some seven or eight years ago, and there have been very few ducks here since.

I shot the cats because they were after my song-birds in the shrubbery about my place, and they now sleep peacefully at the foot of my Cat-awba vines. KELPIE.

CENTRAL LAKE, Feb. 1.

P. S.—To-morrow is Candlemas, and bear and groundhog are sure (so I am told) to be out looking for their shadows.

OUR CHRISTMAS NUMBER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has now been several days since I read the Christmas FOREST AND STREAM, and in its later numbers the many sincere compliments bestowed by its many contributors and readers. I have waited for my blood to cool, so that with a steadier pulse I might endeavor to put some of my appreciation into words to its credit.

As Byron says:

"Words are things, and a small drop of ink, falling like dew upon a thought, makes thousands, perhaps millions think."

I have written a good many words or things which have been printed and have gone—the Lord only knows where. Like most authors, I presume, I have enjoyed seeing that my words were considered worth putting into type and thereby being preserved, and have enjoyed conning them over myself chiefly for that reason. I believe writers generally feel a commendable kind of pride in this way—a kind of pride that none should be the worse for, and which is indeed the impetus to good writing, if it is not the essence of inspiration itself.

I say that I have written things which have been printed in various publications and which have gone abroad in the world, but I know of nothing I have sent adrift that has given me more pleasure than some of the not over carefully worded sketches printed in FOREST AND STREAM from my pen.

In my opinion, it is something worth living for to have a place with and even receive compliments from a corps of such men as contribute to these columns. I have read the FOREST AND STREAM for over fifteen years, and have been often amazed at the graphic and true character of its gleanings from nature everywhere, from the wilds and wildernesses of the world. That many of its pen pictures have been etched by the able and talented, the sensitive and refined, the rough, honest hands of backwoodsmen and those most intimate with the lore of woods and streams, no one who reads may doubt. Its columns contain engravings out with the pen with all the art and precision to be found anywhere, pictures touched with all the tints and profusion of color in nature herself, and cruder sketches made in haste here and there that only need a little shading and retouching; but I will retract even that—they need nothing. They are natural and that is—perfect.

All in all, FOREST AND STREAM is a sort of natural inspector, or the chronicle of nature's doings in her far-away nooks and crannies, noting now and then where man and his arts come in collision with the infinite and invisible around him. It has patrols and scouts all over the earth, and is especially rich in resource in its own land and immediate realm.

It does not consider the rod and rifle, or guns, dogs and boats as mere implements for profit and pleasure alone, or that they are merely toys or playthings. They are but incidental conveniences or necessities that enable us to profit otherwise than in narrow or selfish channels; and in my opinion they are chiefly valuable as inducements which persuade us to get out of musty offices and edifices of boards, or brick, or stone and the realm of art, and back to, or within hailing distance at least of, nature and natural conditions. Nature is the source and end of all. We only deceive ourselves with art. Originally we all have to learn to like or bear the artificial, but after a while we have to school ourselves back to nature. Too large a portion of our populace is centered in cities and towns. Too many of us are "chained to business," and too many to something worse.

"God made the country, man made the town," is an old phrase. We will have to embellish it and append before the period, "with the devil's help." The couplet of Goldsmith's—

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,"

would read just as nicely and be even a little more explicit as follows:

"Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where towns accumulate and men decay."

All history will bear me out in this slight revision.

But, as usual, I wabble sometimes like a toboggan or a pair of Mr. Hough's *skis* on a rough tack. I intended to devote these words entirely to an unsolicited testimonial to the worth of FOREST AND STREAM; and I would like to eulogize a very long list of its contributors, but I would exhaust my choice phrases upon any name of a score that I know of. The Hallocks, the Houghs, the Arefars, the Robinsons, Coahomas, El Comanchos, Morrises, Starbucks, Nessmuks, Shoehones, and the almost endless list who have contributed and contribute to these columns are of the fraternity of true sportsmen and they will grieve for no nobler title. They are men with all the higher and most elevated instincts and attributes.

They glean from the true field of the worthiest things within the reach of mankind, and they are magicians and conjurors even to those who have the same opportunities and experiences.

A yellow primrose by the river's rim
A yellow primrose is to them—
And it is something more.

May your staff of such contributors never diminish, and I believe it never will. Younger ramblers and scouts will replenish the passing of the present generation and prolong the line until there will be nothing worth living for and men will quit the world. CHARLES L. PAIGE.

CALIFORNIA.

Natural History.

CALL NOTE OF THE PINTAIL.

BOSTON, Jan. 25.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* Replying to Mr. Fred Mather's query in last week's number as to the call note of the pintail or sprig, I wish to suggest that Mr. Mather must be unfamiliar with the bird in its winter home—the waters and marshes of the South—to have conceived the idea that it was mute. The writer made the acquaintance of this bird and several others of the duck kind on a ducking trip of four months' duration in the waters of Galveston Bay, Texas, last winter, and is now as familiar with the notes of all as with those of the robin or chickadee.

The drake sprig has a single note, a low-pitched whistle, not very loud, which I used to hear all day long (and sometimes in the night), mingled with the myriad cries of widgeons, teal, mallards, spoonbills, broadbills and a dozen other kinds. The sprig invariably utters this call note when he is approaching your decoys, but it is very noticeable that it is the note of the drake only; the duck has a quiet, modest quack. In fact, that is the case with nearly all ducks. The teal (greenwing) often utters a reedy, high-pitched whistle, not very loud, as they come in; but it will be found that the little drake is the author of it, his mate having a quiet little quack. The widgeon ("bald-pate" they call them there) has a lisping whistle, which may be imitated to perfection by whistling softly through the teeth; but this also proceeds from the drakes. A good gunner, familiar with all these birds, will call any of them without any artificial aid—"make an old duck ashamed of hisself," as they say on the Texas coast.

It may be that the sprig doesn't have anything to say when he is in the North. Birds act differently in different sections. I surprised the Texans very much by telling them that the robin was a singer with us in the North.

If any one wonders why some of our songsters have been so rare the past year they should have seen, as I did, the ground strewn with bluebirds, robins, meadowlarks, yellow-hammers, even English snipe, that froze to death in the cold snap of last February, when over a foot of snow fell in Galveston, followed by extreme cold. These birds were gathered up and brought into the market by the bushel.

I was led to this region by Mr. Hough's accounts of the gunning there. Though I can't get away to repeat the trip the present winter, I certainly intend to next year, for we don't get anything in the North to compare with the duck shooting down there by the Gulf of Mexico, "but that's another story." IPSABEAKA.

A Captive Eagle.

STAUNTON, Va.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have to report the capture of a large golden eagle about eighteen miles from this place. Weight about 20lbs., measure 7ft. tip to tip. The bird was caught in a bear trap baited with a fowl, which he had just caught and which he was caused to drop by being shot at with a rifle, but not hit. No effort was made to conceal the trap and he was caught in less that twenty minutes after trap was set. The bird is now in my possession alive and doing well. A. E. DABNEY.

The FOREST AND STREAM is put to press each week on Tuesday Correspondence intended for publication should reach us as early as practicable.

Game Bag and Gun.

FIXTURES.

March 16 to 21, 1896.—Second annual Sportsmen's Exposition, under the auspices of the Sportsmen's Association, at Madison Square Garden, New York city. Frank W. Sanger, Manager.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

ALTHOUGH the Yellowstone Park has been known to the general public for more than twenty-five years, and during that time has perhaps been more fully exploited in the periodical press than any other like area of the world's surface, yet no attempt has ever been made to write a complete historical and descriptive account of it. For the first fifteen years of the Park's history it was only imperfectly known; continually studied and explored, fresh discoveries were being made in it each season, and not enough was known about it for its history to be written. During the last decade, however, the investigations carried on in the Park have been rather about matters of detail than about its general features, and it might have been supposed that before this some historian would have taken up the subject of the people's pleasure ground and would have treated it from a broad standpoint. This has never been done. Articles in magazines, newspapers and Government reports have appeared at very frequent intervals. A large number of people deeply interested in the protection of the reservation have written about it at length from some special standpoint, and tried to interest the public in it; but it has remained for Capt. Hiram Martin Chittenden, of the Corps of Engineers of the United States Army, to write the Park's history.

For a number of years Capt. Chittenden was detailed by the War Department to take charge of the roads and bridges in the Park, and it was while engaged in this interesting service that he formed the idea of writing the history which has just made its appearance from the press of the Robert Clarke Co., Cincinnati. The volume is one of more than 400 pages, copiously illustrated by engravings drawn from all sources and giving the reader an excellent notion of very many of the natural features of the reservation. It is divided into three parts, treating respectively of the Park's history, its physical features and relation to the tourist, and its future. Besides this there are five appendixes which are extremely useful, for they give (A) the geographical names in use in the Park, (B) legislation and regulations now in force there, (C) appropriations on account of the Park, (D) list of the Park superintendents, and (E) bibliography of the literature of the region.

It is extremely gratifying to be able to say that this work is admirably done, and that the volume is really worthy of its subject. Capt. Chittenden is certainly to be congratulated on the volume which he has given the public, which is likely to stand for a long time as the final popular authority of the region.

The name Yellowstone is very old. It was used by the Lewis & Clarke expedition, and even by David Thompson, who sojourned with the Mandan Indians on the Missouri River in 1797–98. The French trappers called it *Roche jaune*, and the yellow of the rocks and stones which form the river's bluff is certainly conspicuous enough to justify it this name. Mr. Chittenden gives a Minitari word translated as "rock yellow river," which he regards as the origin of the subsequent French and English names. The author calls attention to the fact, however, that the Crows called the stream Elk River, and the same is true of the Blackfeet and other tribes.

The theory was long ago advanced that the Indians who occupied the country about the Upper Yellowstone River avoided this region because they regarded it with superstitious fear and considered it the abode of spirits, and that for this reason little or nothing was ever heard of it from aboriginal sources.

It is doubtful whether there is any foundation for such a belief. The better explanation appears to be that given by the author, who thinks that as a matter of fact the country was unknown to the Indians, who did not visit it because, since it was snow-covered for much of the year, and was not a game country, there was nothing especial to induce them to enter it. A small band of Sheep Eaters did reside there, but they inhabited the rough peaks of the Absoraka range on the east side of the Park, and it is even doubtful whether they knew of the existence of the geysers.

The actual discoverer of the wonders of the Park appears to have been John Colter, who, before Lewis & Clarke had reached civilization on their return from their expedition in 1806, applied to them for a discharge, desiring to return to the mountains and trap there. In the course of the next few years he went up the Yellowstone River, Pryor's Fork and the Wind River, and crossed the mountains to Pacific waters. Thence he followed Snake River up, crossed over to the Yellowstone Lake, and passing through what is now the Park, struck across to Clark's Fork of the Yellowstone, and following it down left that stream and went over to the Stinking Water, and thence to his original starting point. The reports which he made on his return to civilization were not believed by those who heard them, and it was thought that the mountain man was trying to impose on the credulity of those with whom he talked.

Soon after this the trader and trapper began to penetrate the mountains in all directions. It was the beginning of the Western fur trade, and the young country was sending out into the wilderness its heroes, who braved the dangers from savage men and beasts, and the equal perils of cold and hunger in the mountains. Some of these men unquestionably penetrated the Yellowstone Park, but no reports of its wonders which they brought back had any endurance. A Mormon paper, published at Nauvoo, Ill., contained in its issue of Aug. 13, 1842, what is perhaps the best description of the geyser regions that appeared prior to the year 1870. It is brief, but faithful and free from exaggeration.

James Bridger, whose name will always stand in the first rank among the pioneers of the West, visited the Yellowstone Park and told true stories about it, but Bridger had a reputation for drawing the long bow and people laughed at his descriptions of the region just as earlier generations had laughed about the stories told by Colter. In 1860 Capt. Raynolds made a trip through the country giving rise to the tributaries of the Yellowstone River, and made an almost complete circle around the Park. He tried to penetrate it, but was unsuccessful and was obliged by his orders to leave the region and to pass on north. About this time exploration and investigation of the mountains received additional impetus from the discovery of gold in Montana, and the ever busy prospector began to run over the mountains and to sink his holes in every valley. During this mining excitement some parties at least crossed the Park and the repeated confirmation of the old trapper tales was at last beginning to have its effect on the people living in Montana.

It was in 1869 that the Park was really discovered so far as the general public was concerned. The discoverers were David E. Folsom, C. W. Cook and Wm. Peterson, who saw most of the main features of the Park, and returning to the settlement after an absence of thirty-six days, told their friends some of the things that they had seen. They themselves were so astonished, however, at the marvelous things they had beheld that they were unwilling to risk their reputation for veracity by telling the whole story.

The discoveries of the expedition of 1869 led to the fitting out of that of 1870 known as the Washburn-Doane expedition, which with a small Government escort spent about a month traveling through the Park. It was during this expedition that Mr. Evarts was lost and was out for thirty-seven days alone in the mountains.

The men who composed this expedition were many of them persons accustomed to writing and they did all that they could to spread abroad a knowledge of the wonders of the National Park. Articles were written for newspapers and magazines, lectures were given and a general interest in the region was awakened. This resulted in the sending out in 1871 of two expeditions by the United States Government—one under charge of the United States Geological Survey, the other under the engineer corps of the army. Full investigations were made and excellent work done by both these expeditions, and following closely on this work came the proposition to set aside this wonderland as a National Park, which idea crystallized in the bill passed by Congress and signed by the President March 1, 1872. At last then we had a National Park.

Capt. Chittenden very justly gives to George Catlin, the great Indian painter, the credit for originating the idea of such a Park. It is true that the wonders of the Yellowstone were unknown in Catlin's time, nor did he define the territory which he proposed to have set aside for a park, but he did suggest that in some suitable locality of the West a large tract of land should be preserved forever as a "nation's park, containing man and beast in all the wildness and freshness of their natural beauty." Such an idea would probably have received no attention except for the discovery of this region about the head of the Yellowstone, where, as it seemed, all the wonders of the world were collected together in small compass. But the authentic accounts of the region appealed strongly to the imagination of Congress and induced that body to pass the necessary legislation. The example thus set has been followed by other countries, and it may be hoped that other national parks will be established here and elsewhere.

The history of the later explorations of the National Park and of military campaigns within its boundaries, and of the administration of the Park and the passage of the protective act which became a law in 1894, are treated in this volume, but are matters of such recent interest that they cannot be spoken of here.

In his second part Capt. Chittenden treats of the boundaries and topography of the Park, its geysers, hot springs, the fossil forests, its fauna and flora; of the Park as a health resort and of the region when it is covered by winter's snows. Considerable space is given to the description of the roads, hotels, transportation and the various tours that may be made in the Park, and the attractions to be seen on them. Of these chapters little need be said save that the author writes of a subject with which he is thoroughly familiar and gives advice which is well worth following.

His chapters on the Park's future are of great interest. Like most of those who know the region, he is bitterly opposed to the handing over of this great national possession to railroads or to mine owners, and he is equally opposed to changing the boundaries of the Park. Railroads will mar and even destroy the natural conditions, which are the great charm of the Park; they will cripple the tourist routes; they will destroy the large game and the Park forests. No railroad franchise should be granted in the Park, since to grant such a franchise will either create a perpetual monopoly or will turn the Park over to be gridironed in all directions.

The chief danger to the Park is from the greed of private enterprise, and until the people shall be taught that the Park belongs to the public and that any interference with the public's rights here will be strongly repressed and severely punished, individuals and corporations eager for gain will still try to obtain from Congress concessions and rights which Congress should never grant.

Capt. Harris, formerly superintendent of the Park, has well said that "in the unsurpassed grandeur of its natural condition it is the pride and the glory of the nation; but if, under the guise of improvement, selfish interests are permitted to make merchandise of its wonders and beauties, it will inevitably become a byword and a reproach."

We have spoken already of the admirable appendices of this volume, of which probably the one treating of the bibliography of the National Park is the most important. We presume that this is as nearly complete as can be made. The illustrations are numerous and of varying degrees of excellence. An excellent index and a large folded map close a volume which is of the highest interest, and which is creditable alike to author and publisher.

Snowshoes.

I HAVE had much experience in snowshoeing in Maine. I always found the caribou O. K. I would not accept moose, deer or cow hide under any circumstances. The next best thing to caribou is horse hide. It is a very fair substitute.

A caribou filling will not sag in wet weather, but instead will "strain up" and sometimes will twang like a bow string.

I have paid $13 for a pair made by a Penobscot Indian in years past, and such shoes are first-class. I would not buy of any house in the trade, but would have my shoes made by an Indian. HERMIT.

A BEAR HUNT.

THE FOREST AND STREAM is an ever welcome visitor, and it is with pleasure that its readers learn from it the many interesting incidents and experiences of those who enjoy hunting and find a real pleasure as well as healthful recreation in camp life in the woods. Although the writer has often participated in the pleasures of the chase, he has seldom reduced his excursions to writing, and it is with no little reluctance that he now ventures upon the task of relating the incidents of a bear hunt which occurred in 1890.

During the summer of that year, while engaged in locating and estimating pine timber tracts in Minnesota, my work required the penetration and exploration of extensive forest regions, and often for days and weeks at a time I was far removed from all signs of civilization. I was accompanied by a half-breed Indian, who acted as my packer and general assistant.

We carried one rifle between us, but gave little attention to hunting except to supply our immediate needs for fresh meat, this supply being mainly furnished by the small game, which was abundant and easily procured. Our luggage was no small load to carry on foot, and the one rifle was generally packed with other articles wherever it could be carried with the least inconvenience.

We often sighted game, however, and during one six weeks' outing I saw seven moose, three caribou, a bear and numerous deer. It would have been an easy matter to have shot some of the moose, as they were often very stupid and would stand and gaze at us for several moments before getting out of our way. On one occasion we suddenly came upon a large cow moose that at first acted as if she did not intend to allow any intrusions into her solitary domain. She faced us, and with glaring eyes shook her head as if really determined to make a charge upon us. She looked so formidable that the half-breed became alarmed and threw a dead limb at her, which succeeded in frightening her into a hasty retreat. I am of the opinion that moose are keen-scented, but at certain times they certainly act quite indifferently to the sight of man, and will often permit a near approach before taking to their heels.

About the middle of August our course led us into a section of country where we found bear signs very plentiful. As it was somewhat near the close of my work in the woods for the season, and as I had promised a couple of my friends to take a hunt with them after my work in the pine lands was completed, I concluded to make further investigations and acquaint myself to some extent with the immediate country about, and to locate the range of the several bears which, from the number of tracks and other signs, appeared to be holding an annual reunion in the neighborhood.

After making an extended circuit I found that the range of the brutes extended over a region between two lakes which were about three miles apart. About midway between the lakes was a narrow valley or gorge, through which bruin passed in going from one lake to the other. The tracks differed in size, and as near as we could make out at least three bears—one of them a very large one—were enjoying to their fullest extent the excellent food conditions afforded by a circumscribed area of a few square miles in extent, and they would probably not leave their present locality without cause at least for a few weeks. This appeared to be a very likely place to succeed in getting a shot at a bear, and I decided to return to this region with my friends at a near future date for the express purpose of hunting them.

Early in September I had finished my work in the pine lands, and arrived at Cloquet, where I remained a few days to complete my field notes and await the arrival of my friends George and Frank, whom I had written to join me at that point with their hunting outfits and big bore rifles in readiness for a sojourn in the woods. At the appointed time they were both on hand, full of enthusiasm and determination to undergo any hardship which a bear hunt might require of them. After a two days' journey my two genial companions, the half-breed and myself finally arrived to within a short distance from the bear range and established our permanent camp, which was to be our home until after our hunt was ended, unless we should find it advantageous to change our quarters.

The next morning we were off early and soon found tracks and signs as fresh as ever. The black brutes were still there, but how best to find them was an unsettled question. Not wishing to frighten them out of their present locality, we carefully and quietly still-hunted and watched for them in likely places for three successive days. The wary creatures appeared to do the greater part of their rambling and feeding at night and did not show up.

I had planned this particular bear hunt mainly for the pleasure of my two friends whom I had invited, and I began to fear that the affair would turn out to be an unsuccessful campaign. On the evening of the third day we talked the matter over after supper and finally decided to take a "drive" on the following day. We planned to all start out early, each prepared with a generous lunch prepared for remaining away from camp until night. The half-breed was to circle around to one of the lakes, I was to go on the other lake; we were then to zigzag toward each other with the hope of routing the game and causing it to pass through the gorge, where the other two hunters were to station themselves and keep a sharp lookout. After an early breakfast we all started out for the hunt. I was within a short distance of the lake to the north by daybreak and as I ascended a slight elevation I saw in the dim morning light several dark objects about 200yds. to my left as they passed into a thicket. They were bears and were traveling very leisurely. They would probably soon lie down and something seemed to tell me that I would soon eat bear meat.

A light rain had fallen during the night and it was still cloudy. The leaves were moist and favorable to quiet walking. I never exercised greater caution in following game than I did on this occasion. After reaching their trail I followed it slowly, at times creeping and crawling along over fallen timber and through brush as noiselessly as possible and halting every few moments to listen and to look over every foot of ground. After following the trail for about half an hour, I was somewhat startled by seeing a large bear rise from his bed behind a log only a few yards ahead of me. He arose slowly. My rifle was ready. As he was turning his head toward me, I sent a

ball crushing into his skull which caused the bear to wilt down as limp as a rag, and I am of the opinion that he never fully realized what killed him.

After I shot, I heard the brush cracking further ahead as other bears scampered off through a thicket. As they appeared to be headed toward the other hunters, I fired a couple of shots to cause them still greater alarm, hoping that they would attempt to pass through the gorge where my friends were stationed and watching for them. After sticking and bleeding my bear, I marked the spot well and proceeded southward along the trail, blazing the trees to facilitate an easy return to the game. All at once I heard shooting in the gorge, and such a fusillade of rifle reports as rang out I had never before listened to in the pine lands. I hastened to the scene of battle and found that my companions had killed a she bear and her two cubs. They had wisely waited until the animals, which were traveling together, had reached an open place, near where they had stationed themselves, and then began the bombardment, which was so effectual that not one of the three bears escaped. The half-breed soon arrived, and all seemed to feel that the killing of four bears in one day by our party was more than ordinary success.

George and Frank were more than elated, and cheer after cheer rang out through the trees until the whole forest seemed to tremble for miles about. We spent the remainder of the day in skinning our game and in packing the pelts and choicest portions of the meat to our camp, not neglecting in the meantime to gratify our keen appetites with generous and juicy slabs of roasted cub. Feeling satisfied to let whatever other bears that might yet be present in the locality remain to enjoy their pranks, we bade farewell to the smouldering embers of our campfire and started homeward on the following day. In due time we reached civilization again. Although I had killed a number of bears before, I had never taken a more enjoyable trip, and as my friends departed with trophies of the hunt I almost regretted that it had not also fallen to their lot to have killed the large bear which had fallen from my own rifle, for it was one of the largest of its kind that any of us had ever seen.

ALBERT NEMIC.

MOOSE HUNTING IN MAINE IN 1850.

IN 1850, before any laws were passed in the State of Maine for the protection of game, moose were very numerous, even more so than deer, in Oxford, Franklin and Somerset counties. They were frequently seen in summer time in lake and stream, and in winter it was a forsaken mountain that did not contain one moose yard. The settlers of the wild regions depended on moose meat to supply solid food for their families. In the Rangeley Lake country especially was moose the prominent large game of the forest.

Deer were reported plentiful in the eastern part of the State, especially in Penobscot county, and hundreds of them were sent to the Boston market. I once saw a large storehouse in Boston packed solid full of deer carcasses, a great many hundreds of them, and venison hung outside every provision dealer's shop in the city. Caribou were not plenty and were considered migratory animals, roving through the vast wilderness of New Brunswick and Maine, some years flocking into the State in droves, then not showing up again for years.

Crust hunting in the deep snow late in winter was the common method of capturing moose, with dogs and snowshoes; but the caribou were exempt from annoyance of dogs, for it was futile to put a dog on the trail of a caribou. Caribou when started would settle on their haunches and leap like kangaroos, and even in 4ft. of snow a dog had no business with them. But the moose was an easier prey, and in a favorable time could be secured in a few miles' drive.

In spring and summer time, on lake and river, many moose were killed; they took to the water to rid themselves of the myriads of flies and gnats that infested the forests in those wild regions in the warm seasons, and also to feed on the water plants abundant in the ponds and lakes of Maine.

And this reminds me of an incident in my hunting life in the year 1850 on Mollychunkemunk Lake, one of the Rangeleys, on the border of which lake I lived with my family twenty miles from a neighbor many years.

I started one day to go down the lake in my boat to get out to settlements for supplies, which I had to lug on my back through the woods and over the mountains on blazed lines. Within two miles of my house as I was paddling down the lake there was a bog of many acres covered with tall grass, through which a sluggish brook made its way. This brook was bordered with alder bushes, and as I was paddling along approaching this bog I saw the alders beside the brook waving as if some large animal was coming out toward the lake. I at once ran my boat ashore and taking my gun, which, by the way, was a single-barrel muzzleloader (for breechloaders were unknown in those times in the backwoods of Maine), and creeping along through the tall grass and scrub bushes toward the brook I soon got within range of the unknown animal in the alders, and just as he emerged from the tall bushes into the open bog I rose up from my cover, and there within 30yds. of me stood a majestic moose who had just then lifted his head high in the air and gave a fearful snort and started on a run for the lake. I at once fired, the ball striking the moose on the gambrel and breaking the leg. He at once turned on me and came leaping on three legs swiftly toward me. I dove into the tall grass and crept along as rapidly as possible for a few moments, then carefully looking up over the cover I saw that the moose had stopped and was stretching his long neck in every direction looking for me. I then loaded my gun as quickly as ever I could under the cover and again rising up saw the moose wading into the water as if to cross the narrows. I walked along toward him as he made his way into the lake and when I reached the shore he heard me and turned partly round and looked toward me. He was then some 7 rods from me and stood broadside on in the shallow water, which came well up his sides. I aimed just back of his fore shoulders and fired. The ball skipped twice on the water beyond him and I thought I had overshot him, as he did not fall. I again loaded my gun and as I was ramming down the last wad the moose fell. I then ran to my boat and paddled out to him and cut his throat, but he did not bleed any. I then tipped my boat over on one side and filled it with water, sinking it under the moose; then standing in the lake, which was breast deep, I bailed out my boat in a short time, had my moose loaded and my boat in trim and made my way up the lake toward my home, proud of my prize.

My wife was surprised at my sudden return home, but went with me to the lake and helped me dress the moose, which I found had bled inwardly, the bullet going through his vitals. Of the meat I salted some, put some in my ice house and smoked and dried some, and in this manner it supplied us with meat a long time. But it still seems queer to me that a bullet after passing through a moose should make two distinct skips on the water beyond.

J. G. RICH.

ADIRONDACK DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

There seems to be a general wish among sportsmen for a change in the existing law for the protection of deer in the Adirondacks, and I notice that many game associations have passed resolutions to be forwarded to the Legislature asking it to prohibit the hounding of deer; but I have failed to hear of any demand for a change in the law from the residents of the region in question.

An experience of many years in those mountains has enabled me, I believe, to form a very just estimate of the character of its inhabitants, and I think, without very many exceptions, the sportsmen (?) of those parts would really prefer an open season all the year round. I am equally confident that, were a law passed by the Legislature prohibiting hounding, more of it would be done than under the present statute, simply because the Adirondack people are strongly opposed to having such a law.

I know of a case where the law was openly violated some few years ago, and an arrest was made and a conviction was obtained much to the dissatisfaction of the people of the township in which it occurred. The violator could not pay his fine, so a contribution was made by the people with which to meet the amount of the fine and costs, and the culprit was discharged.

If the Legislature prohibits hounding, it must appoint five times as many game wardens as are now employed to enforce the laws, or hounding will become general, the season opening when you please and closing when you please, few arrests being made and still fewer convictions.

It is my belief that the open season for hounding should not commence till Oct. 1, for by that time the fawns are weaned and able to take care of themselves; and it should close Oct. 31. Still-hunting should not open till Sept. 15, and should end at the same time as the hounding season. Eight out of ten deer run to water by dogs in September are does, and "wet" ones at that, leaving an unweaned fawn to die from starvation and cold after the first hard frosts of October. Few are the dogs in the Adirondacks that will search out the bucks among the high ridges—where they await the hardening of their horns—and drive them to water. Not until Oct. 1, when this hardening process is accomplished, will the bucks leave their bachelor quarters and descend to the lower levels in search of the does. Were it not for the large preserves, where few or no deer are killed, the most skilled huntsman's efforts in pursuit of this game animal would be futile to-day in several counties. Let us have a good law enacted, but above all let us have provision made for its proper enforcement.

JOHN E. FORBES.

POTSDAM, St. Lawrence County, N. Y.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have been keeping track of the subject of Adirondack deer protection which is being discussed in FOREST AND STREAM from week to week, and as the time draws near in which legislation on the question will take place, I feel that I too must add a mite to the contribution.

My position is one that has been voiced by several articles in your paper and is this: stop hounding, stop jacking, and leave the season as it stands.

The greatest good to the greatest number should not, in justice, be lost sight of in any changes that may be made. Any arrangement that will give the deer an equal advantage with the hunter, and at the same time give all classes an opportunity to try their hand in the sport, would seem to me at least to best secure protection for the deer and justice for all classes.

I should like to see a list of those who are in favor of prohibiting both hounding and jacking, together with their argument therefor, laid before the Legislature.

Do away with these two methods in which the deer is taken undue advantage of, and we could hunt from Aug. 15 to Nov. 1 for years to come and still have a goodly supply on hand. This is no idle fancy or theory, but the opinion of hundreds of honest sportsmen, and statistics would go to support it.

I see that the game commission have formulated a law to lay before the Legislature in which they recommend that the season open Sept. 1. Now as far as giving all parties a fair chance is concerned, what would this change mean? It would mean that the great majority of teachers, as well as the great majority of parents who have to be at home during the school year, would be entirely shut out from participating in the sport, while the wealthy sports and nabobs (whose time is "any time") together with the guides and natives would have it all to themselves. It seems to me that the injustice of such a course should be apparent to the most biased mind.

It is self evident that to secure protection a sacrifice must be made, but the dish of sacrifice and sport should be served up to all alike. There is no justice in saying to one class, "Now help yourselves freely to the sacrifice, but do not touch the sport," and to another, "Eat your fill of the sport with just a tiny pinch of sacrifice as an appetizer."

Aside from the unfairness already mentioned, in shutting off August shooting there is another and perhaps graver feature to be considered. Already we deplore the number of deer killed out of season every year. In fact those of us who know much about the woods are aware that in some sections the deer killed illegally each year outnumber those killed legally almost three to one.

Now, game laws should be of such a nature as to command the respect and support of all to the greatest possible degree. Cut off August shooting and the result will be to create an extra inducement for illegal shooting, and that too by a class who under a just law would be least likely to violate it.

The many and frequent shifts and changes made in the game laws, and the inadequate manner in which the people at large are informed of the laws, is in itself enough to stimulate a certain disgust, and a lack of conscientious scruples in regard to their observance. To illustrate: In 1894 a man can step out at midnight of the 14th and shoot a deer with all impunity, but if he does the same thing before midnight of the 15th in '95 he is a criminal liable to fine or imprisonment; again a man can stand in a certain spot and shoot a deer driven before a hound, but if he should take a step or two to one side (just over the "dead line") and repeat the act he incriminates himself.

Granting that the hotel keepers and guides are the chief ones to be cared for in regulating the game laws (which, however, we do not believe), it seems to me that the fear of the summer and fall exodus to the woods diminishing if hounding and jacking are prohibited is more imaginary than real. Those who go to the woods for the sole purpose of deer hunting will doubtless go just the same, even if they have to try their hand at the only "fair way" of hunting deer, viz., still-hunting; and most of them will be much more in need of a guide then than now. More than that, it will make many of our citizens more rugged, more skilled in woodcraft, and more proficient in the use of the rifle, which are factors of no small consideration.

Nor is there much doubt, if this course were adopted, that in a few years it would be just as easy to secure a shot still-hunting as it now is to secure one before a hound or under a jack.

It is all very well to have the different views published in the sporting papers, but I fear that very few of them meet the eye of our legislators. I should like to see all interested see to it that the representatives from their own districts are posted early in regard to the moves that are likely to be made. The game laws are usually left till the last minute and then shoved through with little or no consideration; at least it looks that way.

Hoping that a wise course may be pursued in the matter and good results obtained therefrom, I am

J. M. GRAVES.

DUCKS FOR THANKSGIVING.

CENTREVILLE, Jan. 14.—The day before Thanksgiving I made up my mind that I would like to have some black ducks for dinner next day if possible, so getting up at 2:30 o'clock in the morning, I got breakfast, fed and harnessed my horse and started for the marshes over at Barnstable.

When I started it was about as hard a storm as one going duck shooting could wish for, and it was rather lonesome driving down through the woods for (six or seven miles alone; but the thoughts of the ducks down there were enough to "keep the bears off," as the children say.

Arriving at the stable, I put up the horse, got my boat and decoys ready and started out up into the marsh. As I pulled along the ducks were quacking all around me, and once in a while a bunch would get up from the grass when they heard me coming.

Stopping at the point I had selected, I put out my decoys, seven wooden ones, with a tame duck on one side and a tame drake on the other, then pushed my boat into the grass, covered her up well and lay down to wait for daylight to come.

In a few minutes my drake began to call, and looking sharp I saw a bird coming in, which I found by calling to be a brant. All my calling had little effect, for he wouldn't come "worth a cent." Just then a black duck came in and lit. As it was quite dark I thought I'd make sure of him and shoot him sitting, but when I fired he immediately left for parts unknown in spite of the way I pulled the other trigger.

I thought that was "rather hard on a feller," so when the next came in, which proved to be a pair, I thought to myself, now I will make amends for the last miss; so shooting at the one which I knew I would kill, I turned and let the other one have it before looking at the one I knew was dead. On looking through the smoke I saw both of the ducks going as fast as their wings could carry them.

I now began to think my dinner next day would look scarce as to ducks, but when one came down before the wind and I killed him dead and then a pair came in and I got them both, I felt better.

All the time I could see a great many brant flying around down the harbor, and was wishing some would come my way. Three sheldrake came in over the 'coys and I got two dead ones. Then a small flock of brant came in and lit on the water about a quarter of a mile from me, then jumped up and came right in when I called to them. They came straight for me until I rose to shoot, when they went into the air again just like ducks. I got one with the second barrel, missing with the first, as I was sure of getting two with the first.

After a little while a pair of whistlers came in; one lit; the other didn't. I killed the one that didn't, and the other one sat right there with the decoys as if I hadn't shot. About the time the shot struck the water a coot came around the point and lit right in range of the whistler. What could I do but shoot them both, as I had but one cartridge in my gun? I killed them both, as I thought, but as I was fighting with a shell that stuck, the coot got up and flew away, whence I do not know, as I've not seen him since.

One more black duck came down before the wind and was killed dead and that ended the morning's shooting, which being one of many, but entirely different from any, will be remembered as long as I shall live.

WM. F. HALLETT.

Timber Wolves in Canada.

PORT ARTHUR, Canada.—Timber wolves were almost unknown north of Lake Superior until three years ago an old trapper, who had some snares set to catch lynx, caught three wolves instead, one of which was almost black in color. A short time ago he caught two more wolves in the same manner. They are getting quite numerous in this district; they are supposed to have come from Minnesota in pursuit of deer.

On Monday two Indians were camped near Pigeon River, south of this place. They were alarmed to hear wolves howling in pursuit of a deer. They quickly put on their snowshoes, loaded their rifles and gave chase. The Indians had gone about 300yds. from camp when they saw five wolves worrying a buck red deer, which was almost dead from fright. The Indians shot three of the wolves; the others escaped. The men cut the deer's throat, then returned to camp with their prizes.

J. E. N.

LONG ISLAND DEER.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Among the very many bills introduced at this session of the Legislature, designed for the amelioration of the condition of New York game birds and mammals, is one "authorizing the hounding and killing of deer in Kings, Queens and Suffolk counties on each Wednesday of the month of December."

Not having read this bill, I am of course unacquainted with its provisions, but would suggest that some provision be made for the removal of all non-combatants from the island on field days, or else provide that they be safely housed in shot-proof structures. This suggestion will not appear out of place when the many sad events of the season of 1894 are called to mind.

Owing to the somewhat depleted condition of the Kings county deer supply it would perhaps be well to cut off a portion of the hounding season for that county, say one or two of the several Wednesdays of December.

It would also be well to provide for regulating the speed of the Brooklyn trolley cars on field days, for nothing would be more distressing than to have a trolley car dash through the pack when "in full cry," or run down some unlucky sportsman who might be stationed on one of the choice Kings county runways.

The law should also provide that in the event of any deer being driven into Kings county waters, they be killed in the good old way with a club, and that the use of steam pile drivers and other deadly engines be strictly prohibited, also that the carcass of any deer killed in the waters of Newtown Creek be thoroughly fumigated before being placed on the market.

Of course these points may all be fully covered in the bill—bills amending our game laws are usually quite full and comprehensive—and my suggestions are merely offered in a friendly spirit, in the event of the provisions named having been omitted.

There are, however, persons very well informed on the subject who will tell you that the existing law relative to Long Island deer ought to be let alone long enough to give it a fair trial, also that should this bill become a law, Long Island deer—should there be enough to last that length of time—would be slaughtered during the whole month of December, but perhaps these people may be prejudiced. S.

Troy, N. Y., Feb. 8.

Boone and Crockett Club.

THE annual meeting of the Boone and Crockett Club, which took place last week, Feb. 5, was an occasion of much interest. More than thirty members were present, among whom were: Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, Gen. W. D. Whipple, Hon. W. Cary Sanger, Hon. Theodore Roosevelt, Archibald Rogers, Owen Wister, W. A. Wadsworth, W. A. Chanler, the African explorer; Winthrop Chanler, W. B. Devereux, of Colorado; Lewis Morris, C. Grant Lafarge, Madison Grant, De Forest Grant, H. A. Munn, Dr. J. West Roosevelt, Dr. W. B. James, Dr. W. K. Draper, Mr. Frank Billings, W. Milne Grinnell, Alexander Lambert, J. Walter Wood, Jr., Geo. Bird Grinnell, Dr. John Rogers, Alden Sampson, H. L. Stimson, Dr. J. L. Seward, Jas. L. Watson and other well-known sportsmen. The principal business of the meeting was the presentation of the reports of committees. The editorial committee announced the publication of the club's last volume, "Hunting in Many Lands," and the treasurer reported the satisfactory financial condition of the club.

The officers chosen for the ensuing year were: Hon. Benjamin H. Bristow, President; C. Grant Lafarge, Secretary; W. A. Wadsworth, Archibald Rogers, Winthrop Chanler and Charles Deering, Executive Committee; Geo. Bird Grinnell and Theodore Roosevelt, Editorial Committee.

The discussion after the dinner turned on the effectiveness of the Männlicher rifle, and Messrs. W. A. Chanler and W. B. Devereux, who had used the arm—the one in Africa, the other in Colorado—gave their experiences, which were listened to with close attention.

A Quail Shooting Limit.

NEWARK, N. J.—A letter on quail slaughter in Florida leads me to pay a tribute to Dr. C. S. Packard, of Welaka, Fla., a charming little village on the St. Johns nearly opposite the mouth of the wild and romantic Ocklawaha River. Dr. Packard is 60 years old and is still an ardent gunner and a better shot than most of his visitors from the North. Moreover, he can tire out the best of them upon a day's tramp. He is the owner of one of the best broken red Irish setters I ever had the pleasure of shooting over, a dog that never needs a word of caution and minds every gesture of his owner. A low whistle attracts his attention and he looks to see what his master desires. A wave of the hand will send him on down right, left or to heel.

Dr. Packard loves quail hunting too well to destroy the future prospects in his neighborhood when quail are reasonably plenty. He goes out frequently in season and invariably stops when he has killed six birds. He enforces the same rule upon any of his friends who may be visiting him and shooting over his dog. He says with sound reason that six quail are enough for any man to shoot in a day, and it speaks well for his skill with the gun to say that he carries all the shells for an afternoon's shooting in his waistcoat pockets, which are of the normal size. In fact, I never knew him to take out more than a dozen shells, and his usual quota is ten; but then he never starts out before 8 o'clock in the afternoon and usually gets his six birds within half or three-quarters of a mile of the house. HARRIMAC.

In Virginia near Washington.

ALEXANDRIA, Va., Feb. 3.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I send you a short article on woodcock, and where good shooting may be had, for the benefit of visiting sportsmen. Migratory birds arrive from the South about March 1, and breed here in March and April in swampy woodland around Alexandria. A great number of these birds can be found in Fairfax county, about six miles from this city, at a place the sportsmen here call the Double Ditches; good shooting may there be had at this fine game bird from July to September, excepting in a very dry season. The open season here is July 1 to Jan. 1. Good shooting may be had at the Big Dyke, two and one-half miles from this city, on the line of the Mt. Vernon electric railway, in the last two summer months. Sportsmen here get fine shooting at flight birds from the north at Franconia and Long Branch, on the line of the A. F. R. R., from the middle of October to Dec. 1. I see no decrease in woodcock around here, they were more plentiful last fall than for a number of years. There is nothing to shoot at present; we are all waiting now for a flight of jacksnipe. Quail are almost exterminated in Virginia, owing to the severe blizzard of last February; we hope they will catch up again, as the Legislature of Virginia has passed a law protecting them in the State for two years. CHIP.

A Tavern Club Caricature.

EVER since the announcement was made at the Tavern Club that each of the men was required to paint a portrait of himself or some other member of the club, the fun has been fast and furious, and the present exhibition is the outcome of the artistic efforts of the entire club. Of course some of the pictures are mere daubs, by men who never before held a paint brush, while others are clever in the extreme. One of the most noticeable is a sketch by R. Clipstone Sturgis, Esq., of his cousin Mr. Charles W. Sturgis, of Marlboro street, who is an enthusiastic sportsman. It is entitled the "Coot Hunter," and represents Mr. Sturgis in a frappe hunting costume, unshaven and unshorn, and sunburned to an appalling extent. His nose is an excellent match for Fair Harvard's banner, made so no doubt by too familiar sunbeams, not, as it has been unkindly suggested, by alcohol. Mr. Sturgis is opening a market basket, showing too clearly his noble game has not been brought from the forest primeval, but from a produce dealer's.—*Boston Courier.*

One of Secretary Lakey's Questions Answered.

Editor Forest and Stream:

I cannot answer all of the National Game, Bird and Fish Protective Association secretary's questions, but on one of them I feel sure I can turn pure and radiant light. It relates to the true sportsman, and Secretary Lakey asks, and I answer:

Q.—What is his chief delight?

A.—To read FOREST AND STREAM.

Contrary minds, no. The ayes have it.

DICK OF CONNECTICUT.

Camp-Fire Flickerings.

"That reminds me."

The Bell on the Moose.

NOSUTCHE-CHUNK-AMUG, Jan. 20.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* One of your correspondents asks information about the bell on the moose which I am able to give, being the one who put it on. This is how it happened: I had some years ago young cattle and an old cow running in a clearing on the other side of the pond, and having trouble in finding them when I wanted to salt them I thought I would put a bell on the cow, which was very tame. So one day in the summer I took a bell which was made for this use and fitted it with a strap and started across the pond in my boat. When about half-way over I discovered a moose swimming across and started in pursuit of it just for the fun of a race. The moose turned straight down the pond and after a long hard pull I caught up to him, a very large bull with the widest horns I ever saw, though not yet full grown. I caught hold of his tail and tied the painter of my boat to it, and so let him tow me for some distance. I thought I would like to mark him in some way, and it came into my head to put the bell on him; so I took it in my hand and crawled along his back to his neck, which I sat astraddle of, and reaching down around it fastened the strap after lengthening it with cord. It was a hard job, but I made out to do it after a while, and crawled back into the boat. When we were about 10 rods from shore I unhitched the rope, and the moose swam ashore, turned and faced me, and I think would have charged upon me; but when he shook his head the bell, now clear of the water, began to ring and put him in a great fright. He dashed along the shore for some distance and then stopped and listened, evidently trying to make out where the sound came from; then dashed away into the woods at a great pace, stopping every now and then to listen, as I could tell by the sound of the cow bell, till the noise of it died away in the distance. In the fall I hear it frequently, and at that time the cow moose got to know the sound of it and followed the bell in droves, as shown by the tracks, like a herd of cattle. One night I got a shot at him, but overshot and only cut the cord that held the bell on the top of his neck. He is as much my moose as any wild well moose ever was any man's, but I have not got him. If any one wants proof of this story I can show him the bell with the strap and cord on it.

JAMES MONKHOUSE, JR.

Skinner's Great Sport.

SKINNER—"Did I ever tell you of the great sport I had on one of the little lakes up in Maine? No? Well, sir, in the course of half an hour I caught fifty trout, some of them twenty inches long, and all of them over a foot. But, as luck would have it, I lost every one of them overboard coming ashore."

Walton—"And I can swear to the truth of what Skinner says, for I saw him when he came ashore, and there wasn't a single fish in the boat."—*Boston Transcript.*

"Yes," said the meek-looking man. "I've no doubt you've had some great hunting experiences in your travels abroad."

"I have, indeed"

"Buffalo hunting——"

"Yes."

"And bear hunting——"

"Of course."

"Well, you just come round, and let my wife take you house hunting and bargain hunting with her. Then you'll begin to know what real excitement is."—*Tit-Bits.*

Sea and River Fishing.

THE ANGLER IN COLOMBIA.

Editor Forest and Stream:

It has always been an open question in my mind which sport was the best, shooting or fishing. In summer I used to decide mentally that fishing was the thing, all considered, but in fall and winter generally changed my mind, particularly if during my annual trip the ducks were plenty. Now that I am here in a perpetual summer it would be logical to suppose that my mind and gun were both at rest, but as of old my gun and rod are both in use and my mind still perplexed. One of my old friends in Jersey puzzled over this same question for many years, but now, his sight having begun to weaken and the woods and fields having apparently grown to double their former size, he has definitely decided that fishing is the only real sport, and perhaps with patience I may one day bring myself to concur in that opinion.

Fish and game are both abundant here in Colombia, but among the former I recognize some old friends, notably the black bass, calico bass and the humble but succulent catfish, and I find that difference of latitude makes little difference in habits and tastes. Rivers here in the tropics grow longer year by year, the growth taking place at the big end, known in local parlance as "the bar mouth."

The bar is always shallow and the continual deposit carried down by the stream and washed back by the waves keeps the river banks growing, and mangrove trees spring up in the mud, and so, slowly but surely, the growth in length of the river itself goes on. Entering one of these streams from the lagoon, you pass through a long stretch of mangrove swamp. Here the water is brackish, and tide rises and falls. This is the home of the catfish, often weighing 15 to 20lbs.

At high tide schools of mullet and "jacks" (a second cousin of the bluefish) often run in this reach of the river. Leaving the swamp and continuing the ascent of the river, we find that the stream above the swamp soon grows shallow, with deep pools and many riffles, and here in the pools under some old stump is the bass and also a species of trout.

A friend of mine (call him H.) has a plantation on Spanish Creek, and during August I was a visitor at his camp. One morning on visiting the commissary for supplies, we found our ham had fallen down from the rack and was almost destroyed by ants. It looked as if breakfast would be a slim meal, but H. said to me, "Can you fish?" I owned up, and in five minutes we were off. Our equipment was of the simplest: pole, cord and hook, and I certainly regretted not having my rod and reel. The pool he went to was full of tree tops, lying just as they had fallen when cut from both banks. In places I could hardly see any water. We dug a few worms and at it we went, and I am satisfied that had we wished we could have caught a barrel full of bass. In less than an hour we were back at camp with thirty-eight—or two apiece for all hands. They ran about ½ to ¾lb., one I am sure going all of 2¼lbs.

For a week we kept this up, and when I came away I had not once wished for a new ham.

The bass bite at anything. The trout only at a small red berry that grows in the woods, and not very certainly at that.

Planters often get them by using dynamite, but this can only be done effectually when the water is low and clear—conditions, fortunately, rather uncommon.

Set lines baited with small fish are used for the jacks, and often a catfish is caught on one of them.

The little white perch about 3 to 4 in. long are very plenty and the sweetest of all fish, but too small for comfort, as about twenty-five of them make a mess for one man.

Many a fine string of bass have I brought in in time for breakfast, and I can assure you they are always welcome. HUNT.

THE BEST LURE FOR TROUT.

Editor Forest and Stream:

Your correspondent, Mr. Forbes, gives an interesting account of an Adirondack pond very full of trout, but of which none can be caught unless under exceptional circumstances with any bait or fly tried by him, and he does not think 800 fish have been caught out of it within five years. He asks of your readers suggestions as to something better to try with, or explanations of the failure of the trout to take baits and flies usually successful. He further states that nearly all of the very few he has caught were taken late in the evening or early in the morning, when almost dark.

I believe from his statement that the trouble is not with bait or flies, but in the clearness and stillness of the water and the ease with which the trout can see the angler and his shadow in the water and every movement he makes at distances greater than any cast can be made. I have never known a trout to take any kind of bait or fly in any case in which it was certain that he could see the angler when the cast was made. I have known bass to do so in a few instances, but never a trout. Even in fishing mountain streams we find deep, still and glassy surfaced pools in sundry places, and we all know that to approach such pools carelessly and cast over them in daylight is merely time wasted. But I have demonstrated in many instances that the large trout in those pools will take any good fly after sundown and before dawn, when there is barely light enough to see the flash where the whip strikes the water.

I have demonstrated that by keeping entirely out of sight of the water and casting from complete concealment these same trout can be taken at high noon under the full blaze of a glaring sun. In order to accomplish this I have waded water up to my chin to approach the spot where I wished to place my flies on the water from behind a huge boulder in the stream, and have had rises at the first cast where all attempts to catch a trout by casting from the shore, either bait or fly, had uniformly failed, unless when nearly dark. I have constructed, at times, an artificial screen or blind in order to approach a pool of this sort and make my cast unseen by the trout, and have succeeded in catching a number of fine trout in a full strong sunlight.

I could give a great number of incidents illustrating this principle which would, I suppose, interest Mr. Forbes

and others of your readers, but I cannot ask too much of your space. One incident I may venture to detail in brief which gave me amusement and satisfaction: I was in the habit of fishing a fine trout stream in company with a young man who lived on its banks and was a most successful angler. I had observed his methods very closely and soon became convinced that his art consisted in not frightening the fish by abrupt and demonstrative movements. He, like myself, always waded the stream when casting for trout, and he always cast as short a line as possible, but his movements resembled those of an Indian more than those of any white man I ever saw. He glided through the water with so stealthy a step as scarcely to produce a ripple, and knowing every pool perfectly he got to the best position to make his cast without alarming the trout, with astonishing skill and success. Standing for several minutes as motionless as a statue, with his eyes fixed on the spot where he intended to place his flies, he made his cast with less display of motion than any other man I ever saw cast a fly. I doubt if there is another man in the United States who can go to that stream and catch out of it as many trout in a week's fishing as he can.

On the day I speak of he and I agreed that we would fish along down the main stream together two or three miles, when he would cross the ridge and get on a fine tributary of the stream and fish down it to the confluence, and I should take the stream alone from the point where we separated, and whoever got to the mouth of the creek first should await the arrival of the other. He got there first, and lying down on the sandbar at the confluence of the two streams in the full blaze of the hot sun, after unsuccessfully trying the big pool at the junction of the streams, he went sound asleep in a few moments. When I came to the place I took in the situation, and resolved that I would repeat a maneuver which I had practiced successfully shortly before at that place. So I got over into the channel, from which the water had receded, and crawled along the sand out of sight of the pool until I got under cover of the sandbar on which the young man was lying asleep, and rising on my left elbow to a half-sitting, half-reclining posture, made my cast right across his body, and hooked and landed a very large trout, which I had just taken off the hook as he awoke, much astonished at what was going on while he slept. He said he had been there half an hour, and on his arrival had fished the pool with the utmost care, hoping to have a big one to show me when I got there. I would not tell him how I made my successful cast, and he said, "All right. I owe you one; but I was going to tell you a trick I know about the blue hole, and now I won't tell you 'thout you tell me how you done it."

I have always considered this an excellent illustration of the general principle for which I contend, viz., that when game fish refuse to rise to the fly the reason is that the angler is seen by the fish before he makes his cast in the very great majority of all such cases. I believe if Mr. Forbes will fish his pond from sunset until dark he will get some trout as often as he does it. If he will try in the daytime when a good breeze roughens the water, he will probably invariably get some trout. If he will try artificial blinds along the shore from which to cast without the possibility of being seen by the fish; if he will bring to bear upon the problem all the arts and devices of the still-hunter to approach his game unawares, I believe he will be successful with any good bait or fly.

Dr. M. G. Ellzey.

FLORIDA FISHING.

Mrs. Mary Orvis Marbury, author of "Favorite Flies and their Histories," is spending the winter at Sarasota, on the Florida Gulf coast, where her brother, Robert J. Orvis, is conducting the Palms. Under date of Jan. 28 she sends us a chatty letter, from which are taken these enticing paragraphs:

We found the place much pleasanter than we anticipated even, although before coming we had been told so much of the natural beauty and healthfulness of this locality. We began to be quite anxious on our journey down. The country in the northern part of the State seemed so dreary, and the sand in Jacksonville, where we stopped to secure some old servants, perfectly disillusioned me from all "Florida enchantments," as extolled in the guide books; but after leaving Jacksonville the country improved so in its aspect that my brother began to look more cheerful, and as it became more and more luxuriant and interesting he kept saying: "Now this is better, this is something like!"

Arriving at Tampa we viewed the luxury of the gorgeous Tampa Bay Hotel, in company with Dr. and Mrs. Henshall, then came on to our winter home, and very home-like it is. It really is free from the usual Florida drawbacks of deep sand, mosquitoes and general desolation of aspect peculiar to many parts of the State. My brother so far has had but little time for hunting and fishing. Christmas Day he went out with a friend and they shot forty-one quail, said they saw more than 200, but they were trying a young dog for the first time, and he was over eager and flushed many birds. Without poor Toddy they would have done better, but so much game turned the head of our Northern bred dog, who has been thankful to find two or three partridges of an afternoon in our Vermont woods.

The first tarpon of the season was caught week before last by Thal. Henson, a native fisherman. Mr. George Marsh, who has a place here, dined with us a few days ago and said he had seen many tarpon in the creek near his house. The "northers" have been of such brief duration this year in this locality that the water has not become so chilled as many times, therefore the tarpon fishing promises to begin earlier and be better than last winter.

Mrs. Stagg and Mrs. Henshall have called upon me several times, coming in Mrs. Stagg's yacht, the Tarpon, from Tampa. When you advise your lady readers about coming South, if they intend going outside the fashionable hotels, you should suggest that for real pleasure in this country they bring with them one or more suitable outing costumes and a riding habit. The walks and drives in this vicinity are delightful, through open pine woods; but the sharp-pointed leaves of the low palmettoes are unpleasant to meet in low shoes and delicate stockings; therefore a pair of high shoes and canvas leggings that fasten with leather straps are almost indispensable to comfort. A moderately short skirt of canvas or duck, or any heavy linen or cotton, to be worn with shirt waists, and a warm jacket; for in sailing or at any time, though it is warm when exercising in the sun, the cool breezes are often searching, and a snug coat important to health and pleasure. Your southern-bound sporting friends may all be informed on these points, but I was not, and have had the bother of sending for all these things. I noticed Mrs. Stagg wore often real boots, made like riding boots only with heavier soles; they were very pretty and quite the thing for many occasions. But if one does much yachting, it is of course courtesy to your host or hostess to wear rubber-soled shoes while on board. To complete an outfit a soft, snug cap for windy weather, a broad-brimmed straw hat and veil for sunny days, long-wristed chamois gloves, and a big pongee sun umbrella are all needed. With these one can enjoy many tramps, sails and drives that would otherwise be only tiresome and perhaps painful.

A few evenings ago I went out in a small rowboat with my brother, and we rowed into a big school of bluefish that were jumping in all directions. You felt as though you could wade out and catch them with your hands, they were so many and so near. They rose eagerly to the fly, and while the sun was setting we caught enough for our breakfast, all within sight of the house and sound of the tea bell, which interrupted our sport. As I write by an open window I can see the pelicans diving and the pretty gulls hovering over them, watching to seize their catch. The little herons are walking daintily up and down the beach, and I can hear the occasional splash of a jumping fish. The roses are in full bloom, and one may pluck great handfuls of them from the broad veranda. Away in the distance are the white sails of the fishing boats, and the sun, as the moments pass, is growing all red and gold, sending a flood of warm color across the water, touching every ripple with changing hues that glitter and glow with sunny life and delight. All this color and seashore life is new to me, and the air is so balmy, yet with the freshness of a June morning, that I feel I am having more than my share of pleasure as I read the letters from home relating tales of cold and chills.

Mary Orvis Marbury.

Narcoossee, Fla., Hotel Runnymede, Jan. 17.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* I have fished in almost all the waters of this country and have made some fine catches of trout in the Yellowstone and waters of Montana and Idaho, and of bass and pickerel in Michigan and Wisconsin and many places noted for great catches. But the best fishing in America to-day is here. This section is filled with lovely lakes, with broad sandy shores, and not a stagnant pool in all the country, and it can well be called the beautiful lake region of Florida. Black bass are here in great abundance; the waters are alive with them; they are of a large size and run from 3 to 12lbs. in weight. They bite rapidly and are full of fight. On Christmas in an hour's fishing I had all I could carry. To-day Mr. John Harmer, a well-known citizen of Philadelphia, and myself in one hour with common cane rods and artificial minnow caught twenty-five bass with an average weight of 2lbs. I landed bass here as large as 8lbs. and Mr. Harmer repeatedly caught two at a time by using two hooks. The waters here literally swarm with fish. Bait is easy to get; the banks are clean, and ladies and children fish here with no fear of wet feet or soiled clothes. Alex. H. Irvin.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 8.—F. W. Wardwell, of Boston, with a party of New York and Cleveland men, will leave in a few days for Florida and will devote a few weeks to blue fishing off the mouth of Indian River. They were down there last year and were so taken with the sport that they determined to repeat the trip this year.

C. D. Boss, of London, Conn., has gone to Punta Rassa, Fla., and will fish for tarpon in that vicinity. Mr. Boss is an enthusiast on tarpon fishing and has been at it for many years. It is his custom when on the fishing grounds to go out almost every day, and, as he expresses it, never leaves for home until he wakes up some fine morning and finds himself disinclined to go out fishing. He then concludes that he is unconsciously growing tired of the sport and packs up for his return trip. Not a bad method this.

F. H. Talcott, of Boston, has joined the band of winter fishermen and has been down to Lakeville, Mass., fishing through the ice. He came back with 27lbs. of pickerel, and although willing to vote it cold work still thinks it pleasant enough to be repeated in the near future.

Hackle.

Pennsylvania Association.

At the monthly meeting of the Pennsylvania Fish Protective Association at 1020 Arch street, Feb. 8, the question of establishing club membership by taking in the various fishing clubs throughout the State, with the idea of securing more concerted action on matters affecting the fishing interests, was referred to the executive committee with instructions to prepare and report at the next meeting an amendment to the by-laws providing for club membership. One hundred and fifty dollars was appropriated to the trustees of the permanent fund. The committee on reunion reported having selected March 26 as the date of holding the reunion in Wesley Hall, 1018 Arch street. A committee, consisting of Messrs. Burkhardt, Fitzgerald and Hartley, was appointed to procure a portrait of the late Frederick Brown for the Association room, and it was decided to appoint a counselor-at-law.

Considerable discussion arose over the proposed amendment creating a life membership and this finally passed, the fee being increased from $30, the amount specified in the notice, to $50. After its passage it was thought by some that $50 was too much and a motion was made to reconsider, but was lost. Mr. Ingham gave notice that he would at the next meeting move an amendment making the fee for life members $30.

Free Fishhooks.

One member of the House is in a regular stew just now. He is telling the story on himself:

"I was slightly surprised a few days ago to receive a letter from a constituent, as follows:

"'Dear Judge: Tim Dooley says that Government gives away fish to those who apply. I don't know if this is so or not; but if so I wish you would send me some. The only kind we get here are in half-pound packages, called boneless cod. And they are no account, and then they make you thirsty. If they give away any fishhooks I wish you would send me some, for the Major, Ransom Brown, Judge Kaufman and I have planned to go fishing as soon as the weather opens up. You know they all worked well for you last time.'

"For the sake of the joke I dropped into a sporting goods store and bought a tin box of hooks for $1.50, sent it to my friend with a note saying that I was very glad I had some fishhooks still left from my quota, though there had been a great demand for them and the horse book. The supply of fish had run out, and the President had been so occupied with bonds and had Congress on his hands so long that our supply was exhausted. I regretted also that the ducks have been wild or could maybe have got some, but last trip Grover only got thirteen and he needed most of those himself.

"The result was fourteen requests for fishhooks within a week, and they are still coming. It is no use saying that Uncle Sam does not handle fishhooks, as here are the hooks and there is my letter, and if I don't send them every last man that I refuse will sharpen a knife for me next campaign, and if I do I will go broke. Don't fool with the granger."—*Washington Times.*

Salmon Off the Cape of Good Hope.

Boston, Feb. 3.—Mention has been made on occasions of catching salmon in the sea with a fly, especially on the California coast, and a few days since a friend sent me an account of some fine catches in Santa Cruz Bay, California. An old blue water captain who sailed for years to China and the East has told me more than once of taking salmon off the Cape of Good Hope. By accident he discovered he could catch salmon on certain banks situated from five to fifteen miles from the Cape with soundings of from eighteen to thirty fathoms. The fish were true salmon in all appearances with the exception of having white flesh. They were caught with a drail, baited with a piece of white rag, as bluefish are caught, and they would weigh from 10 to 20lbs. Some fifty fathoms of line were used and a light breeze required. He stated he had caught them there on three or four occasions and plentiful enough to furnish the crew and cabin with all the fresh fish they needed, and on one occasion they salted down a barrel or two. My friend is familiar with the salmon and informed me he could see no difference in every appearance and their eating qualities save their having white flesh. Have you ever heard of "Cape salmon" before? Reignolds.

Business and Pickerel Fishing.

Boston, Feb. 7.—Maine lumber manufacturers and other producers in Maine have got into the custom of treating their Boston agents or receivers to fishing and hunting trips when they come down on business. F. A. Kimball has been down over the Bangor & Aroostook Railroad, among his lumber manufacturers. By one concern he was assigned a guide, to look entirely after his entertainment and business interests. A pickerel fishing trip was proposed to South Twin Lake. Such fishing, Mr. Kimball allows, he never saw before. They had five lines each—all that the law allows. They caught a great many pickerel, some weighing 3 or 4lbs. Mr. Kimball is much pleased with the State of Maine, and particularly with pickerel fishing at South Twin Lake. He has an idea that the lake must be a jewel in the summer, with old Katahdin always in sight. They found the signs of deer very abundant in the woods they had to cross, but did not get a sight at one, though the lumbermen report seeing them very frequently. Special.

Boston Smelt Fishers.

Boston, Mass., Feb. 8.—Fishing for smelt through the ice is a pastime which finds favor with some of our Boston anglers, and those who have indulged in the sport lately report excellent luck. The Weir River in Hingham and the Weymouth River generally prove very productive places for winter smelt, and are the chief points to which Boston fishermen go. One young man captured 40lbs. in a very short time a few days ago, and they were beauties as to size and quality. The anchorage of the Nantasket steamers at Nantasket has also provided good sport during the past week. An acquaintance took 80lbs. there on the turn of the tide a few mornings ago, and he estimates that fully 700lbs. were taken that day at this place by all the fishermen present. Hackle.

Symptoms of the Fever.

As soon as I get things settled I've some trout notes I want to send you. Reading and writing and talking trout, and perhaps unwrapping tackle for a glimpse or two, are all we cranks who already feel the first burnings of the annual fever can do for relief. I hear that my favorite old stream in Connecticut is being thoroughly "posted," so my actual experiences this season may be very light. B.

Fishculture.

Instructions for Transporting and Planting Young Fish.

By State Fishculturist A. N. Cheney, of the New York Commission.

Brook, brown, rainbow and Loch Leven trout should be planted in small spring rivulets tributary to the larger stream intended to be stocked. From the rivulets they will work down as they grow into the main stream.

Lake trout should be planted among boulders or rocks on a shoal in mid-lake, very near to deep water, into which the young trout soon find their way. In the absence of such shoals with rocks to afford hiding places for the young trout, they may be planted on spawning beds when they are known.

In transporting young trout, if they come to the surface of the water in the cans, it is a sign of exhaustion, and the water should be frequently aerated by dipping it from the can in a dipper and let it fall into it again from a considerable height. It is safer to aerate the water placed in the cans at the hatchery than to add fresh water during the journey, the qualities of which are unknown. Should the water in the cans become warm, the temperature should be reduced by the addition of ice broken into small pieces.

If the water in the cans containing young trout should be warmer or colder than the water in the lake or stream at the time of planting the fish, the temperature should be equalized by mingling the two waters in the can before the fish are turned out, as marked changes in the temperature may kill the young trout.

Fish cans ordinarily hold about 5,000 trout fry, and not

more than three cans of fry should be planted in one year in a stream from six to eight miles long, and the fry should be well distributed throughout the length of the stream (by planting in rivulets as previously stated), as by bunching the plant there is danger of exhausting the food suitable for the young fish.

Fry or yearling fish should be planted as soon as received and never under any circumstances kept over night without constant watching and aerating the water. Trout are sent out by the State in the spring or fall, as transportation during the hot months is attended with great risk.

Applicants for fish should so far as possible ascertain the kinds and quality of fish food in the streams they desire to plant.

Caledonia Hatchery.

ALBANY, Feb. 8.—Assemblyman Kelsey has introduced a bill appropriating $5,000 for acquiring certain lands and water rights on Spring Creek above the Caledonia fish hatchery, in Livingston county, for the protection of fish-culture at the hatchery.

The Kennel.

FIXTURES.

BENCH SHOWS.

Feb. 19 to 22.—Westminster Kennel Club's twentieth annual dog show, Madison Square Garden, New York. James Mortimer, Supt.

March 3 to 6.—City of the Straits Kennel Club. R. Humfrey Roberts, Sec'y, 6 Merrill Block, Detroit. Entries close Feb. 20.

March 10 to 13.—Chicago.—Mascoutah Kennel Club's bench show John L. Lincoln, Sec'y.

March 17 to 20.—St. Louis Kennel Club's show, St. Louis. W. Hutchinson, Sec'y.

April 20 to 23.—New England Kennel Club's twelfth annual show. D. E. Loveland, Sec'y.

May 6 to 9.—Pacific Kennel Club's fifth annual show. H. W. Orear, Sec'y.

FIELD TRIALS.

Sept. 2.—Morris, Man.—Manitoba Field Trials Club. John Wootton, Sec'y.

Oct. 28.—Greene county, Pa.—The Monongahela Valley Game and Fish Protective Association's second annual trials. S. B. Cummings Sec'y, Pittsburg.

THE U. S. F. T. C.'S TRIALS.

THE winter trials of the United States Field Trials Club began on Feb. 3. Much interest was manifested in the competition. The attendance of sportsmen was large and distinguished. Among the number were Messrs. F. R. Hitchcock, New York; Edw. Dexter, Buzzards Bay; J. L. Adams, Stanley Adams, Norwin T. Harris, St. Marc M. Mundy, and L. W. Blankenbaker, Louisville; E. E. Posey, General Passenger Agent M. & O. R. R.; J. R. Rogers, Jackson; J. D. Posten, Columbus, O.; P. M. Essigg, Natchez, Miss.; J. M. Taylor, New York; W. L. Kidwell, Washington; J. L. Barker and Dr. C. I. Shooh, Racine, Wis.; J. T. Sergent, Mason; W. B. Stafford, Trenton; C. D. Stuart, Benton Harbor; A. Raefle, N. Manchester, Indiana; and from Birmingham came Messrs. Ashford, Odum, Smith, and Dr. Chisholm and Dr. Ubank, and many others.

The judging was done by Messrs. A. Merriman, Memphis, and Theo. Sturgis, New York. The two judges, Mr. King and Dr. Grimstead, originally announced to judge with Mr. Merriman, could not attend. There were not many competent gentlemen present whose services were available, so the management decided to run the competition under two judges. Mr. Merriman had long experience.

As to the judging itself, some of it gave satisfaction, while other parts of it were not well received. Mr. Merriman kept the handlers in hand with admirable skill. He stopped in a great degree that most harmful feature of many competitions, scrambling for points. He kept the handlers together in a way that would be a profitable study for those judges who, not trying, think it cannot be done or who do not care to risk possible loss of popularity.

On the other hand, the general management of the competition was loose and thoughtless. Heats would often end more or less of a distance from where the wagons were, and much time in the aggregate was lost in sending for the wagons and waiting for them to be driven up, or in riding to them. There was available material for this work. It was inexcusable negligence. A very little competent effort would have avoided so much wearisome and purposeless delay. It will be noted that there is thus much waste of time between many of the heats. Again, in the first series of heats, nearly all the dogs were run an even thirty minutes. This limit was intended for a minimum time. It was not an arbitrary limit. The first series should be run till there are such positive differences that the judges can make for the second series their selections understandingly. By taking up the dogs at the expiration of thirty minutes, when nothing has been settled, requires that all the dogs shall be run over again, which was sometimes nearly done, and that extra running consumes unnecessary time and confuses the judgment more or less. There is nothing definitely determined as the competition progresses, and except in the case of the dogs of extraordinary merit the judgment is not very certain. The first series is a very important one and should be run till the judges know something definite of the dogs' merits.

Again, the rules were not always strictly observed. For some reason wholly beyond conjecture it was decided that the judges would not announce any second series, but instead call up the dogs brace by brace as they required them. A more stupid method could not be imagined. Men whose dogs were not to be called up were kept in waiting the same as those who would be called up, and there was not the opportunity for each to arrange in turn for the competition. Had the rule been followed, the common sense embodied in the rule would have been in action at the same time. Then the unfortunate blunder of Friday, when Komus was run as Von Gull, could never have happened. At least, such a blunder has never happened before. The rule reads as follows: "After the first series has been run through the judges shall announce which dogs they wish to see run again and the order of running them," etc. By violating this rule the judges placed themselves in as humiliating a position as if they were novices.

The grounds are excellent for the running of dogs. Unfortunately for the equity of the competition, some parts of the grounds contained abundance of birds, while other parts had very few, and this important matter the judges seemed to heed not. The dogs were rated according to the results shown, whether there were birds or not.

In both stakes the pointers as a whole made a much finer competition and exhibition than did the setters.

There is one unfair matter which has been in practice for some years, and which all field trial managements should abate, that is, the leading of dogs on chain as close as possible to the competition, dogs which are to run in the following stake, and thus observe the finding of the birds and their whereabouts. Mr. Avent is the offender in this matter. No other handler favors or follows the practice. They wait till the competition begins before showing the grounds and birds to their dogs. And in this connection it may not be out of place to remark that kicking a dog in the head, as he did Cynosure, is not a part of skillful handling, nor a pleasing spectacle to the spectators, nor a good way to make the reputation of field trials.

A regrettable incident of the meeting was the cavalier manner in which Mr. J. L. Adams, vice-president of the club, was treated in the matter of his resignation. He sent in his resignation on Dec. 18. He received a reply from the secretary, informing him that it would be acted on at the annual meeting at West Point. On Sunday evening, Feb. 2, the club held a special meeting and Mr. Adams was not asked to attend. The secretary stated that Mr. Adams's resignation had been accepted. On inquiry, there was no record of it. On Feb. 4, two days after the meeting, Mr. Adams was notified that his resignation was accepted. This action engendered much unfavorable comment. To be deprived of his club rights before his resignation was accepted was a most arbitrary act.

The Pointer Derby.

The competition began with this stake. The work was exceptionally good, though the abundance of birds found on this day contributed materially to the good showing. They in fact were found too numerous at times to test the "bird sense" and searching qualities of the dogs. Nevertheless the competition was keen and good.

The running in this stake was managed skillfully and the decisions were accurate. Mr. Merriman cautioned the handlers at the outset against rushing and separating, the good effects of which were distinctly noticeable throughout the stake.

The dogs were run in the following order:

N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. bitch Sister Sue, N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Wrestler, C. E. Buckle, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' blk. and w. dog Nabob, C. E. Buckle, handler, with H. S. Smith's blk. and w. dog Rip Saw, J. H. Johnson, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. bitch Tory Jessamine, J. M. Avent, handler, with Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' o. and w. bitch India, C. E. Buckle, handler.

Avent & Thayer's l. and w. dog Ridgeview Cash, J. M. Avent, handler, with H. K. Devereux's l. and w. bitch Virginia, Geo. Gray, handler.

Adams & Thompson's l. and w. dog Cracker Jack, J. H. Johnson, handler, with T. T. Ashford's l. and w. bitch Hessie D., D. E. Rose, handler.

This stake was for all pointers whelped after Jan. 1, 1894. Two forfeits of $10 each and $10 additional to start. Five prizes—$150, $125, $100, $75 and $50.

India and Nabob, first and second respectively, ran excellently well. Their point work was very sharp and clean. They ranged in a satisfactory manner, were industrious, showed good judgment, and worked pleasingly to the gun. A rule was violated in not running them together for first and second place.

A remarkable feature of this stake is that the winners of first, second and third are all sired by that hero of many a field trial competition, Rip Rap.

Rip Saw and Tory Jessamine, third and fourth respectively, made a meritorious competition. Their work, though pleasing and commendable, was not so sharp nor so uniformly maintained as was that of first and second winners.

Sister Sue, fifth, began in a most promising way. Her first heat was excellent, but her work in subsequent heats gradually declined in merit till at the finish it was common.

Monday.

The weather was clear and warm.

First Round.

SISTER SUE AND WRESTLER were cast off at 8:53. Down 35 minutes. Sue cut out the work and had a decided advantage in every particular. She pointed two bevies nicely, and was steady to shot. Sent on in woods, Sue nicely pointed a single bird. Next she flushed one. Next Wrestler flushed an outlying single in corn, then stood and the rest of the birds flushed. On the scattered birds Wrestler secured a point; Sue a flush. The heat soon thereafter ended.

NABOB AND RIP SAW started at 9:35. Rip pointed a bevy in a growth of sedge and plum bushes, and Nabob pointed or backed. Each then made a point on scattered birds. Nabob pointed, held point, then moved on, came back and was cautious when the birds flushed. Nabob next pointed a bevy in open sedge. Next in heavy weeds he pointed birds, doing excellent work. Up at 10:18. Rip Saw ran a fairly good race. He pointed and backed steadily and showed good training.

TORY JESSAMINE AND INDIA started at 10:08. India pointed a bevy and was backed. As the bevy flew across the open field another bevy rose and flew away nearly in the same course. Following after the birds, India pointed a bevy in the open, which made the third bevy found within a few minutes and within a small space of ground. Jessamine drew by independently and pointed the same birds. On the scattered birds, Jessamine made three points in quick succession, they lying well. India pointed a single at the moment it flushed in woods. Jessamine at the same time in the open roaded to a flush on a single. Sent on. The dogs were separated for a while, and Jessamine pointed a bevy. Next, India made two good points on singles. Up at 10:45. Both were industrious and did good work, India the Superior. Both backed and worked well to the gun.

RIDGEVIEW CASH AND VIRGINIA were cast off at 10:49. Cash pointed a bevy; on the scattered birds he flushed one, then standing still he began to steady to a point, when several more flushed wild; he steadied to a point and more were flushed close by him; it was sloppy work. Virginia pointed a bevy. Cash made two points on singles; next he made a point which proved barren. Virginia pointed a single. Virginia's work was the better. Cash's work deteriorated as the heat advanced. Up at 11:25.

CRACKER JACK AND HESSIE D. were started at 11:41. Hessie pointed a bird well and Jack backed indifferently. Sent on, Hessie nicely pointed a bevy in woods. Both pointed; those who saw this piece of work from the start said that Hessie pointed the birds first. Sent on, both got a point on the same bevy, the merit of the find and point being practically the same. Jack next pointed a bevy; Hessie backed well. Jack next flushed a single and was a bit unsteady. Hessie next made two good points. Up at 12:36.

Lunch next engaged the attention of the party.

Second Round.

SISTER SUE AND TORY JESSAMINE began at 1:39. Sue pointed a single. Jess roaded to a point on several birds. Sue pointed a bevy in weeds; sent on, next she pointed; nothing found. Up at 2:46. Both dallied in ranging at times and were lacking in good finish to their work. They lost some good opportunities to point.

INDIA AND RIP SAW were cast off at 2:54. India soon pointed a bevy. She made two points on singles. Sent on, she pointed a bevy and four good points on singles. She was ordered up at 3:15. Rip then ran alone two or three minutes, when he also was ordered up.

NABOB AND RIDGEVIEW CASH were started at 3:32. Nabob was first to point; then both roaded, Nabob locating and securing the point on the birds. Cash made two barren points and Nabob pointed a single. Cash pointed a bevy in very poor style. Cash apparently pointed a single and Nabob backed, but those who saw the first of it said the point was Nabob's. Cash made two more points to which nothing was found. His range was narrow, his manner was not merry and his work inferior. Nabob had the better of the heat in every respect.

HESSIE D. AND VIRGINIA ran from 4:40 to 5:10 without finding.

SISTER SUE AND RIP SAW began at 5:15. Rip pointed a bevy. Sent on, he pointed a single, after which he pointed some scattered birds. He next pointed in open sedge, Sue crossing in ahead close by; both roaded after the birds, which were running and scattering. One bird flushed wild ahead of Sue and two ahead of Rip. Up at 5:40. Sue was falling off in the quality of her work and ran poorly. Rip had the better of the heat.

The judges placed the dogs in the following order after the return to the hotel: India, Nabob, Rip Saw, Tory Jessamine and Sister Sue.

The Setter Derby.

There were twelve starters, drawn to run in the following order:

R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog Forzando, J. H. Johnson, handler, with W. W. Titus's b., w. and t. dog Sam T., owner, handler.

H. R. Edwards's b., w. and t. dog Harwick, Geo. Gray, handler, with Avent & Thayer Kennel's b., w. and t. bitch Feu Follet, J. M. Avent, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's l. and w. dog Tory Fashion, J. M. Avent, handler, with R. B. Morgan's b., w. and t. dog Bob Taylor, Geo. W. Richards, handler.

P. Lorillard, Jr's., b., w. and t. dog Arapahoe, C. Tucker, handler, with Blue Ridge Kennels' b., w. and t. dog Domino, D. E. Rose, handler.

Manchester Kennel Co.'s b., w. and t. bitch Gleam's Ruth, N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with B. V. Sudbury's b., w. and t. dog Conor, J. H. Johnson, handler.

R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. bitch Accelerando, J. H. Johnson, handler, with H. B. Ledbetter's b., w. and t. dog Marie's Sport, Geo. Gray, handler.

This stake for setters had the same prizes and conditions as to age, forfeits and prizes as the Pointer Derby.

Tory Fashion ran a superior race and rightly won first.

Harwick, winner of second, also made an excellent competition.

Marie's Sport, third, was faulty in his point work, often pointing on footscent and oftener pointing inaccurately.

Bob Taylor, fourth, should have been spotted out after his first heat, which abounded with errors. His later work improved, but aside from speed and range his work was not remarkable.

Accelerando ran fairly well, doing some good work on birds.

Gleam's Ruth, in my opinion, should have been third. She had fairly good range—neither extremely wide or close—and her point work was excellent, accurate and sharp. She was perfectly stanch till her handler walked up to her, when she would follow behind or at his side and help him on the way to the birds. It was a useful display of knowledge and training, far surpassing the senseless points which are held while the trainer beats out the ground all alone, then sends the dog on to do what he should have done at first. Gleam's Ruth is the very sort of dog which should be in the money and honors.

Tuesday.

The competition began a bit late. The weather was warm and cloudy. The quality of the work was ragged and sloppy, but two or three good heats out of the day's work relieving the monotony. There was abundance of opportunities for work on birds, but the general results were flushes, raggedness and lost opportunities. As a whole, it was far inferior to the pointer competition of the previous day. Owing to the absence of some dogs at the start they were not run in the order drawn.

First Round.

TORY FASHION AND BOB TAYLOR began at 8:40. Down 38 minutes. Bob's work was marked throughout by headiness and errors. He soon found birds, flushed and was unsteady and willful. Next he flushed part of a bevy, while Tory pointed the remainder of it some yards to one side. On scattered birds Bob pointed a single. Both were steady to shot. Tory had the advantage in every way. Bob's work was so full of error that he was not entitled to further running.

FORZANDO AND SAM T. were cast off at 9:30. Down 34 minutes. A bevy was seen to flush. It was followed. Some uncertain work was done by Sam. Forzando made a point so far as could be determined through the vista of brush. Forzando made two points on bevies. The work as a whole was ragged. Sam T. was not in form and For-

zando was erratic in his range, though he had a way of getting on birds. All the work was lacking in ease of finish and smooth handling.

HARWICK AND FEU FOLLET at 10:15 were cast off. Harwick pointed, moved on about 50yds. and pointed the bevy. Feu had crossed the trail a couple of times or more without recognizing the scent. Feu pointed a single. Harwick a single and a bevy. He showed good nose and point work, ranged intelligently, but seemed difficult to manage when ranging. Feu needed a deal of helping to make a good showing. Her performance was so inferior that she was not entitled to further consideration in the competition. Up at 10:50.

ARAPAHOE AND DOMINO began at 11:02. Domino failed to score on two bevies, partly through hard luck and a large part through his own fault. Next he flushed two birds of a bevy and stopped to wing, and soon the rest of the bevy flushed wild. On scattered birds Arapahoe pointed a single nicely. Domino flushed twice and pointed once, finding nothing. Arapahoe's opportunities were marred by Domino's errors. Both ranged fairly well, Domino headstrong and careless. Up at 11:34.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND CONOR were cast off at 11:44. A bevy was flushed and followed. Ruth made a good point on some scattered birds. Conor backed. Up at 12:36, with the advantage in favor of Ruth.

ACCELERANDO AND MARIE'S SPORT were cast off after lunch at 1:30. A flushed bevy was followed. Sport's point on a single was backed in a half-hearted way. Accelerando made two points on singles. Sport roaded to a point on a bevy and Accelerando backed or pointed. The birds flushed wild. Up at 2:18. Accelerando showed but indifferent judgment in ranging. In speed, range and judgment Sport was much superior.

Second Round.

It was said that these dogs were not a part of the second round, but after the first round was run through it is difficult to imagine what round the second one was if it was not the second. Of the dogs kept in Feu Follet and Bob Taylor had no just claim to a second trial.

FORZANDO AND BOB TAYLOR were cast off at 2:45. Bob pointed a bevy well and Feu backed to order. Forzando made two good points on singles. Up at 3:38. The performance was a fair one.

HARWICK AND TORY FASHION ran the heat of the day, beginning at 3:43. The work was the first of the stake approaching field trial form. Harwick took a long cast, pointed nicely on a side hill, Tory backing prettily, both being plainly in sight, making a spectacular field scene. Sent on, Harwick found and pointed another bevy in woods, Tory backing nicely. Soon afterward Tory pointed a bevy and Harwick backed. Tory pointed once on a single. Harwick made two points on singles. Tory pointed a bevy in the open field and was inclined to unsteadiness when the bevy flushed, but steadied to order. Both dogs ranged well, with some advantage on the part of Harwick. Time 4:14.

GLEAM'S RUTH AND FEU FOLLET commenced at 4:29. Ruth pointed, moved on to locate the bevy; Feu was permitted to join in against the rules, and shared the point; both handlers shot when the birds flushed. The find and point were Ruth's. Feu next pointed; nothing found. Sent on, Ruth pointed a bevy which flushed wild. Sent on, Feu pointed; Nesbitt let his dog go by and take the point. Nothing found. The heat was being badly conducted. Sent on, Ruth wheeled prettily to a point on a bevy; good work. Next she pointed a single. The judge cautioned Mr. Avent. Feu pointed a single; Ruth backed. Feu made a good point, next a flush. Ruth made two points. At this juncture Ruth had beaten Feu, with a lot to spare. Ruth worked on her own judgment, while Feu needed a deal of coaching. They were then turned into the open to range a while. This heat ended the competition of the day.

Wednesday.

A heavy rain during the night having soaked the ground thoroughly, birds were not found plentiful. The heavy clouds of the morning broke away, then the sky again was overcast. Rain set in about the middle of the afternoon and stopped the work.

MARIE'S SPORT AND FORZANDO were started at 9. Forzando flushed two bevies. Sport pointed in woods, moved on about 30yds. and pointed again; nothing found. At the same time Forzando pointed a rabbit, which he chased. Each made a good point on scattered birds. Sport pointed; nothing to it. Up at 9:30.

ACCELERANDO AND BOB TAYLOR began at 9:30. Both pointed; nothing found. Accelerando pointed a bevy and Bob coming in to back pointed some outlying birds of it. On the scattered birds Bob pointed a single. Accelerando made three points on singles. Bob flushed twice. Each made a barren point. Up at 10:40. Both were industrious.

ARAPAHOE AND SAM T. were started at 10:54. Sam pointed a bevy, which flushed wild. Arapahoe made three points in succession, one of which was on a bevy. Sam flushed a single and chased it a short distance. Each pointed singles and each made a point which proved barren. Up at 11:37. Sam was speedy and dashing. Some days before the trials he had escaped on a self-hunt, which broke up his work to the gun for the time being.

The judges placed the dogs in the following order: Tory Fashion, Harwick, Marie's Sport, Bob Taylor and Accelerando.

The All-Age Pointer Stake.

This stake was for all pointers which had never won first in an all-age stake in any field trial in America. There were five prizes: $150, $125, $100, $75 and $50. There were twelve starters.

W. N. Kerr's l. and w. dog Little Ned, Geo. W. Richards handler, with Dr. G. Chisholm's l. and w. dog Komus, D. E. Rose, handler.

Charlottesville Field Trial Kennels' l. and w. dog Tippoo, C. E. Buckle, handler, with Furlough Kennels' l. and w. bitch Diana, J. Armstrong, handler.

Ashford & Odum's l. and w. dog Von Gull, D. E. Rose, handler, with P. Lorillard, Jr.'s, l. and w. bitch Rancocas Belle, C. Tucker, handler.

Tway & Haswell's black dog Jumbo, C. W. Tway, handler, with F. W. Dunham's l. and w. dog Elgin's Dash, N. B. Nesbitt, handler.

Westminster Kennel Club's l. and w. dog Sandford Druid, John White, handler, with Stoddard & Kidwell's b. and w. dog Tick Boy, J. B. Stoddard, handler.

N. T. De Pauw's l. and w. dog Jingo, N. B. Nesbitt, handler, with H. K. Devereux's l. and w. dog Tamarack, Jr., George E. Gray, handler.

First was won by Tippoo, a pointer of remarkable merit in the competition. His range is wide and speedy, his point work accurate and sharp. As between him and Jingo the competition was very close. Jingo excelled in bird sense, in beating out his ground with judgment and in skill in handling his birds. He was lacking in the dash of Tippoo and did not have his speed in point work. He ran three heats on Thursday; Von Gull ran one. Von Gull went to his birds with a high nose and showed excellent capabilities, but he showed no work that entitled him to a place over Jingo.

By the blunder in running Komus with Diana instead of Von Gull, and the further blunder of not running him with Diana afterward, but with Jingo instead, the stake was carried over into Friday. All this leads up to the fact that Jingo was ill on Friday. He ran four heats, Von Gull two. In the competition with Rancocas Belle, he had no advantage of her whatever, excepting in the manner of pointing his birds, he carrying a higher nose. She found the bevy too, on which the points were made. Outside of first place the remainder is a jumble.

First Round.

LITTLE NED AND KOMUS began at 11:52. Komus pointed a bevy and Ned coming across flushed it. Ned pointed a bevy in woods. Next Komus made two good points on singles. Komus pointed. Ned backed and a bird flushed a short distance away. Up at 12:31.

The party went to lunch.

TIPPOO AND IGHTFIELD DIANA started at 1:34. Both were soon found pointing the same bevy. On scattered birds each pointed a single. Sent on, soon Tippoo pointed a bevy and then twice on singles; Diana made a point and a flush on singles. Sent on, Tippoo found and pointed two bevies. He next pointed a single nicely and Diana backed. He made a good point on a single, then moved forward and flushed it. Diana pointed a single bird. Up at 2:08.

The next brace was called, but rain having set in, the competition for the day was ended.

Thursday.

Heavy rain fell during the preceding night. The grounds were muddy and heavy. Birds were found in fair numbers. Quite a lot of time was wasted in delays which could have been avoided. Toward midday the clouds cleared away.

VON GULL AND RANCOCAS BELLE were cast off at 10:17. Belle pointed a bevy in open sedge. On scattered birds each pointed a single, Von backing handsomely about 50yds. away. Von made three more points on singles, Belle two points more and a flush. Up at 10:50. Both ranged fairly well. Von carried a high nose and worked skillfully on his birds. The heat was very close.

JUMBO AND ELGIN'S DASH started at 10:53. Jumbo pointed a bevy stanchly and was steady to shot and wing. Dash pointed a bevy and was well backed. On scattered bird she pointed a single. He was far the better in range and speed. Up at 11:48. The heat was ordinary.

SANDFORD DRUID AND TICK BOY were started at 11:55. Tick flushed a bevy. The dogs were up 16 minutes while being taken to new ground. Tick pointed a single. Druid pointed a bevy and at the same time Tick pointed a single. Druid made three flushes in succession, two of them seemingly willful. Sent on, each made a point on a bevy in sedge. Up at 1:15. Both dogs showed good speed and fair range.

The running was suspended while lunch was served.

JINGO AND TAMARACK, JR., started at 1:57. Both dogs going at speed ran into a bevy and flushed it. Jingo pointed, moved on, located and pointed a single. Tamarack pointed and a single was flushed close by while the dog was moving on. Both had good speed and range. Tamarack narrowed his range toward the end of the heat. Up at 2:31.

Second Round.

The judges called up the dogs brace by brace, which made it a difficult matter to forecast their intentions, besides keeping many unnecessarily in waiting after they had no chance to win.

KOMUS (NOT VON GULL) AND IGHTFIELD DIANA were started at 2:35. Diana pointed a bevy which flushed wild, and then pointed on the footscent of it. Komus made an indifferent back. Sent on, Diana pointed a bevy. On some marked birds Komus made a good point in open weeds. Sent on, he pointed a bevy in the open. Diana pointed a single in corn. Up at 3:18. Diana was the more systematic ranger. Rose made much noise in handling Komus. A somewhat annoying though ludicrous feature attached to this heat. The judges had called for Von Gull and Komus was run instead. The judges detected the error in the evening. In this heat the photographer of the M. & O. R. R., a most affable gentleman, attempted to photograph Komus on point, Mr. Stafford requesting Mr. Rose to not flush the bird till the photographing, taking a moment's time, could be done. Mr. Rose discourteously refused, with the explanation that he was not in the photographing business just then. The M. & O. R. R. had been extremely obliging to owners and handlers in making special rates and in extending courteous attentions. The company intended to have some large field trial views made and for that purpose the photographer was there. Aside from the direct discourtesy of the act, it is not a manner to enlarge its growth nor make it beloved by those who are gratuitously snubbed.

TIPPOO AND RANCOCAS BELLE were started at 3:24. Tippoo pointed nicely a bevy in sedge, and afterward made two good points on singles. Belle made a good point on a single. Up at 3:56. Both worked diligently and showed good range. Tip had a decided advantage in every respect.

JINGO AND TICK BOY were started at 4:05. Jingo pointed a bevy. Tick backed, then willfully broke his back, went ahead and flushed the bevy. Jingo remained steady under great provocation. The handlers were about 50yds. away at the time. In woods each made a point on a single bird. Down 15 minutes. Jingo was the better in range, judgment and bird work.

TAMARACK, JR., AND SANDFORD DRUID were started at 4:26. Each made a point on a bevy at the same time. Sent on, Tamarack pointed a bevy. On the scattered birds they pegged points at a rapid rate. Tamarack made five points on singles, and near the close of the heat he made another point on a bevy. Druid made six points on singles and one flush. 5:04. Both dogs ranged fairly well. Druid was difficult to handle. Tamarack had the better of the heat.

JINGO AND TIPPOO were cast off at 5:17 and gave a most excellent exhibition of good field work. They beat out their ground with judgment, ranged wide and fast, and their bird work was a masterpiece, taken as the performance of two dogs in a competition. Jingo pointed a bevy, which flushed. Tippoo pointed a single. Jingo pointed a single and Tippoo backed. Jingo roaded with extreme caution in woods to a point on a bevy. In woods, Jingo pointed; Tippoo backed; nothing found. Tippoo drew quickly to a point on a bevy in woods; Jingo made game at the same time and pointed. The point work on scattered birds was now fast, sharp and accurate. Tippoo made four single points and Jingo made three. Tippoo was quicker on his birds and went to them with a higher nose. Darkness ended the heat. Time, 5:52.

Friday.

The weather was clear, cool and pleasant in the morning. In the afternoon, clouds overcast the sky. The temperature became oppressively close and rain threatened. It set in in the night and fell heavily.

The mistake of the previous day in running Komus instead of Von Gull with Ightfield Diana took an unexpected turn when the judges announced that Von Gull was to run with Jingo. To correct the error, the proper way would have been to run Von Gull with Diana, as originally intended. The first mistake was awkward enough, but it was still further aggravated by a greater one. Von Gull had been called to run with Diana. By a combination of mistake and inattention he did not do so. The proper way then to have corrected the error was to run the brace as it had originally been called to run. It was indeed a very loose manner of conducting a stake.

Mr. Avent's dogs were in evidence to the fore led on chain, as they had been in days before and trials before. His dogs were to run in other stakes and therefore were out of place when led over the grounds in that manner.

JINGO AND VON GULL started at 8:14. Both dogs ranged wide and fast, Von the more dashing in his manner. Von pointed a bevy in corn; Jingo backed. Von made two points on singles. Jingo pointed and nothing was found to it. Jingo was suffering from bowel trouble and fell off in range, speed and interest in his work toward the close of the heat. Up at 8:49.

TIPPOO AND TAMARACK, JR., were cast off at 9:10 and run three minutes to comply with the rule which requires first and second to run together.

The judges then announced the winners as follows: Tippoo, Tamarack, Jr., Von Gull, Jingo and Ightfield Diana.

The All-Age Setter Stake.

This stake had eleven starters, which were run as follows:

C. M. Power's b., w. and t. dog Revenue, W. W. Titus, handler, with F. R. Hitchcock's b., w. and t. bitch Tory Dotlet, J. M. Avent, handler.

Philip M. Essig's b. b. bitch Maud E., owner, handler, with D. F. Schoolfield's b., w. and t. dog Joe Bowers, W. W. Titus, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. dog Tony Boy, D. E. Rose, handler, with R. V. Fox's b., w. and t. dog Tony's Gale, J. H. Johnson, handler.

Norvin T. Harris's b., w. and t. bitch Cynosure, J. M. Avent, handler, with Hobart Ames's b., w. and t. bitch Lady Mildred, D. E. Rose, handler.

P. M. Essig's b., w. and t. dog Rod's Top, J. M. Avent, handler, with W. H. Beazell's b., w. and t. dog Harold Skimpole, Geo. E. Gray, handler.

F. R. Hitchcock's lem. and w. dog Tory Fashion, J. M. Avent, handler, a bye.

The prizes and conditions in this stake were the same as in the corresponding stake for pointers.

Tony Boy made an excellent competition. His endurance, as shown in the heat with Tory Dotlet, stood the test, while Dotlet was thoroughly tired.

Tory Dotlet, second, was about two or three classes inferior to every dog placed after her. She lacks judgment in ranging and her "bird sense" is ordinary.

Tory Fashion, third, Lady Mildred, fourth, and Tony's Gale, fifth, are all well-known performers.

The fact of the matter is that the 30-minute limit, the inconclusive running of the first series, made the placing of the dogs largely a matter of guesswork. There were not the decisive results which are attained by running on common-sense lines instead of arbitrary time limits. The decisions were made on too meager data.

First Round.

REVENUE AND TORY DOTLET were cast off at 9:54. Revenue pointed a bevy and made four points on singles. Dotlet, called in to back Revenue's bevy point, pointed the same bevy; she also made a single-bird point and one flush. Each backed and were steady to shot. Both ranged well, Dotlet some of the time out of bounds. Down 30 minutes.

MAUD E. AND JOE BOWERS started at 10:43. Both ranged well. One of the handlers flushed a bevy, and on the scattered birds each pointed a single. Down 30 minutes. The bird work was light, though the dogs worked diligently, Joe in particular beating his ground out well.

TONY BOY AND TONY GALE started at 11:20. Tony Gale pointed a bevy at the same time Tony Boy pointed an outlying single of it. He also pointed a single and made one point to which there was nothing found. Tony Boy pointed an outlying single of a bevy and also two or three other singles and made one flush. Both dogs worked well and diligently. Their range was wide and conducted with fairly good judgment. Down 30 minutes.

CYNOSURE AND LADY MILDRED were cast off at 11:57. Cynosure pointed a bevy and made three points on singles, one of which she flushed while being coached with the whistle, and she pointed one on which her work was marred by the same overdoing. She pointed two or three times, apparently on footscent. Not pleasing her handler while working on birds, he gave the little bitch a brutal kick in the head, which partially upset her and made her yelp, but she amiably went on with her work. Mildred made three points on bevies, four points on singles and one barren point. Both were steady to shot and wing and back. Down 35 minutes.

Lunch was next in order.

ROD'S TOP AND HAROLD SKIMPOLE started at 1:24. Each had good speed and range, but their point work was not equal to their opportunities. Harold made three points

on bevies. Down 55 minutes. Top made one point, which he left when he heard his handler's whistle.

TORY FASHION ran a bye. He was started in on marked birds. Sent on, he roaded, pointed, went on and flushed the bevy. He then took a long cast after the scattered birds on forbidden ground and pointed them. Sent on, he pointed a bevy and next made a point on the scattered birds. He ranged well. Down 33 minutes, beginning at 2:33.

Second Round.

Six dogs were retained in this round.

TONY BOY AND TORY DOTLET started at 3:08. Down 59 minutes. Dotlet after the heat was half over was very tired, and her range had gradually lessened. Tony Boy was going strong and ranging wide at the finish. He was brought in to back one of Dotlet's bevy points, when he independently joined in the point, and she did the same when called in to back his point on one bevy. He made a good find and point on a bevy, and also pointed two singles well. He flushed one single. Dotlet made a good find and point on a bevy, and a point on scattered birds.

REVENUE AND TONY GALE were started at 4:14. Down 40 minutes. The heat was light in point work. Much ground was beaten. Revenue appeared to be out of form, as he was going heavily and not up to his first heat. Tony Gale worked diligently. He made a point on two singles. Mr. Titus withdrew Revenue after running 36 minutes.

LADY MILDRED AND TORY FASHION started at 5:05. The handlers rode horseback in this heat. Tory pointed a bevy, one single, and made one barren point. Lady made five points on singles, three of which were indifferent, and she made two points which were worthless. Down 33 minutes. They ranged well.

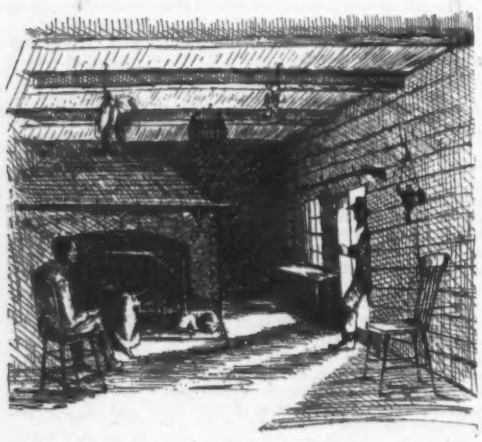
A COON HUNT IN THE SNOW IN OLD VIRGINIA.

IN December of 1892, when the whole country was covered with snow, my brother Walter and I, in talking over matters one day, conceived the idea of taking a trip to Virginia, to visit one of our old friends in the country, Mr. S., and to take a coon hunt in the snow. We were not long in making up our minds, and arranged to start a few days later. After getting together our traps, rifles, etc., off we started, reaching the old plantation without a mishap. Our friend was delighted to see us, and we at once proceeded to get into trim for a hunt, We had just been in the country a day when Tom S., son of our host, came unexpectedly upon the scenes. This settled the much-talked-of affair immediately, as Tom was as fond of hunting as were ourselves.

The snow was at least 12 or 15in. deep, which indicated at once that we were to have a glorious time, and as our host's old darky—Coleman—had been reconnoitering the whole of the day before to find out where the best hunting grounds were, and had just returned, informing us that "I neber see so many coon tracks before in all my born days," we knew that our most ardent hopes were about to be realized. So that night old Coleman was instructed to have his two dogs, Ranger and Jack, ready early the next morning for the fray, and after other minor details were looked after we repaired to bed to dream of the "free wool" that would fly the following day.

By 5 o'clock in the morning we were all astir. Both Ranger and Jack, whom Coleman had brought over, seemed to know by instinct what was coming, as they kept up an incessant yelping and howling until we started.

At 6:30 we were off. The sun was just peeping over the snow-clad trees on the banks of the adjacent river, causing them to resemble myriads of sparkling diamonds.



COLEMAN AT HOME—"B'ILING THE POSSUM."

There were six of us altogether, as Mr. C., a jolly old farmer from the neighborhood, came to Mr. S.'s the night before to join us. We were all armed with sixteen-shot Winchester rifles, .32cal., with the exception of our host and Coleman. Mr. S. had a five-shot Winchester repeating shotgun, with which he claimed he could down an elephant, although he had on several occasions stood and looked with wondering eyes at a nimble buck which had been made to leave unwillingly its lair, by the wary huntsman with his hounds, forgetting entirely that his trusty Winchester was in his hands until the game was out of range. It is unnecessary to explain to the huntsman the cause of Mr. S.'s bewilderment on these occasions. Coleman was armed with an old Springfield "muskit," as he termed it, and an axe.

Well, we had in a few minutes gotten over to the river and started up through the woods, Coleman leading the way to his coon tracks. As soon as we got pretty well into the woods we let the two dogs loose, They started up the river bank at full tilt, as though trying to see which could scent game first. We had perhaps traversed about half a mile of the woodland when Ranger began to yelp, a sure sign that game was near. In about twenty seconds later, off the dogs bolted. We could see from the slight elevation we were on down into a ravine ahead of us and in which direction the dogs were running. Suddenly Tom S., who was slightly in advance of the rest of us, raised his rifle and fired twice in rapid succession, and in looking in the direction of his aim we saw the coon (for coon it was) going over the hill ahead, with Ranger and Jack in hot pursuit.

Tom's rifle had not done the execution he had expected. He exclaimed as we got up to where he was, "Confound the luck! those two shells were the old ones I reloaded and failed to crimp the bullets tightly in; I was afraid that I would miss."

"Well, there is no use in crying over spilt milk," we all exclaimed. "Let's be after those dogs or they will be entirely out of hearing in a few minutes." So off we started on a dead run through the deep snow, which greatly impeded our progress as a matter of course; but after we had kept up our gait for a quarter of a mile, we heard the dogs baying. I said, "Now, boys, we'll have it!"

In a short time we came up to where the dogs were at the foot of an immense pine tree—a coon's haven usually in this section, as the pines are so tall and thick it is impossible to see anything in the tops of them. The dogs

TREED.

were running around the tree, jumping upon it, scratching and biting madly at the bark. I told Tom S. to go on the lower side of the tree next to the river, while the rest of us scattered around on all sides to see if we could get a glimpse of his coonship, Old Coleman, who had been shading his eyes and peering up into the thick branches of the pine, suddenly called out, "Here he, boss! here he! I see his eyes a-blinkin'." I went over to where he was and in looking in the direction he indicated I could just see the coon's head; he was lying close to a large limb at its junction with the body of the tree about 60ft. from the ground. Raising my rifle I fired. My bullet, however, only struck the limb he was against, as I could see from the flying bark, and only served to make him change his position slightly. Just as he moved, Walter, who was on the opposite side of the tree from me, spied him and fired. Almost at the crack of the rifle down he tumbled. When we got to where he had fallen he was quite dead, the ball having entered his head on the right side and gone entirely through. Walter was very much elated to have bagged the first game.

After we had stood around discussing for a few moments what direction we should now take, and after watching old Ranger and Jack nosing the coon and growling at each other as to which should have possession of it, we started off again, following, as before, the meandering course of the turbulent stream below us. We moved along in silence for some time, expecting every moment to see the dogs make a break for game in some direction, but in this we were disappointed to a certain extent, as we had perhaps traveled a mile from the point where we had killed the first coon before anything of interest happened.

We were all beginning to get pretty well tired out by this time tramping through the snow, when suddenly old Coleman, who was slightly in advance of us, dropped to the ground as though he had been shot, looking back as he did so and beckoning us to stop. There was a little rise of ground some 50yds. ahead of us which cut off our view, and we could not see the object of Coleman's precaution. We knew, however, that his keen and hawk-like eye had discerned something in the way of game, and our only trouble was to get the dogs in. They had gotten behind us and were coming up the hill as we stopped. As they trotted along in the path that we had made through the snow, we did not have much trouble in catching them, as they came up to where we were. Tom S. caught the collar of Jack and Walter caught hold of Ranger. As soon as Coleman saw we had the dogs secured he waived his hand to us to keep still, and he crawled along through the snow until he reached the little hillock ahead of us, where he could get behind some holly bushes which entirely obscured him from anything that might be in the ravine below.

He had been crouching for fully a minute behind the bushes as though he were inanimate, when just then he slowly raised his musket and let drive. With the report of his piece up flew a flock of about twenty wild turkeys. We saw then what had caused him to so suddenly drop in the snow. The turkeys evidently did not know from which side they had been assailed, and being so frightened they flew in our direction and within gunshot of Mr. S., who was equal to the occasion; picking out a big gobbler, he banged away and down it came with a thud in the snow. His aim, though, had been rather too low, and he had only broken one of the gobbler's wings, and as soon as he touched the snow he started to run and we had to turn the dogs loose before we could catch it. Old Ranger soon ran it down, however.

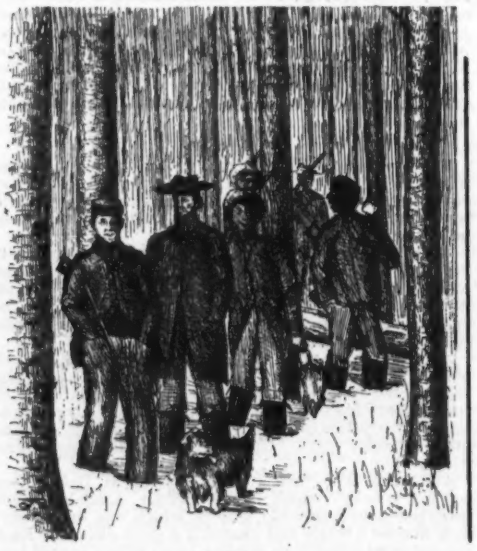
As soon as we had secured Mr. S.'s trophy we turned our attention to Coleman, who was just then coming up to us with one of the largest gobblers we ever saw. He was a monster. We afterward weighed him and he tipped the scales at 24½lbs. Coleman was so excited he could scarcely talk, but when he regained his equanimity he blurted out: "Boss, I sure did knock him dat time. When I peeped from behind dat bush and saw dis here old gobbler a-lookin' as doe he done specked somethin' was wrong in de air, I thought he looked big as a elephunt, but I jest knowed ole Betsey (this is what he called his musket) would lay him out. She neber fails when you p'int her in de right d'rection."

Mr. S.'s turkey was much smaller than Coleman's, but still it was quite a large one. We now had quite as much game as we could carry between us, and we took turns at carrying the two turkeys and coon. Our exercise by this time commenced to tell upon us; we were all beginning to get pretty hungry and tired, and as it was nearly 12 o'clock we decided to eat our lunch before proceeding further. Picking out an old fallen hickory, after brushing away the snow, we seated ourselves and set about enjoying our cold dinner and to spinning yarns.

After eating our lunch, which we were not long in doing—it being too cold to keep still for any length of time—we were about to continue our journey, when Coleman (who had sneaked off with the dogs), just as Mr. C. was in the midst of relating an amusing account of one of the many turkey hunts he had taken a few years back, came up, holding by the tail a tremendous possum. The dogs had found him in a hollow stump down near the river and Coleman had captured it alive. "What are you going to do with him, Coleman?" I asked. "Lor! boss," he replied, "we just gwine to hab de finest time you eber hearn tell of, eatin' dat 'possum' and drinkin' 'simmon beer." (The colored people in the South take ripe persimmons in the fall and winter, and after mixing them with the siftings from wheat flour—using a little water to make the mass stick together—make immense cakes of them, which they bake in a large oven. After they are sufficiently cooked they then put the cakes into a barrel of water, letting it stand for a week or two, when a beverage is secured of which they are extremely fond.) And as he said it he smacked his lips as though he had already begun his contemplated feast.

We now moved on, and soon had another coon treed, this time in a tall gum tree with but few branches where he could not shelter himself. We told Mr. C. to try his hand at this one, and he soon had him bagged, firing only one shot at him. It was now impossible for us to carry all of our game. We were getting more or less tired from our tramp, so we sent Coleman over to a neighboring colored man's house to ask him if he would not take our game home for us. Coleman soon returned with this man, and after telling him he could take one of the coons for his trouble, we were off again.

We now left the river, as Mr. S. insisted upon our going over to a body of woods surrounding a large mill pond not very far distant from where we were, as he thought we would find more game there. We had just gotten



THE CROWD.

into the edge of the woods when the dogs began to cry. They were running from us very rapidly, and owing to the snow we could scarcely keep within hearing of them. However, we soon heard the deep bass voice of old Ranger, treeing.

Making our way in the direction of the sounds as rapidly as possible, we soon came up to where the dogs were, at the foot of an old hollow gum tree with the top broken off. About 30ft. from the ground we could see an opening into the hollow. We were satisfied the coon was inside, as old Ranger never gave a false alarm, but how to get him out without cutting the tree down was the question. Presently Tom S. said, "If one of you will hold my rifle I'll try and climb the tree and run a stick down into the hollow and see if I cannot make the coon or whatever it is come out."

Then old Coleman, hearing him say this, remarked: "Boss, you better be keerful how you climbs up dar, 'cause a coon when he find he cornered like dis am gwine to be mighty savage, and he might took a notion to bite you if he comes outen dat hole."

Tom, however, paid no attention to what Coleman said and, handing his rifle to Walter to hold, he started to climb the tree. Mr. S., who had heard what Coleman said, did not want Tom to go up the tree and said, "Don't go up that tree, Tommy." Mr. C. was getting excited by

this time, and so he yelled at Tom to go on up—and then they had it. The spectacle was ludicrous in the extreme. Mr. S. would tell Tom not to go and Mr. C. would tell him to go on up, and there was Tom clinging to the tree for several minutes, not knowing what to do. Finally, though, he paid no attention to either his father or Mr. C., and began to climb again. He managed after a hard struggle to reach the hollow. By this time Mr. S. and Mr. C. had quieted down. I threw Tom a long stick I had cut and he began to push it down into the hollow. Soon we heard a great growling and snapping in the tree. Tom had touched the occupant with the stick and he did not like to be molested in that manner. Tom kept punching at him for about five minutes when, with a sudden growl, the coon, as it proved to be, ran out of the hollow and up the tree. He came so close to Tom and so suddenly that he almost caused him to let go of his hold, he was scared so. We now thought we would like to see the dogs and the coon have a fight. So we tried in every way to get him down from the tree. First one of us and then the other would shoot at the limb he was on, in this way trying to make him jump down, but without success.

Finally Tom's father put in his gun a shell loaded with bird shot and, going off some distance from the tree, fired directly at the coon. This was too much for him, and running out to the end of the limb he jumped to the ground. As soon as he touched, Ranger and Jack were upon him, and then they had it hot and heavy. Above the fuss of the growling, snarling and snapping, every now and then one of the dogs would yell as the coon fastened his teeth in him in some soft spot. First the coon would be on top and then the dogs. After they had fought for a few minutes in this way the coon made a sudden spring, knocking old Ranger down and jumping over Jack's back, made for the pond, which was in sight and only frozen around the edges. We would not shoot at him, as we knew he was just trying to get to the water, which is a coon's stronghold when cornered. They can whip, usually, several dogs if they are allowed to get into water. As soon as the coon got to the edge of the pond he looked back as though to see if the dogs were following him. Seeing that they were, he swam out into the pond about 20yds. from shore and turned around, apparently awaiting the attack from the dogs. By the time he had turned the dogs were in the water right after him, and now we had an exciting time. The dogs would swim around the coon, attacking him whenever they could see an opening. Just as old Ranger tried to seize him from behind, while Jack was barking at him in front, the coon suddenly turned and grabbed old Ranger by the ear. What a yell he gave! one would have thought he had been killed. We let them fight in this way for about ten minutes, when the dogs were so completely used up that we instructed Coleman to kill the coon; so, going to the edge of the pond and taking aim at his head, when the dogs were at a little distance he fired. His aim was true, and with a few struggles the coon was dead. We now sent Coleman around to the mill not far away to get a boat, so we could get the coon out, and after we had secured him we started for home, as it was then growing late. On our way back the dogs treed a coon and a possum, both of which we bagged. I also shot a pheasant on the wing with Mr. S.'s gun.

When we got home we found that the old darky had faithfully performed his mission and all of our game was there. We had killed four coons, two possums, two wild turkeys and a pheasant. We all said that we had never had a finer hunt in our lives, and we then agreed that the next winter we would, if possible, try our luck again. We stayed in the country for three or four days longer, when we left our host with much regret to return to our city duties. R. S. POLLARD.

Fox Terriers and Docking.

WELLESLEY, Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* The inclosed letter, stating the views of the American Fox Terrier Club concerning docking, is being sent to all the delegates of the A. K. C. H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR.,
Sec'y pro tem A. F. T. C.

AMERICAN FOX TERRIER CLUB, Worcester, Mass., Feb. 1.—DEAR SIR: At the coming American Kennel Club meeting in February there is a resolution coming before the Club which prohibits the docking of tails and the cutting off of dew claws.

Docking vitally affects the American Fox Terrier Club, and we strongly protest against this resolution. In favor of docking, we will say the following:

First—Fox terriers have been docked ever since they have been classed as a distinct breed, the earliest pictures of fox terrier taken in the very beginning of this century showing docked tails.

Second—A fox terrier with a long tail gives the impression of being an entirely different type of dog from the short-tailed one. Occasionally (not often) one sees a fox terrier with a long tail, and one is always impressed with the lack of breeding he shows, and also how much smartness and alertness—imperative characteristics of the breed—he loses by reason of his long tail.

Third—Fox terriers' tails vary in length and style of carriage, and if the rule preventing the cutting of tails were adopted it would completely destroy the uniformity of the breed. In appearance the dog would be changed from a very smart looking animal to a very inferior looking one.

Fourth—In order to improve our strains in this country we must occasionally import terriers from England, and as the English Kennel Club has not adopted any measure prohibiting docking of tails, and is not not likely to do so, the dogs imported to this country from England would, in consequence, be barred from the bench by reason of their docked tails; thereby depriving the importer from having his dog known and seen by other breeders, to the detriment of the best interests and improvement of the breed.

With regard to the cruelty of the practice: We, who have been docking for many years and are best capable of judging, fail to see wherein it lies. The tails are cut when the puppies are so young—being from a week to ten days old—that they can scarcely notice it in the least, the bone being at that age very soft. A puppy will sometimes give a slight squeal, but before it has been placed by its mother's side seems to have forgotten all about it. There is little if any bleeding, and the tail heals in an incredibly short space of time. Never, we might add, has a terrier puppy, to our knowledge, been made ill or died or been in any way inconvenienced by an operation. All this shows that the amount of cruelty is infinitesimal and hardly worth considering, especially when such a great advantage in appearance is obtained.

In regard to the cutting of dew claws: We admit it to be a more painful operation than docking, and one that takes longer to heal; but, as that affects all breeds of dogs as much as the fox terriers, and as every one knows that a great deal of future trouble and suffering is prevented by cutting the claws off—especially when they hang very low, as is often the case—we will not dwell on the subject, feeling confident that humanity now dictaates the practice and always will.

We hope that you will give this matter your cureful consideration, and, realizing how vitally it affects the breeders and owners of Terriers, will conclude to give us your support in defeating a resolution to prevent docking and cutting dew claws,—a resolution the first provision of which might be the death blow to the American Fox Terrier Club. We are yours most respectfully,

JOHN E. THAYER, President,
AUGUST BELMONT,
W. RUTHERFORD,
CLARENCE RATHBONE,
H. W. SMITH, Sec'y.
H. H. HUNNEWELL, JR., Sec'y pro tem.
Governors of the American Fox Terrier Club.

Special Car for the Show Circuit.

Editor Forest and Stream:

The Mascoutah Kennel Club has been making every effort to arrange for a special express car for the accommodation of exhibitors, leaving New York soon as convenient after the close of the W. K. C. show, and make the circuit, returning to New York. The plan proposed was that each club interested should contribute proportionately and defray half of the cost of the car, the other half to be made up by exhibitors, thereby giving them the advantage of less than half the usual express charges; Spratts to manage the business, exhibitors to make application to them for space, etc. But Detroit has refused to contribute anything for the purpose, consequently the Mascoutah Kennel Club and the St. Louis Kennel Club have arranged to have a car leave New York a week after the close of the W. K. C. show, in time to arrive in Chicago the Monday preceding the opening of the show there; after that going to St. Louis, and returning to New York. This, of course, will deprive exhibitors expecting to stop in Detroit of the advantage of low express charges from New York there, or in fact from New York to Chicago.

This arrangement will be carried out providing the car can be filled in New York with dogs for Chicago and St. Louis shows. The usual charge on a crate of 60lbs. to make the circuit would be $10. The estimated cost to exhibitors for the same size crate is $5, on a crate say about 3 × 3 × 2; a crate twice that size would be charged more in proportion, but the same ratio of saving would exist. This estimate is based upon crates, not dogs, no matter how many dogs there would be in a crate. It simply requires a certain number of crates to pay the expenses of the car. The car will be heated and ventilated, and two attendants to look after the dogs, which alone is worth more to the owners than the money saved in charges. The first plan was to have Spratts fit out a car, and the same car continue on the circuit, but the express company could not afford to lose the use of the car for two or three weeks, as the car would have to remain in each place about a week without earning anything.

The St. Louis Kennel Club and the Mascoutah Kennel Club have done all that can be done for the benefit and saving to exhibitors, to say nothing of the comfort of their dogs. There have been many complaints about excessive express charges, etc. The matter is now in the hands of the exhibitors to avail themselves of the benefit, and they will have no one to blame for excessive charges but themselves if they do not see fit to take advantage of this proposition.

Field Trial Champion Association.

THE F. T. C. A. held a meeting on the evening of Feb. 8 in response to a call of President Dexter, the purpose of which was to consider the rules and to set a time for the drawing of the stake. It was carried that entries close on Sunday night at 8 P. M.

Then came a discussion as to what was meant by the definition of eligibility. The matter was defined on the club's entry blanks as follows: "For pointers and setters that have been placed in any public field trial. Entries close Jan. 1, 1896, except for dogs qualifying after that date and before the trial is run." Both the letter and the spirit of the rule are so plain that those who run may read. Dogs which qualified before Jan. 1, 1896, were barred if they were not entered by that date. They suffered no hardship, for they had their opportunity to enter. Under the strained construction of the rule it gave two opportunities to some dogs to enter, besides the advantage of knowing what all the entries were. In plain terms, under the published contract, dogs which had qualified after Jan. 1, and had not done so before, were given an opportunity to enter and start.

The following motion smoothed matters and was carried: "All dogs qualifying after Jan. 1, 1896, shall be eligible to start irrespective of previous winnings." This is a strained interpretation, as it is an entirely different statement.

All of which was illegal, as it was not within the jurisdiction of the Association to take such action at an Association meeting, for the rule on this matter is explicit, as follows: "The management of the meeting for the annual championship field trial shall be intrusted to the directors of the Association, and with them lies the interpretation of all rules. They shall decide upon all matters not provided for in these rules."

The directors did not take the action, as a directors' meeting was not called. It is therefore illegal and void.

Continental Field Trials Club.

INDIANAPOLIS, Ind., Feb. 8.—The annual meeting of the Continental Field Trials Club will be held at Battery D, in Chicago, Ills., Thursday, March 12th, at 2 o'clock P. M. Business of importance will come before the meeting for consideration, therefore a full attendance is desired.
P. T. MADISON, Sec'y-Treas. DR. N. ROWE, Pres.

In the Matter of Delegates.

THE next meeting of the A. K. C. will undoubtedly be an important one, therefore all clubs should endeavor to be represented at it.

The acceptance of the office of delegate carries with it more than a perfunctory assent to a club's request to represent it, and more than silently sitting in a chair through a club meeting. Representing a club properly is not fully done by merely answering the roll call and subsequently reading one's name in the report of the proceedings. A delegate owes it to himself, to his club, to all of the clubs of the A. K. C. that he be informed on important questions of the day, and on the constitution, by-laws and rules of the A. K. C.

A delegate who declares that he does not know what is the jurisdiction of the A. K. C., or whether it has any jurisdiction at all in certain matters, confesses ignorance of the duties of the office he professes to fill. As a delegate he should know the jurisdiction of the A. K. C. It is his duty to know it and also related subjects. A delegate who is groping aimlessly in the dark, or who grasps at any flimsy evasion to avoid going on record, is about as efficient as a delegate as a wooden Indian is as an organic being.

There are many questions before the A. K. C. which require the exercise of moral courage and fearless action. If a delegate cannot bring himself to a point to act with determination and directness, he should hesitate to accept an office which he cannot efficiently fill.

A delegate who asserts that he does not know, that he is in doubt, that he has a timorous feeling respecting results, and so on *ad infinitum*, should have all such matters settled in his mind before the meeting. He should know what to say and how to act. He does not cut a dignified or pleasantly impressive figure airing his inefficiency in solemn council, if inefficiencies there be.

It is possible that the doings of the individual delegates may be subjected to a closer scrutiny at the coming meeting of the A. K. C. than commonly is bestowed on such matters. The manner of club representation is worthy of careful notice, for if a part of the machinery is useless the results must be more or less short of what is desired.

National Beagle Club of America.

A QUARTERLY meeting of the National Beagle Club of America was held at the rooms of the American Kennel Club, 55 Liberty street, New York, Monday, Feb. 3. The members present were Hermann F. Schellhass, H. L. Kreuder, J. W. Appleton, George B. Post, Jr., A. Wright Post, John Bateman and George W. Rogers. The new officers for the coming year installed were: President, Hermann F. Schellhass; First Vice-President, J. W. Appleton; Second Vice-President, George B. Post, Jr.; Third Vice-President, John B. Lozier; Secretary, George W. Rogers; Treasurer, George Laick; Executive Committee, A. Wright Post, John Bateman, N. A. Baldwin, and officers.

Joseph Lewis, of Moodus, Conn., was nominated as one of the official judges in the place of George B. Post, Jr. Messrs. Mifflin Wharton, Islip, L. I.; W. C. Duff, Philadelphia, Penn., and C. F. Lewis, New York, were elected to membership. Messrs. J. W. Appleton and A. Wright Post were appointed committee on special prizes, and on pedigrees, W. S. Clark, Linden, Mass.

The Futurity Stake that was proposed at the club's last field trials has been placed in the hands of a committee comprising Messrs. J. W. Appleton, George W. Rogers and H. L. Kreuder, who will formulate plans to be submitted at the next adjourned meeting, which will be held at Madison Square Garden, Feb. 19, 8 P. M.

GEO. W. ROGERS, Sec'y.

FEBRUARY 8.

Westminster Kennel Club.

THE entries for the Westminster Kennel Club Show in Madison Square Garden next week beat the record with a total of 1,610, or 204 more than last year's. The classes are represented by these entries: 19 mastiffs, 159 St. Bernards, 11 bloodhounds, 40 Great Danes, 4 Newfoundlands, 18 Russian wolfhounds, 6 deerhounds, 22 greyhounds, 17 foxhounds, 6 Chesapeake Bay dogs, 92 pointers, 59 English setters, 55 Irish setters, 38 Gordon setters, 148 spaniels, 111 collies (rough-coated), 3 collies (smooth-coated), 86 poodles, 8 Old English sheep dogs, 73 bull dogs, 7 French bull dogs, 73 bull terriers, 81 Boston terriers, 2 Basset hounds, 26 dachshunde, 45 beagles, 151 fox terriers, 40 Irish terriers, 22 Black and Tan terriers, 13 White English terriers, 6 Dandie Dinmont terriers, 18 Badlington terriers, 35 Scottish terriers, 7 Skye terriers, 7 whippets, 15 Yorkshire terriers, 9 toy terriers, 21 pugs, 59 toy spaniels, 8 Italian greyhounds, 2 schipperkes, 20 miscellaneous.

United States Field Trials.

WEST POINT, Miss., Feb. 10.—*Special to Forest and Stream:* The Champion Stake was commenced this morning in pleasant weather and in the presence of a large attendance of sportsmen. There were ten starters: Jingo, Topsy's Rod, Delhi, Cynosure, Tony Boy, Harold Skimpole, Tippoo, Count Gladstone, Strideaway, Terry's Gale and Lad o' Rush; the latter drew the bye in the first round. The stake will probably be finished on Wednesday. B. WATERS.

Death of the Beagle Speedie.

MILWAUKEE, Feb. 7.—Dr. A. White's beagle bitch Speedie, that won first in Class B and championship in 15in. class at Northwestern trials, is dead. Speedie was kept at Columbus, Wis., by a friend of the Doctor, when his barn caught fire and the bitch was burned with the other contents. Mr. Hough spoke very highly in his report of trials about her. LOUIS STEFFEN.

Eastern Field Trials Club.

GREENFIELD HILL, Conn., Feb. 8.—A meeting of the members of the Eastern Field Trials Club will be held in Madison Square Garden Feb. 20, at 3 P. M.
S. C. BRADLEY, Sec'y.

"The Singing Mouse."

MR. HOUGH, through his medium, "The Singing Mouse," writes poetical rhapsodies on various topics. The river, the mountain, the mill, are all poetically treated. The thoughts are happily expressed, and the make-up of the book a most dainty one. All along the margins of the pages run the little pictures.—*New York Times.*

POINTS AND FLUSHES.

The following is a copy of a letter sent to Mr. W. B. Stafford, secretary of the U. S. F. T. C., by Mr. George J. Gould: "I should be glad to donate to the United States Field Trials Club two cups or plates, and in order to make them of more than passing or yearly interest, I desire that they shall not become the property of anyone until won three times, not necessarily nor desirably in succession, nor by the same dog. If the winners from time to time desire possession of the trophies, satisfactory security should be exacted for their safe keeping and return. It might be well to give a diploma for each time they are won, and keep the trophy on exhibition until some one becomes the actual owner or owners, but that I will leave to the discretion of the officers of the club. I offer the trophies under the following conditions and restrictions: Derby trophy—The winner of the Pointer Derby and the winner of the Setter Derby to run a final trial for the trophy, the heat or heats not to be shorter than one hour and a half. All-Age trophy—The winner of the Pointer All-Age Stake and the winner of the Setter All-Age Stake to run a final trial for the trophy, the heat or heats not to be shorter than two hours. The judge or judges to insist on thoroughly broken dogs. My reason for wishing the heats of the above length is a desire to encourage the breeding of dogs that have good staying powers combined with all other necessary qualifications of a good field dog. I consider the thirty or forty minutes racing dog utterly useless as a field companion and therefore do not wish to encourage their breeding. I would not consider a Derby entry worthy of merit that could not work one hour and a half, or an all-age dog that could not work four or five hours."

At the Dog Show FOREST AND STREAM will be located in box number 6, near the Madison avenue entrance to the Garden.

The following clubs will hold their meetings next week at Madison Square Garden, during the show: Metropolitan Kennel Club, Wednesday evening, Feb. 19; on Thursday, Feb. 20, the list is as follows: Irish Setter Club, 1 P. M.; Eastern Field Trials Club, 3 P. M.; American Spaniel Club, 4 P. M.; Gordon Setter Club, 7:30 P. M. The A. K. C. will also hold a meeting during the dog show week.

Yachting.

The Dunraven Inquiry.

LORD DUNRAVEN'S AFFIDAVITS.

THE full report of the evidence taken before the special committee is so voluminous, forming an octavo volume of 590 pages, that it is impossible to publish all of it, interesting as it is. We give this week the affidavits offered by Lord Dunraven in support of his case, with the evidence of his principal witness, Mr. Glennie. Mr. H. Maitland Kersey declined to testify for business reasons. After the examination of Lord Dunraven, as given in part last week, the inquiry continued:

Mr. Askwith—I propose now to put in affidavits, sworn in England, from various members of the crew of the Valkyrie, commencing with Mr. George Lennox Watson, the designer of it, and also to examine Mr. Arthur Glennie, the commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., upon the same points.

Mr. Choate—I do not know how far the committee will receive mere affidavits. Of course it gives very little opportunity for us to put them to the test. If they come at all, they will have to come for what they are worth. Perhaps the committee has not considered that question yet.

The Chairman—I think we should receive them, subject to the consideration, of course, that you have just mentioned.

Mr. Askwith—Of course we were unable to bring over a dozen witnesses from England. These affidavits have been sworn in England and visaed by the United States Consuls in various towns where the witnesses resided.

The Chairman—Who is the first witness?

Mr. Askwith—George Lennox Watson, of 108 West Regent street, Glasgow, yacht designer.

I, George Lennox Watson, of 108 West Regent street, Glasgow, yacht designer, do hereby solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. I am a yacht designer, carrying on business at Glasgow, and have been a designer of racing yachts for nineteen years, and during that time have had great experience in all matters connected with the trim, measurement, sailing and management of racing yachts.

2. On Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Defender as representative of the Valkyrie at the time that she was measured. Her crew were in position and all arrangement of weight had been completed for the purpose of measurement. I then examined the Defender very closely. I clearly saw a little aft of amidships a hole just below one of the runners. The hole appeared to be the outlet of some pipe and to be about 1¼in. in diameter. At the time the vessel was measured the waterline cut the outlet of the pipe. I further observed the position of the bobstay bolt with regard to the waterline. It was the same distance above a plate landing as the plate landing was above the water. The Defender at this time was lying true in the water and I immediately pointed out these marks with great care to Lord Dunraven.

3. I was not present on the Valkyrie or the City of Bridgeport on the morning of Sept. 7, previous to the race, and I therefore had no opportunity of inspecting the Defender. I attended at the Erie Basin as representative of Valkyrie on the afternoon of Sept. 8, when the yachts were remeasured by order of the Cup committee. Valkyrie was placed in position for official measurement first and her crew, including Lord Dunraven, were placed in position. She was then measured and I placed load marks on her forward and aft in conjunction with Mr. Hyslop and Mr. Herreshoff. I afterward assisted at the measurement of Defender when Mr. Herreshoff put like marks on her. The result of such measurement was that both boats came out practically at the same length as that on which they had been previously measured. On the occasion of the remeasure I again observed the sides of the vessel and the pipe hole and marks which I had previously noticed were then in the same position with regard to the water as they were when I saw them on the 6th.

4. During the evening of Sept. 6 the wind was blowing strongly and was rising. There was every appearance of there being heavy weather next day. It was not till early in the morning of the 7th that the wind suddenly dropped, leaving a still very considerable sea running.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

GEORGE LENNOX WATSON,
G. L. WATSON.

Declared before me this ninth day of December, eighteen hundred and ninety-five, at Glasgow, Scotland.
[SEAL.]
PETER H. WADDELL, Notary Public.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit I will offer is that of THOMAS WHITE RATSEY, of Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, sailmaker.

I, Thomas White Ratsey, of Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, sailmaker, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am a sailmaker, carrying on business at Cowes, Isle of Wight, England, and have carried on such business continuously for twenty-nine years. During that time I have had great experience in all matters relating to the sailing, measurement and management of racing yachts.

2. I was sailmaker for the yacht Valkyrie, and, acting under the directions of the Earl of Dunraven, I went to America in August, 1895, to be present at the American Cup races.

3. Upon my arrival in America I occupied a cabin on board the City of Bridgeport, upon which vessel I remained during the greater portion of my stay in America. I therefore had many opportunities of observing the yacht Defender.

4. I was on the City of Bridgeport on the 6th September, 1895, when the yachts Defender and Valkyrie were measured in the Erie Basin. I carefully observed the Defender, my object being to see the level at which she floated in the water, and on that day I noticed that the Defender appeared to be floating much lighter than she floated upon occasions when I had previously seen her. I have no doubt of the fact, and so certain was I at the time that I immediately communicated to the Earl of Dunraven, Mr. Glennie and Mr. Watson my conviction that the yacht Defender was floating lighter than upon previous occasions. I did so because I thought it was right the fact should be communicated to Lord Dunraven and Mr. Glennie, and particularly Mr. Watson, who was to attend on board the Defender as the representative of the Valkyrie upon the occasion of the measurement of the Defender.

5. I carefully observed the Defender when the measurement took place, and I distinctly saw that the l. w l. intersected the outlet of a pipe as nearly as possible amidships. I also distinctly observed a line of bronze plating, and also saw the position of the bobstay bolt, and I was present when Mr. Watson pointed out these marks to the Earl of Dunraven.

6. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I slept on board the City of Bridgeport, and retired to rest about 11 o'clock P. M. At that time the Defender was lying about 300yds. from the City of Bridgeport, and the Valkyrie was also lying about 300yds. from the City of Bridgeport.

7. At about 5 o'clock A. M. on the morning of Sept. 7 I was aroused by Mr. Glennie to look at the Defender, and I got up. At that time the Defender was not lying alongside the Hattie Palmer. I then observed the Defender with very great care, and I saw without any doubt whatsoever that at that time she was lying lower in the water than she had previously been.

8. In consequence of my observation I and Mr. Glennie got into a boat and rowed up to the Defender to look at her closely. At that time she was lying true on the water with no list either port or to starboard. We both looked for the marks we had previously seen and we saw that the bobstay bolt and the line of bronze plating were considerably nearer the waterline than when I saw the Defender measured in the Erie Basin, and the pipe before mentioned was nowhere to be seen. I then returned to the City of Bridgeport.

9 I again carefully observed the Defender shortly before the race on Sept. 7. At the time I so observed her the Hattie Palmer, which had previously been alongside her, had left her; the Defender was then lying floating as nearly as possible in the same trim as when I saw her in the morning, and she was floating several inches lower in the water than when she was measured in the Erie Basin.

10. At about 9 o'clock on the said Sept. 7 I saw Lord Dunraven row to the Defender and put Mr. Henderson on board as representative of the Valkyrie during the race. I then saw Lord Dunraven row round the Defender and return to the Valkyrie. Shortly after the race the Defender was taken hold of by her tender and towed up to Bay Ridge and the Valkyrie after waiting some time was towed to the same place.

11. On Sept. 8, the following day, an order reached the Valkyrie that the yachts were to be remeasured, and I was present on Sept. 8 when the yachts went into the Erie Basin and the crew were placed in position and everything prepared for the measurement of the Valkyrie, but a delay of two hours occurred before the official measurer came to measure the Valkyrie. So soon as the Valkyrie was measured she was moved away and the men on board the Defender were placed in position for the remeasurement of that yacht, but I did not see the Defender remeasured.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

THOS. W. RATSEY.

Declared at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, this sixth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five,

Before me,
H. C. DAMANT,
A Commissioner to administer Oaths in the Supreme Court of Judicature.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit is by William Wardley Cranfield, sailing master.

I, William Wardley Cranfield, of Rowhedge, in the county of ESSEX, England, sailing master, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I have been employed as sailing master on racing yachts for fifteen years and have been sailing in racing yachts for twenty-two years, and have had great experience in yacht racing.

2. I was master of the Valkyrie in America during the Cup races in September, 1895. I arrived in America on Aug. 18, 1895.

3. I was present and saw the Defender towed into the Erie Basin a day or two after the last trial race, and this was the first time I had an opportunity of carefully looking over her at close quarters. I paid great attention to her waterline and trim, and I saw that from the inspection I then had of the Defender no pipe hole was then visible in her port side.

4. I saw the Defender again on Sept. 6 in Erie Basin before she was measured. I then carefully observed her as to her waterline, and I say that she was very much lighter and had the appearance of a ship going to be laid up. I then observed a pipe hole on the port side amidships, and the waterline just cut it on the lower edge. I saw the pipe hole distinctly, and there is no doubt whatever of the fact that it was plainly visible just above the waterline.

5. I again saw the Defender lying inside of Sandy Hook on Sept. 7, before the race, and in my opinion she was much lower in the water than she was when I last saw her. I was not near enough to see the pipe hole, but I am convinced that she was lower in the water.

6. I again saw the Defender when she was measured on Sept. 8, and I then again saw the pipe hole on the port side in the same position on the waterline as when I saw her on Sept. 6, and I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

WILLIAM W. CRANFIELD.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this tenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me,
(Signed) WM. JAQUES, JR.,
A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next affidavit is of Edward Sycamore, sailing master.

I, Edward Sycamore, of Brightlingsea, in the county of Essex, England, sailing master, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows, that:

1. I have been sailing master of yachts for fourteen years, and during the last twenty years have had great experience in yacht racing.

2. I was assistant master of the Valkyrie in the Cup races in September, 1895, and arrived in America in August, 1895.

3. I saw the Defender in the Erie Basin a day or two after the last trial race, and I then carefully observed her at close quarters with a view of looking at her waterline and her trim. No pipe hole was then visible on the port side above the waterline.

4. I next saw the Defender on Sept. 6 in the Erie Basin before she was measured, and I then observed a pipe hole in her port side amidships, the waterline cutting it on the lower edge. It was distinctly visible. I also observed that she was very much lighter than when I saw her on the previous occasion.

5. On the morning of Sept. 7 I again saw the Defender, but I was not near enough to see the position of the pipe hole, but I distinctly saw that the vessel was much lower in the water than when I saw her upon Sept. 6.

6. I again saw the Defender in the Erie Basin, where she was lying for remeasurement. I saw her both before and after she was measured, and I clearly observed the pipe hole on the port side in the same position as to the waterline as when I saw her on Sept. 6.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835. (Signed) EDWARD SYCAMORE.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this fifth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, before me,
(Signed) WM. JAQUES, JR.,
A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is the affidavit of Mr. Arthur Glennie, which I propose to take in the same way as I did Lord Dunraven's, reading it as a part of his evidence, asking him some further questions upon it.

I, Arthur Herbert Glennie, of 15 Devonshire street, Portland Place, in the County of London, England, Rear-Commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C., do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am a yacht owner and have taken an active part and a great interest in yacht circles for the last fifteen years.

2. On the invitation of the Earl of Dunraven to be present on the Valkyrie during her contest with the Defender in September, 1895, I went to America, arriving there on Aug. 14, 1895, and stayed during my visit in America on board the City of Bridgeport.

3. On Sept. 6, 1895, I saw the Defender and the Valkyrie in the Erie Basin for the purpose of measurement. I distinctly noticed that the Defender was floating very light, and remarks of this fact were made by those on board the Valkyrie. I carefully looked at the Defender and I distinctly saw a pipe hole on the port side, amidship; and that the water came up high enough just to cover the lower edge of the pipe hole, but leaving the whole of the pipe hole clear.

4. After the yachts were measured they were towed down to Sandy Hook, the Valkyrie going first and the Defender coming later, taking up her position about 300yds. ahead of the City of Bridgeport.

5. On Sept. 7 I got up about 5 A. M. and looked at the Defender through a pair of opera glasses, and I was very much struck when I clearly perceived that the Defender was much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I thereupon without any delay awoke Mr. Ratsey and he and I at 6 A. M. got into the gig and rowed to the Defender. We rowed around the Defender, inspecting her carefully, and I saw distinctly that she was at that time much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I looked for the pipe hole before mentioned and it was then covered by the water and could not be seen. In addition to this the vessel looked much deeper.

6. From my knowledge of yachts and of all that pertains to them, I was then and am still quite convinced that the Defender was much deeper in the water that time than when she was measured. We returned to the City of Bridgeport about 6:30 A. M. I then woke Lord Dunraven and told him of the condition of the Defender as I had just seen her.

About 9 o'clock I, with others, went on board the Valkyrie and Lord Dunraven steered the gig to the Defender to put Mr. Henderson, his representative, on board that yacht. Lord Dunraven told me before he started that he would go and look for himself, and when he returned he told me he had not the slightest doubt that the Defender was much lower in the water than when she was measured.

7. Mr. Latham Fish, the American representative, came on board the Valkyrie about half-past 9 and I saw Lord Dunraven talking to him. I did not hear the whole of the conversation, but I heard Lord Dunraven say that he would put him on board the committee boat directly the race was over, and Lord Dunraven, directly after I had seen him in conversation with Mr. Fish, told me he had put the whole case before him and asked for the vessels to be taken charge of directly after the race until they were remeasured.

8. After finishing the first match both vessels were towed to Bay Ridge for the night. The Hattie Palmer went alongside as usual.

9. Both yachts were remeasured on the Sept. 8, and when the Defender was in the basin for remeasuring I saw the pipe hole showing above the water in exactly the same manner as it did when the Defender was first measured, and the yacht appeared to be at that time in exactly the same trim as when she was first measured.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and in virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835. A. H. GLENNIE.

Declared at No. 7 Ely place, Holborn, in the County of London, this fifth day of December, 1895,

Before me,
GEO. READER,
A Commissioner for Oaths.

Arthur Herbert Glennie, called as a witness: By Mr. Askwith:

Q.—I would like to ask you a few further questions. You were on the Valkyrie when you were going down to the first race? A.—Yes.

Q.—And Lord Dunraven gave you the conversation that he had with Mr. Latham Fish? A.—He told me that he had had a conversation with Mr. Latham Fish, and had told him everything about everything; but what time of the day it was I do not know.

Q.—Did he say anything to you about what he had asked Mr. Latham Fish to do with regard to taking charge of the yacht? A.—Certainly. He told me he had told him everything and asked him to put it before the committee.

Mr. Rives—This is not exactly evidence.

Mr. Askwith—No; legally, I suppose not.

Mr. Choate—I do not know how far it could be heard without objections. I assume that it is not evidence at all.

The Chairman—It is not legal evidence, of course.

Mr. Rives—I suppose we will take it for what it is worth.

The Chairman—Yes.

Mr. Askwith—It is, of course, conversation, taking place without other parties being present, but there have been a good many other conversations of that kind.

Mr. Rives—I only called your attention to it, that it is not of very much value, of course, in determining the question.

Mr. Askwith—It is an endorsement of Lord Dunraven's statement, that, according to his view, which he published in the pamphlet, he had very earnestly brought before Mr. Fish his desire for charge to be taken of the yacht and for remeasurement.

Q.—In regard to one of two questions that were put to Lord Dunraven, are you certain that on the Sunday when the remeasurement took place you saw the pipe hole showing above the water in exactly the same manner as you did when the Defender was first measured? A.—Exactly in the same condition.

Q.—Of course you indorse every word in this affidavit. Have you any further statement to make upon it? A.—No.

Q.—In your opinion you have no doubt whatsoever that the Defender was more deeply immersed upon the day of the first race than she had been at the time when she went to be remeasured? A.—Not any.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—When you returned from the Defender that morning it appeared that you, as your affidavit says, wrote Lord Dunraven. That means "awoke," I suppose? A.—Awoke.

Q.—And told him the condition of the Defender as you had just seen her, that is, you told him that the water pipe or outlet pipe could not be seen, did you not? A.—I told him that in the opinion of Mr. Ratsey and myself the boat did not appear to be floating the same as when she was measured.

Q.—Is that all you told him? Did you not tell him that the water pipe had disappeared? A.—I may have.

Q.—Did you or not? I want to get at, if I can, just what Lord Dunraven learned from you, and of course believed before he started to look at the Defender. Did you not tell him that the water pipe, which had been plainly visible when she was measured, had disappeared? A.—I should think not. I doubt it. I said—I told him straight that in the opinion of Mr. Ratsey and myself, who had been to the vessel, she did not appear to be floating the same.

Q.—Is that all you told him? A.—As far as I know.

Q.—Let me read your affidavit, or a part of it: "We rowed around the Defender, inspecting her carefully, and I saw distinctly that she was at that time much deeper in the water than when she was measured. I looked for the pipe hole before mentioned, and it was then covered by the water and could not be seen. I awoke Lord Dunraven and told him the condition of the Defender as I had just seen her." Did you not tell him that the water pipe—— A.—I may or may not. I should think not. I think I told him generally.

Q.—You simply told him that you found her much more deeply immersed than she was before? A.—In my opinion that she looked more deeply immersed.

Q.—Did you measure the extra immersion? A.—No; I did not gauge it at all. I should not dream of doing it.

Q.—Why not? A.—Because it would be very hard to gauge. The bronze plating showing, and the ends of the pipe hole, and the general appearance of the boat struck me; but I should not attempt to gauge the amount of immersion.

Q.—You mean you did not think you could rely upon your naked eye to do that? A.—Individually, no.

Q.—I have heard that you are described as rear-commodore of the Royal Portsmouth Corinthian Y. C. You are an experienced yachtsman, are you not? A.—For an amateur, yes.

Q.—You think it would require a very remarkable faculty of vision, do you not, to determine 3 or 4in. difference of immersion on two observations of a yacht? A.—It is a matter of opinion. Some people might have keener eyes than others.

Q.—Do you know of anybody but Lord Dunraven whom you think could do it? A.—I should think that many an expert could do it.

Q.—You think it is attainable by sufficient practice? A.—I should think so, sir.

Q.—At what date did you arrive in America? A.—On Aug. 14.

Q.—Your affidavit says that from your arrival you stayed during your visit to America on board the City of Bridgeport. Did you go right on board of her that day? A.—No; I was on board the Bridgeport from the moment she was ready.

Q.—About when was that? A.—On the Saturday evening, Aug. 17.

Q.—So that you were here some days before? A.—I was here on the evening of the 14th and the 15th and 16th.

Q.—Did you meet Mr. Kersey after your arrival? A.—I did.

Q.—How often did you see him from that day until Sept. 6? A.—I saw him for the first three days in New York—the first two days and a half that I was in the town—and I forget what day he came on board the Bridgeport to live. He ran down occasionally. I saw him naturally very often.

Q.—Had the trial races all been sailed? A.—No; I saw I think it was the second one. I can explain what the race was. I believe it was the second one. When they were stopped—

Q.—Did you hear anything about the Defender?

Mr. Glennie—In what way?

Mr. Choate—About her in any way.

Mr. Glennie—As regards what?

Mr. Choate—About her ballast.

A.—Nothing at all.

Q.—Did you receive any intimation before Sept. 6 that an attempt had been made by the Defender in the trial races, and might be made in the Cup races, to increase her ballast? A.—Certainly not.

Q.—No intimation of any kind from any source? A.—None whatever that I am aware of.

Q.—And then, when you first saw her, your mind was entirely free from any prepossession on the subject? A.—Absolutely; yes.

Q.—When did you first see the Defender? When she sailed in the second trial race? A.—No, in the dock, when I first arrived in the dry dock.

Q.—That was before she sailed the second trial race? A.—Before she sailed the second trial race.

Q.—I suppose you saw her during that race? A.—Yes.

Q.—And there was a third trial race, was there not? A.—Yes.

Q.—And you saw her on that race? A.—Yes.

Q.—You say in your affidavit that you distinctly noticed on Sept. 6 that the Defender was floating very light? A.—Yes.

Q.—Do you mean by that very light as compared with what you had seen her before? A.—No, not with what I had seen her before, but her general appearance.

Q.—I would like to get your idea of what you mean by stating that you noticed the Defender was floating very light? A.—My idea was this: that when she came into the dock instantly there was general conversation among our leading men, the sailing master and assistant sailing master and others; a general conversation: "How awfully light she looks."

Q.—"Awfully light?" A.—Cranfield said, "Yes, she looks very much like our vessels going up on the slip in the winter taking out any spare stuff there was to take out more or less water." And I made the joking remark, "There is no telling what she will do. Mr. Herreshoff is an extremely clever man, but she looks extremely light." That was the speaking all through.

Q.—She looked as if she had no ballast then? A.—Oh, certainly not; she looked as if she were extremely light. She looked as if she was extremely high in the water.

Q.—Did you go aboard of her? A.—Never.

Q.—You say that on that occasion—on Sept. 6—you carefully looked at the Defender from the City of Bridgeport? A.—From the City of Bridgeport and the Valkyrie.

Q.—How far away were they respectively from the Defender when you so looked from them at the Defender? A.—A very few feet. The Bridgeport was at the tail end of the little jetty at the dock, and the Defender was with her starboard side alongside the quay, where there was a ship that had been burned with jute. A very few feet.

Q.—Which side of the Defender was toward the dock? A.—The starboard side.

Q.—Then it was her port side that you carefully looked at? A.—The port side, where everybody practically at the same time called attention to the pipe hole and the bronze.

Q.—You did not row up to her from the City of Bridgeport or the Valkyrie at all? A.—No.

Q.—Was the Bridgeport lying at all outside of her or on the same line on the dock? A.—The Bridgeport would have been practically at right angles to her.

Q.—At right angles to her? A.—Her nose facing the Defender's nose, like that (describing).

Q.—At the corner of the dock, or what? A.—One alongside of the pier here, and the Bridgeport alongside a little jetty, if I am not mistaken.

Q.—How about the relative position of the Valkyrie at that time, when you looked from her? A.—The Valkyrie was practically alongside the Bridgeport. You could walk from one to the other.

Q.—Could you tell the size of that pipe? A.—In my mind at home, I carried it away as about the size of a two shilling piece. Of course, I can't guarantee accurately what it was.

Q.—That would be about 1in.? A.—I suppose about that.

Q.—And was it circular? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you see two pipe holes? A.—No, one.

Q.—You, of course, formed no judgment as to what her w.l. was, independent of the measurement?

Mr. Glennie—In the dock?

Mr. Choate—On Sept. 6, before the measurement was announced? A.—No; I thought she would be getting very near the dimensions of the Cup racing boat.

Q.—90ft.? A.—90.

Q.—But you could not rely much on your eye for that? A.—No; she looked a very deceiving boat indeed—looked a very small boat.

Q.—What do you mean by saying she looked a very "deceiving" boat? A.—She looked a very small boat, carrying an enormous amount of canvas.

Q.—You did not get the idea that she was a deceiving boat?

Mr. Glennie—Toward the end?

Mr. Choate—At that time?

Mr. Glennie—What way do you mean?

Mr. Choate—Any way.

Q.—What started you up so early on Sept. 7? A.—It is my usual hour for getting up, if not before.

Q.—I understand you were then 300yds. away from the Defender? A.—I should think it must have been really less than that. It was a great deal too far off to see without the opera glasses properly.

Q.—You say, "The Defender coming later, took up her position about 300yds. ahead of the City of Bridgeport"? A.—Yes, sir. It is a wee bit difficult to estimate the distance.

Q.—That was about where she lay from the time she took up her position until you looked at her through the opera glasses? A.—Yes.

Q.—You do not know of any change of position? A.—No.

Q.—Where was the Valkyrie at that time? A.—The Valkyrie was on the port bow of the Bridgeport. Here would be the Bridgeport and here would be the Valkyrie and here would be the Defender (describing).

Q.—Which was the nearest to the Defender, the Valkyrie or the City of Bridgeport? A.—The Valkyrie.

Q.—How much nearer? A.—I should think about less than half way.

Q.—Lord Dunraven has put it, I think, at 300yds. That would be about your judgment? A.—That would be about it.

Q.—And from neither, in your judgment, could this pipe hole be seen, even with glasses? A.—I did not attempt to look for it with a glass, because I considered it too far.

Q.—What did you look at with the opera glasses? A.—It was the general appearance of the boat, and I did not make up my mind or form any definite opinion until I had waked Mr. Ratsey.

Q.—After waking Mr. Ratsey did you come to a conclusion and make up your mind? A.—We both of us came to a very decided conclusion.

Q.—That she was deeper in the water than she had been when measured? A.—The remark that we made to each other was that she looked really quite a different vessel.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Was the sun up at this time, at 5 o'clock? A.—We did not go at 5. I turned out at 5. We did not go until 6.

Q.—When was it you first saw the Defender that morning? A.—I turned out at 5 and had my tea. I dare say possibly it would be about half-past 5.

Q.—The sun would be about rising at that time? A.—I should think so.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—From the City of Bridgeport, after you had waked Mr. Ratsey, did you form a conclusion, after talking with him, before you got into the gig? A.—No definite conclusion, no. That is the reason I got into the gig. I would not commit myself.

Q.—And in your judgment, from the City of Bridgeport at that distance, no definite conclusion could be drawn? A.—It depends upon the eye of the person looking.

Q.—It would require a capable expert, would it not, to determine definitely from the City of Bridgeport, 300yds. off, a difference of three or four inches in her immersion? A.—I do not say anything about three or four inches. She looked a different vessel.

Q.—Are you sure it was the same vessel? A.—Yes.

Q.—How close to her did you go in the gig? A.—Quite close, comparatively. About as far off as—half again as far off as the window, perhaps.

Q.—Did you row around her? A.—No, sir, not around. Along the port and ahead, before going back.

Q.—How near to the port side did you go? A.—I should think, roughly, about twice as far as that window from where I am now (indicating).

Q.—You did not come in actual contact with her? A.—No.

Mr. Rives—How was the boat heading at that time? Lying head to the westward?

The witness—I forget what the westward was. More to the north. I think; more towards Brooklyn. That would be north would it not?

Lord Dunraven—That would be south.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—Was her starboard side toward the City of Bridgeport? A.—Yes.

Q.—Did you row around her stern or around her bow, or both? A.—Beginning on the port side, we rowed practically from the stern, on the port side, and then straight ahead for a few yards and then home again.

Q.—Did you row the whole length of her port side? A.—Oh, yes.

Q.—And around again to the starboard side? A.—No.

Mr. Choate—You must have got on the starboard side to get back to the City of Bridgeport?

Mr. Glennie—Why?

Q.—Did you not say the starboard side was toward the Bridgeport? A.—No, head on.

Q.—Down there at the Horseshoe, where she lay that morning—

Mr. Rives—At this time the boats were lying head to the northward, according to Mr. Glennie.

Mr. Glennie—Whichever way it was, they were lying the same.

Mr. Rives—And subsequently when Lord Dunraven saw them, the boats had swung so that they were lying head to the westward.

By Mr. Choate:

Q.—What sort of weather was it there, as you remember it? A.—Perfectly smooth when we went alongside.

Q.—Perfectly smooth? A.—Perfectly smooth.

Q.—You did not observe the ripple that Lord Dunraven spoke of? A.—There is a difference in the hour of the morning. There was practically no ripple then, when we went out; no ripple and no swell.

Q.—And no lifting? A.—No.

Q.—You formed no judgment as to how much her waterline had been extended beyond what it was at the time of the measurements on Friday, did you? A.—No, I have not committed myself in any way. It is very difficult to gauge the depth. The thing I went by most was just the general appearance of the vessel, and no pipe hole.

Q.—Did you form any opinion as to how much she was immersed? A.—I have on one or two occasions said that I considered that she was immersed about an inch and a half, but I have not committed myself.

Q.—You say you formed what opinion you did, not from determining the degree of her immersion, nor the length of her load waterline, but from the general appearance of the vessel. What did you observe except the water pipe? A.—First of all the water pipe, which would bring practically 1½in. there; and then Mr. Ratsey and I both thought she was trimmed more by the stern.

Q.—You observed nothing about the bobstay iron? A.—In the dock it looked very high.

Q.—Did you look at it as you rowed around the Defender in the morning? A.—The whole vessel looked as if she were lying deeper.

Q.—I asked you if you observed particularly the bobstay iron? A.—Not particularly.

Q.—Did you observe the bronze plating? A.—Yes.

Q.—What did you observe about that? A.—I observed that the whole way along there appeared to be less of it.

Q.—Then you gave Lord Dunraven no particulars whatever, because you did not observe them, except the disappearance of the pipe? A.—Not because I had not observed them, but because he was going to look himself. He told me he was going to look himself.

Q.—You did not tell him about the pipe then? A.—Not that I am aware of.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Fish when he came on board? A.—Yes.

Q.—Was he in your sight until he left the boat? A.—Not if he was down below and I was on deck.

Q.—How much of the day did you see him? A.—I cannot say really.

Q.—How many times did you see him in conversation with Lord Dunraven? A.—I really cannot say; several times.

Q.—Did you see him writing? A.—No.

Q.—Did you see Mr. Kersey bring him a piece of paper? A.—Not that I remember.

Q.—Were you present at the remeasurement on Sunday? A.—Yes.

Q.—And I understand your testimony to be that you saw the pipe hole just as you did on the Friday? A.—I considered the vessel looked identically the same.

Q.—Lying very light? You thought she was floating very light? A.—I say, identically the same.

Q.—Did you not see some lead put into the Defend at the Basin? A.—No.

Q.—Or into the Valkyrie? A.—I saw Valkyrie's lying on the floor. I never saw the Defender's and never knew that they had any put in until just lately.

Q.—Do you know how long the Hattie Palmer lay alongside the Defender at the Hook? A.—No, only by hearsay from our second mate.

Q.—Was it your second mate who gave you the information that she lay there until 1 o'clock in the morning? A.—That is what he told Mr. Ratsey and myself; or until midnight, or sometime—I think he said 1 o'clock.

Q.—Do you know how long she lay alongside at Bay Ridge the night after the race? A.—No, sir.

Q.—I suppose you did not regard it as any of your business to do anything about this difference between the Defender, as she was when remeasured and as she was on the race? You had no function to perform? A.—Not the slightest.

The Chairman—Anything further from Mr. Glennie?

Mr. Askwith—No, I have no further questions to ask.

By Mr. Rives:

Q.—Where did the Valkyrie go that night of Saturday? Was she at Bay Ridge? A.—She went to Bay Ridge.

Q.—Did you see the Defender up there? A.—I won't be certain. I think the Defender lay a little bit ahead of us.

Q.—Not far off? A.—Not very far.

By Mr. Whitney:

Q.—There was a pretty light wind at the first race, was there not? A.—The first race was a light wind and the remains of a sea which left a nasty swell.

Q.—Had you seen the Defender carrying her sail in any heavy weather before in the trial races? A.—Yes; the day that she broke her mast, I believe, or they were afraid of her mast. I heard something of that kind.

Q.—What did you think of her stability and ability to carry sails?

Mr. Glennie—What did I think about her?

Mr. Whitney—Yes.

A.—I thought she was a beautiful vessel.

Q.—I mean as to that point. I will ask you this question: What effect do you think, as it afterward turned out, the deeper immersion would have had in regard to her speed on day of the first race?

Mr. Glennie—The deeper immersion than what?

Mr. Whitney—Than her true line?

A.—I should think that no boat would sail better on a deeper immersion than her true lines. The question is: What are the true lines?

Q.—In light weather like that—you assume that she was below her measured line and the lines on which she sailed in subsequent races, do you not? A.—I do not assume that she was below her proper line at any time.

Q.—I thought you did, below the line at which she had been measured—do you not? A.—Not necessarily below her proper line, sir.

Q.—She certainly was entitled to race on the lines in which she was measured, was she not? A.—Certainly.

Q.—I understand you to suppose that in the meantime she had had ballast put in? A.—I do not know that she had.

Q.—So that she was lower, or at all events was lower in the water than when she was measured? A.—She looked lower in the water.

Q.—What effect on that day, as it turned out, do you think it could have had upon her speed? A.—Oh, I really do not know.

Q.—Would it have increased or decreased her speed? A.—It is very hard to say.

Q.—Do you think it would be an advantage or disadvantage to forge through the water, on that day with the same amount of sails, with a larger hull? A.—I should think very likely, with a heavy swell, the slight extra weight might be better, possibly.

Q.—Is that your judgment? A.—Well, I really do not know. My judgment does not go for much.

Q.—I was only asking for your judgment as a yachtsman? A.—It is a pretty hard question to answer, sir.

Q.—You would not like to express an opinion. Mind you, I suppose the idea of additional ballast is to give more stability in heavy weather is it not? A.—Certainly.

Q.—You thought, as the wind blew that night, it was going to be a heavy-weather day? A.—So they told me.

Q.—Did not that condition arise from that? A.—I had been so deceived by the weather ever since I had arrived that I would not express any opinion, because every time they said it was going to blow it turned out to be a calm.

Q.—Judging by your statement that all night there was a promise of heavy weather the next day—. A.—It would be so in our country. It looked as if there was to be a breeze, and very heavy, and it was not the fact.

Q.—Did you not think from that fact that they were going to get more stability by putting in heavier ballast? A.—I never gave the thing a thought.

Q.—Did you form in your own mind an opinion as to how this deeper immersion had been caused? A.—No, I did not. I did not know what to think. We have had trouble in England, and sometimes it has been water, sometimes it has been not taking the gear out, sometimes it has been a little extra lead. There have been forty and one ways.

Q.—Did you form any idea how much must have been put in her to cause the immersion that was caused? A.—No; I am told that—my estimate would have been, roughly, I suppose about six tons.

Q.—Then you did form the opinion that after she was measured on Friday six tons were imported into her and taken out again before the measurement on Sunday, did you not? A.—I suppose it will have to be answered yes.

Q.—And you could believe that in this way a fraud had been committed? A.—I do not know about the word fraud. I am sorry to say that these things have happened in England; and that is the reason of putting on external marks in England.

Q.—It must have been intentional in your judgment? A.—It would hardly have got there by itself.

Q.—It must have been carried in? A.—Not necessarily carried in.

Q.—Do you know whether, when you made your observation, the bedding had been taken off the Defender, when you went down at 6 o'clock in the gig? A.—No.

Mr. Askwith—In obtaining as much information as we can to lay before this commission, I have here various affidavits of the crew of the Valkyrie, which I do not think it is necessary for me to read at full length. What they go to show is that until 11:30 the Hattie Palmer was lying alongside the Defender, and work was going on upon Defender throughout the night; that a knocking, and apparently movements of different kinds were going on upon the Defender. That was what was noticed from the deck of the Valkyrie.

Mr. Choate—During what time do they say? Up to what hour? A.—During the time that the Hattie Palmer was there beside her.

Mr. Choate—What time do they give—up to what hour? Midnight or morning?

Mr. Askwith—Perhaps it would be more simple, really, to read them. The first is of William Russell, Sidney street, Brightlingsea, yachtsman.

I, William Russell, of Sidney street, Brightlingsea, in the County of Essex, England, yachtsman, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am now in the service of Mr. Walker, the owner of the yacht Ailsa, lying at Fay's Yard, in the town of Southampton, as an A. B.

2. In September, 1895, I was an A. B. on the yacht Valkyrie in America.

3. I was on watch on board the Valkyrie from 8 to 10 o'clock in the evening of Sept. 6. During that time the Hattie Palmer was alongside the Defender, and I saw lights during the whole of that time passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

Declared at the Town and County of the Town of Southampton, this tenth day of December, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five,

Before me,

E. T. WESTLAKE,

A Commissioner for Oaths in England.

Mr. Askwith—The next one is the affidavit of Luther Gould, yachtsman.

I, Luther Gould, of Silcott street, Brightlingsea, in the County of Essex, England, yachtsman, do solemnly and sincerely declare that:

1. I am now in the service of Mr. Walker, owner of the yacht Ailsa, lying at Fay's Yard, in the Town of Southampton, as A. B.

2. I was second mate of the Valkyrie in America in September, 1895.

3. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I was in charge of the anchor watch on board the Valkyrie. I took charge of the watch at about 8:30 or 9 o'clock and remained in charge of that watch till about 5:30 on the morning of the 7th. I did not turn in before 12 at midnight on the 6th. I went on deck at intervals up to about 5:30 on the morning of the 7th.

4. I observed the Hattie Palmer lying alongside the Defender at about 10 o'clock, and she remained alongside until about half past 11 that night, and a light was passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer until half past 11 that night.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

LUTHER GOULD.

Declared at the Town and County of the Town of Southampton, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

E. T. WESTLAKE,

A Commissioner for Oaths in England.

Mr. Askwith—The next one is John Clark, able seaman:

I, John Clark, of 1 Williams Walk, Colchester, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie about 6 o'clock, and was at various times between 6 and 10 o'clock on deck, and I saw the Hattie Palmer lying alongside the Defender. At 10 o'clock I went on duty in the anchor watch until 12 o'clock, and during those two hours I was on deck continuously.

3. From about 8 o'clock that evening until about half past 11 I saw from time to time a light passing between the Defender and the Hattie Palmer. At about half past 11 the Hattie Palmer left the Defender and made her anchor about 100yds. from the Defender.

4. After the Hattie Palmer had left the Defender, and up to 12 o'clock, when I went below, a light was moving about the deck of Defender, and I heard men moving about on her deck.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

JOHN CLARK.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

WM. JAQUES, JR.,

A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is the affidavit of William Henry Green, able seaman:

I, William Henry Green, of West street, Wyvenhoe, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie about 6 o'clock, and was on the deck at various times until 10 o'clock, when I turned in.

3. I was on duty in the anchor watch from 2 o'clock, when I relieved Roper, until 4 o'clock.

4. Between 2 and 4 o'clock I was on deck continuously, and I saw a light moving about the deck of Defender during my watch; I also saw men moving about and heard the sounds of knocking on board Defender.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

The mark of

×

WILLIAM HENRY GREEN.

Declared at 8 Ely Place, Holborn in the County of London, this 10th day of December, 1895, I having first truly, distinctly and audibly read over the contents of this declaration to the declarant, who appeared perfectly to understand the same and made his mark thereto in my presence.

WM. JAQUES, JR.,

A Commissioner for Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—The next is that of Edward Roper, able seaman.

I, Edward Roper, of Chapel street, Rowhedge, in the County of Essex, able seaman, do solemnly and sincerely declare as follows:

1. In August, 1895, I went to America as one of the crew of the Valkyrie.

2. On the night of Sept. 6, 1895, I went on board the Valkyrie, about 6 o'clock, and was at various times on deck until about half past 8, when I turned in. I saw the Hattie Palmer lying alongside Defender.

3. At 12 o'clock I went on duty in the anchor watch and relieved John Clark. I remained on duty and was on deck continuously from 12 till 2.

The Hattie Palmer was then lying about 100yds. from the Defender.

4. During my watch, viz., from 12 till 2 o'clock, I saw a light moving about the deck of the Defender and men moving about, but I could not see what they were doing.

And I make this solemn declaration conscientiously, believing the same to be true, and by virtue of the provisions of the Statutory Declarations Act 1835.

EDWARD ROPER.

Declared at No. 8 Ely Place, Holborn, in the County of Middlesex, this 10th day of December, 1895, before me,

WM. JAQUES, JR.,

A Commissioner to Administer Oaths.

Mr. Askwith—That is the information that Lord Dunraven is able to give to this commission. He takes the attitude that it is now impossible for this complaint of his, made at the time, to be verified; that he has given what assistance he can, and has come to America to give such assistance as he can in the matter. He does not take the position of prosecuting any person or of proving any more than simply the nature of his complaint, and that he reiterated, on Nov. 9, a complaint stated on Sept. 7, and not then examined. And any assistance further that we can give in the course of the inquiry, of course we have taken the position that we shall give; but we do not propose to go into the question of attempting, without evidence, which we cannot now obtain, to attack the statements which we have no material to properly investigate. We must leave investigation to the Committee, with such assistance as we are able to give them.

Mr. Rives—Between now and to-morrow morning could you and the other gentlemen mark on one of the charts there the points where the Defender anchored during the night of Friday, and also the points where the race started and ended on Saturday? We would like to get your judgment about that.

Mr. Askwith—What time on Friday?

Mr. Rives—Mark on the chart the anchorage of the Defender on Friday night, and also the point where the race ended on Saturday. There has been some question as to the distance she had to tow up, and so on. I think there would be no dispute about that, but if you could mark it on the chart and show it, it would be an advantage.

Lord Dunraven—You want us to mark the position of the vessels as they lay in the Horseshoe?

Mr. Rives—As they lay in the Horseshoe and also the point where the race ended on Saturday. A question has arisen as to the distance you had to tow up. We would like to have it so that it could be agreed upon by all parties, where that was.

Lord Dunraven—The race ended at the Lightship?

Mr. Rives—No, not on Saturday. It ended about 3 miles northeast of the village of Seabright. It ended where it started.

Lord Dunraven—Yes, that is so. We will do our best to do that.

Mr. Askwith—I will inquire of Lord Dunraven and Mr. Glennie as to the positions.

Lord Dunraven—We will endeavor to do so.

Then the opening of the defense, as given last week, followed.

YACHT DESIGNING.—V.

BY W. P. STEPHENS.

[*Continued from page 80, Jan. 25.*]

MATTER is found in three different forms, of a solid, a liquid and a gas; and the naval architect is compelled to take cognizance of all, the solid being the vessel herself; the liquid, water, being the medium in which she floats; while the gas is the propelling power, either directly in the form of wind (air) on the sails, or more remotely in the steam or other vapor which animates her engines. It will be directly in order to consider briefly the medium before attempting to deal with the body which floats and moves in it. In a solid the force of cohesion is stronger than all the repellent forces, and therefore the body does not easily change its form. In fluids the attractive and repellent forces are either in equilibrium, producing *liquids*, or *inelastic* fluids; or the repellent forces are wholly in control, producing *gases* or *elastic* fluids. To the scientist and investigator water is what is termed a "perfect" fluid, the attractive forces of cohesion and the repellent forces of heat being in exact balance, so that the particles of the fluid move upon each other with absolute freedom. To the yacht designer, however, in his actual practice, it is not a "perfect" fluid, as the cohesive forces are very slightly in excess, and it possesses the quality of "viscosity," or, in plain language, stickiness, due to the presence of foreign substances—solids. While the viscosity of salt water is greater than that of fresh, both may to all practical purposes be considered as perfect fluids so far as the friction of their particles upon each other is concerned; were it otherwise the Gulf Stream and other ocean currents would be impossible; the law of tides, which has been reduced to exact mathematical formulæ, would also be impossible, and many of the established laws of physics would be overturned. While friction does exist to an appreciable extent between the water and solid bodies immersed in it, but little exists between the particles of the water itself. Water, then, is a fluid, incompressible and inelastic, and of course capable of imparting equal pressure in every direction. The weight of a cubic foot of fresh water is 62.39lbs., and a ton measures 35.905 cubic feet. Salt water weighs 64.05lbs. to the cubic foot, and a ton measures 34.973 cubic feet. The weight of fresh water equals the weight of salt water multiplied by .9740. In all ship calculations the weight of fresh water is taken at 62.5, and of salt water at 64lbs.; while the former is estimated at 36ft. and the latter 35 cubic feet to the ton.*

The whole subject of the mutual relations between a perfect fluid and a solid body immersed or submerged in it or moving through it (or, as the assumption commonly is, of the fluid moving by the fixed body) is a most fascinating one, and has engaged the attention of some of the most eminent scientists of this century, such as Prof. W. J. Macquorn Rankine, John Scott Russell, the late William Froude and his son and successor, R. E. Froude; and the "form of least resistance" has been sought almost as eagerly as the philosopher's stone by the alchemists of old. While many important and practical truths have been obtained and much has been done to advance the science of naval architecture, the form of least resistance has not yet been discovered, and only the most general deductions have been reached on many important points.

As far as the actual advancement of yacht designing is concerned, the matter for regret is not the failure to discover the form of least resistance or the exact degree in which water, fresh or salt, falls short of the attributes of a perfect fluid, but rather that the most absurd and misleading theories have been so generally prevalent until recent years among the men in whose hands rested the progress and advancement of designing, the practical builders. These theories, most of them directly contradicted by the elementary laws of physics as taught to boys in the public schools, have been seriously advanced as unassailable arguments for the old-time skimming dish model and against the introduction of greater depth and more effective systems of ballasting in yachts. The worst of these, as well as the most widely prevalent, was that which accepted the mere increase of hydrostatic pressure due to increased depth of submersion as influencing the "dynamical conditions incidental to motion" of a submerged plane.

Through the fall and winter of 1881 the wonderful victories of the deep cutter Madge over the shoal New York yachts was the absorbing topic of dispute among yachtsmen, builders, sailors, fishermen and 'longshore characters in general; and the writer has had many a bout over the vexed question with those who believed in extreme light displacement and draft—of a vessel entirely on top of the water. The general theory of resistance then accepted, not only by ignorant fishermen and boatmen, but by successful builders, was about on the same high plane of intelligence as that of savages as to the nature of an eclipse—that some great fish was about to swallow the moon. As formulated to us at different times, accompanied by the familiar saying, "the nearer the sun the faster she goes," it was of this nature: the upper layer of water, to the depth sailed in by the average yacht or smack, some 4ft., was water pure and simple, with no resistance; the next layer going downward, say a foot depth, was as viscous or "sticky" as strong brine, the next foot was as stiff as molasses, the next as stiff as black mud, and beyond that, where the broad lead keel of the cutter must force its way, the water was a body of great but unmeasured density, sufficient to retard the speed of any deep yacht. These varying densities, according to this theory, were all due to the increase of hydrostatic pressure with the depth. The performances of Miss Madge showed that something was wrong with this beautiful and ingenious theory of resistance, as she cut the deepest strata with her broad lead keel more rapidly than the sharp, thin centerboards of the sloops could divide it; but even such proof failed to convince her opponents. Indeed it was a hopeless task to reason with a man who instanced the established fact of the blood gushing from the mouth and ears of a diver at great depths as an argument against the speed of a cutter drawing 8ft.

The subject of resistance, in its entirety, is one that pertains to naval architecture rather than to yacht designing, and we shall touch on only a few of the most important and strongly established facts; those who wish to pursue it further will find it fully and ably discussed by the authors named later on. As to the viscosity of water, fresh and salt, no reliable data has yet been given to the world, and no specialist has yet devoted himself to the subject. That salt water is decidedly more viscous is generally recognized, as is the fact that greater speed is obtainable in fresh than in salt water, whether partly immersed or fully submerged. In all investigations it is assumed, as already stated, that the water is a perfect fluid.

That the hydrostatic pressure increases with the depth is quite true, the rate of increase being directly proportional to the depth, as in the following table:

PRESSURE OF WATER AT VARIOUS DEPTHS.

Depth in Feet.	Pressure per Sq. Inch.	Pressure per Sq. Foot.
1	0.43lbs.	62.5lbs.
2	0.86lbs.	124.64lbs.
3	1.30lbs.	186.97lbs.
4	1.73lbs.	249.29lbs.
5	2.16lbs.	311.61lbs.
6	2.60lbs.	373.94lbs.
7	3.03lbs.	436.26lbs.
8	3.46lbs.	498.58lbs.
9	3.89lbs.	560.91lbs.
10	4.33lbs.	623.23lbs.

As far as the motion of a fish or a yacht through the water is concerned, this increased pressure has no effect whatever, nor should it have, as it is balanced, or the same in all directions; if the yacht is pushed astern by a pressure of 623lbs. on the fore end of her keel, she is at the same time pushed ahead by the same amount of pressure acting on the other end of the keel. The rudder turns as freely at a great depth as at the surface, the greater pressure still being balanced on its two sides. Contrary to a generally accepted idea, pressure has no effect whatever on the friction of the water upon the solid, which is the same at all depths. As a matter of fact, so far from the resistance being in any way increased by deeper immersion, it is materially diminished by the change from a partial immersion, the body being just at the surface of the water, and the complete submersion to a considerable depth; a much higher speed being possible under the latter condition, owing to the entire absence of one element of resistance, wave-making.

The idea formerly accepted, that there was a direct resistance proportionate to the greatest area of transverse section, and called head resistance, has been rejected in view of the demonstrations of Scott Russell and Rankine, and it is now positively known that there are but three elements of resistance:

First—Skin resistance, or that due to friction.
Second—Eddy-making resistance.
Third—Wave-making resistance.

There is, it is true, a small element of resistance due to the viscosity of water, not in the form of friction, but of resistance to change of shape of the particles as they pass by the hull; but this only comes into play in the case of small models moving at slow speeds. In the actual vessel it need not be considered, nor need the "air resistance" of the air on the hull and upper works.

The method generally followed in investigating the phenomena of resistance and friction between a perfect fluid and a floating solid is as follows: The body, of a symmetrical, fishlike form, pointed at both ends, is conceived as submerged to a considerable depth, and not as in motion through the fluid, but as stationary, the fluid flowing past it on all sides. At some material distance ahead of the body the water flows in parallel streams or lines, of normal velocity and pressure; but as the numerous streams approach the head of the solid they are deflected from their straight course, with a consequent loss of velocity. As they near the head of the solid, however, the velocity begins to increase, and continues to do so until abreast of the greatest breadth, when the velocity is greatest and the pressure least; from this point the velocity decreases as the tail of the solid is neared, until at a more or less remote distance the stream lines become perfectly parallel again, and with their normal pressure and velocity. It is capable of demonstration that the variations of velocity and pressure are inversely proportional, the one decreasing as the other increases, and *vice versa*. By this method of investigation, involving what is called the "stream line" theory first enunciated by Prof. Rankine, many important facts have been discovered. These assumed conditions, it will be perceived, differ widely from those found in actual practice, in which the water is not a perfect fluid, the surface of the solid is by no means free from friction, and the solid, being only partly immersed, the water in contact with it is subject to the pressure of the air on its upper surface, a constant pressure; in place of the pressure of adjoining stream lines, which, as has been noted, constantly varies with the velocity. This interchange of velocity and pressure which takes place about a completely submerged body finds expression about the actual ship in a new form; the pressure about the bow, for instance, is now unbalanced by equal pressure from adjoining stream lines, and as soon as it exceeds that of the atmosphere, 15lbs. to the square inch, it becomes visible in the form of an elevation of the surface of the water or of waves. Interesting as this portion of the subject is, we can barely allude to it here, as it is entirely too extensive to be discussed at length.

It is to the elder Froude that we are indebted for nearly all the facts now in the possession of naval architects concerning friction, the results of long and elaborate experiments conducted by him under the auspices of the British Admiralty. The special experiments on friction were made about 1870 by the towing in an experimental tank of boards $\frac{1}{16}$in. thick, [illegible]in. deep and of varying lengths up to 50ft. The results are summarized in the following table as quoted from Taylor's "Resistance of Ships."

LENGTH OF SURFACE OR DISTANCE FROM CUTWATER.

Nature of Surface.	2ft. A	2ft. B	2ft. C	8ft. A	8ft. B	8ft. C	20ft. A	20ft. B	20ft. C	50ft. A	50ft. B	50ft. C
Varnish	2.00	.41	.820	1.85	.825	.964	1.83	.978	.940	1.83	.920	.936
Paraffine	1.95	.38	.970	1.94	.814	.990	1.93	.871	.947	....	....	....
Tinfoil	2.16	.80	.956	1.99	.978	.963	1.90	.962	.944	1.88	.946	.932
Calico	1.93	.67	.795	1.92	.646	.504	1.89	.531	.447	1.87	.474	.493
Fine sand	2.00	.81	.690	2.00	.868	.450	2.00	.490	.394	2.06	.496	.837
Medium sand	2.00	.90	.730	2.00	.625	.488	2.00	.584	.465	2.00	.488	.456
Coarse sand	2.00	1.10	.880	2.00	.714	.589	2.00	.588	.490	....	....	....

Column A gives the power of the speed according to which the resistance varies. Column B gives the mean resistance in pounds per square foot of the whole surface for a speed of 600ft. per minute. Column C gives the resistance in pounds at the same speed of a square foot at the distance from the cutwater stated in the heading. It will be observed that the resistance of the last foot in length in each of the four examples is decidedly less than the mean resistance per square foot for the entire plane, a circumstance attributed by Mr. Froude to the fact that a certain amount of motion in the direction of the plane had been already imparted to the water about the end of the plane by the preceding portion. The value of the "coefficient of friction," as determined by Mr. Froude, is dependent on:

1. The nature of the surface of the solid.
2. The nature of the fluid, varying directly as the density for small variations, such as between salt and fresh water.
3. The length of the surface, decreasing as the length increases.
4. Temperature, decreasing as the temperature increases.

The coefficient of friction is entirely independent of the pressure of the water and the depth below the surface. This is a point which we would impress upon our readers, and another is the conclusion of the elder Froude, which is now generally accepted, that the friction upon the immersed skin of a vessel is equivalent to that upon a flat rectangular surface of equal length in the line of motion and area of equivalent to the vessel, and moving at the same speed.

Another important point that is not as generally known as it should be is that while in bodies moving at the surface of the water the bow should be longer than the run in the proportion of 3 to 2, in bodies which move entirely under water, such as the lead bulb of a modern yacht, the bow should be the shorter and blunter, about two-fifths in place of three-fifths of the whole length, as in fishes. This same fish form, with a bow but two-fifths of the length, is also the correct one for the cross section of any projection or brace moving entirely under water.

The researches of the Froudes are detailed in the various annual volumes of the "Transactions of the (British) Society of Naval Architects" since 1860; other valuable works of reference are:

"Resistance of Ships and Screw Propulsion," D. W. Taylor, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.
"Manual of Naval Architecture," Sir Wm. H. White.
"Yacht Architecture," Dixon Kemp.
"Ship Building, Theoretical and Practical," W. J. M. Rankine.
"Forms of Fish and Ships," Prof. R. H. Thurston, Trans. Soc. Nav. Arch., 1887.

* Wherever the word ton is used throughout these articles the "long ton" of 2,240lbs. is to be understood.

YAMPA'S VOYAGE.—III.

New York to Gibraltar, 1895.

ON landing at the steps at the Custom House, we all found it rather hard work to walk, as we had been on the jump for so long. Knocked about the town for a while and then went to see the American Consular Agent, Señor Moreria, who is also Consul for Hawaii. There is a very large emigration from the Azores to Hawaii. While we were there a steamer left for Hawaii loaded with emigrants. All the friends and family connections of the emigrants came down on the Custom House wharf to bid them farewell, and the crying and screaming could be heard for miles.

On arriving on board Yampa again found she had been moored alongside of a dirty little Portuguese bark. She was just about large enough for one to sail on the lake in Central Park. We were securely moored with 1¼in. chains, capable of holding the largest ship afloat. At night we went ashore and saw a play at the Opera House. As it was in Portuguese we found it rather tame, but the 400 of Ponta Delgarda who occupied all the boxes were very interesting.

Next morning we hired a boatman for $1 a day to do all the ferrying to and from Yampa, so that the crew would not be kept from their work. T. and I started to take the terrier ashore for a run; but the boatman said it was against the law and that we would have to get a permit from the Custom House before we would be allowed to land the dog. Went to the Custom House and they refused to issue a permit. From there we went to the American Consul and in fact pulled all the wires we could; but it was no go. The dog was quarantined on board ship during all our stay at Ponta Delgarda, and all because years ago a dog from some vessel had gone mad on shore and bitten several others.

Crew at once started in giving the ship a general overhauling. We had two boat builders on board for several days fixing our life boat. Spent about eight days altogether straightening things up, etc. Also gave her a new coat of white outside, which improved her appearance wonderfully. We also fitted out with fresh provisions, water, etc. Everything was very cheap and fruits and flowers galore. Oranges, for instance, were 40 cents a hundred and delicious. There are several beautiful country places on the island that belong to rich Portuguese. St. Michael's is really worth visiting and the climate delightful.

Feb. 9.—Turned out this morning at 8 A. M., fine N.W. wind blowing, but rather cloudy. At 9 A. M. the pilot, with a gang of about twenty boatmen, came aboard to unmoor us. They were about the slowest people in the world, and the pilot, who was bossing the job, only seemed to have one idea at a time, and when that was carried out by the whole twenty, when two could have done it, he would think of something else and all hands would rush off to do that. As our second mate remarked: "They weren't fit to feed chickens." By 10:30 A. M. we were ready and started out under forestaysail. Soon after we set jib. When we were clear of the breakwater the pilot shook hands all around, and wishing us "bon voyage" departed.

There was quite a sea on outside the harbor, as it had been blowing from N.W. for a week.

At 11 A. M. set maintrysail and headed her for Gibraltar.

At 11:15 A. M. put bonnet on squaresail and set it—we were dead before the wind, so downed headsails. Crew started in at once to rig life lines and coil away hawsers, etc.; also got both anchors on deck and lashed them to the windlass. Unrove chains and sent them below and put the plugs back in the hawsepipes. We were rolling quite a bit and the pup was seasick again. It rained a little off and on in the afternoon and set in rather thick. At 3 P. M. wind hauled more to the south'ard and we set jib, which steadied her somewhat. At 5 P. M. wind shifted to W.S.W., so we downed squaresail and set foresail and topsail. It started in to clear up soon after and we had a chance to see the sunset. T. felt rather squeamish and did not turn up for dinner, so I had mine alone.

On deck soon after; a beautiful night and moon out in al its glory. Wind increased somewhat, and at 7:30 P. M we clewed up and furled foretopsail. Sea still very rough, but we are doing 11 knots. At 10 P. M. it clouded over and started to rain again. At midnight it was still blowing and raining hard; Yampa under maintrysail, foresail, forestaysail and jib and doing from 10 to 11 knots; sea increasing all the time.

Feb. 10.—Wind continued about the same all early morning and sea picking up all the time. Rained a little off and on, and wind rather squally. Turned out at 8 A. M.; wind still W.S.W. and blowing quite fresh. Yampa under maintrysail, foresail, forestaysail and jib, and doing fine work. T. turned out as bright as a lark this morning, and ate a large and elegant breakfast. Rather a hazy morning and looks like rough weather. At 10 A. M. wind moderated somewhat, and we put foretopsail on her, which sent her along much easier. The sea was still running very high and we shipped one or two over our weather quarter, but they were not heavy enough to do any damage. At 11 A. M. we sighted an Italian bark heading E.N.E. and rolling like a log. She was under very easy canvas, and from the course she was steering was probably bound for England. No chance for a sight to-day, and we are working on dead reckoning. Wind continued about the same all afternoon, and we were doing about 10 knots all the time. Went aloft to look for "chums," but nothing in sight. Took a trick at the wheel for an hour or so. Did it for exercise, and got enough to last me for a week.

At 5 P. M. weather looked very bad, so we clewed up and furled foretopsail and made everything snug for the night. We have been making a very fast run. At 8 P. M. we had logged 360 miles from Ponta Delgarda in 32½ hours, an average of a small fraction over 11 1-5 miles an hour, which is very fine work for a sailing vessel. It started in to clear off about 9 P. M., and by 10 P. M. the clouds had all disappeared, and the moon came out and made it almost as bright as day. Wind hauled more to the westward about 11:30 and gradually slackened up.

Feb. 11.—Wind kept gradually decreasing all the morning. At daylight we put foretopsail on her, which helped her along considerably. Sea had also gone down somewhat during the night, and we were slipping right along. At 8 A. M., on the change of the watch, we downed maintrysail and set whole mainsail. At 8:30 set maintopsail. Had a splendid sight at the sun for longitude. Crew spent all morning reeving off new chafing gear, etc. T. and I spent most of the morning making some more sand bags for the lifeboat. At noon had another good shot at the sun, and our position was lat. 35° 37' N., lon. 15° 48' W. Wind hauled a trifle to the south'ard about 1 P. M. It has been an ideal day, and all hands have been going about without coats on. Took a trick at the wheel for an hour or so, then went aloft and helped reeve off some chafing gear on the foremast head. At 4:30 P. M. took an azimuth and also a sight for longitude. Wind continued about the same all evening and sea was smoothing down all the time. The moon rose about 7:30 and made it almost as bright as day. Wind slackened up a bit about 10 P. M., but we were still logging about 8 knots. We are still carrying both topsails and hope to make a good run by noon to-morrow. At midnight wind hauled more to the west'ard and sea was smoothing all the time.

Feb. 12.—During the early morning wind hauled more to the north'ard and slackened up a bit. Had carried full sail all night and averaged 7 knots. Wind backed around again to due W. and was becoming lighter every minute. Spent morning doing some splicing, sewing, etc. At 10 A. M. set the weather part of squaresail, which helped her somewhat. Sea is fairly smooth now, but wind is so light that we roll around a good lot. Got a good sight for latitude at noon, and our position was lat. 35° 39' N., lon. 12° 30' W. Wind hauled dead astern at 12:30 P. M., and we downed foresail and forestaysail. Put bonnet on squaresail and set it. Sighted a bark about 1 P. M. off the lee bow. She was bound to the east'ard, and we were overhauling her fast. As we neared her we saw that her foremast had been carried away just below the hounds. She sent up international code signal F. G. H. (what is your longitude brought up to the present moment?) and hoisted Norwegian colors. We jibed over and stood toward her. She proved to be the Columba, of Christiansand. We luffed up alongside her and told them the latitude and longitude, and also offered them assistance, but she was only ten days out from England and had plenty of provisions and water. When her skipper found out we were bound for Gibraltar he asked us to report him on our arrival and if possible to send a tug out for him, as he was bound to Gibraltar to make repairs. We promised to do so, and after saluting each other we continued on our way.

As we were going about 4ft. to the bark's 1ft. we soon had her out of sight. At 3 P. M. another chum hove in sight, she crossed our bow on the starboard tack within 200ft. She was the Russian bark Chieftain, of Abo. We talked with her captain while she was within hailing distance. She was bound to Pensacola, Fla., in ballast. At 4:30 P. M. took an azimuth and also a sight for longitude. Wind now becoming very light. At 5:30 clewed up and furled maintopsail and downed mainsail to keep it from slatting. Set maintrysail. Another beautiful night; moon rose about 8:30 and wind died out completely. At midnight we were still becalmed and rolling about under maintrysail and squaresail.

Feb. 13.—Not a breath of air until 7:30 A. M., when a light breeze sprang up from S.S.W. Downed maintrysail and squaresail and set full sail. Got a sight for longitude at 8:45 A. M. Sea is very smooth to-day and the air is as balmy as June. At 10 A. M. we sent out the flying jib and bent it on. First time it had ever been set and it looks like a good sail. Wind was so light all morning that we brought the Winchesters into play again and managed to kill numerous bottles. At noon took the altitude of the sun and our position was lat. 35° 58' N., lon., 10° 37' W. Wind increased soon after noon and we were slipping along at a 7-knot gait all afternoon. Wind died down somewhat with the sun and it was 8 P. M. before it started up again. On deck until midnight. A beautiful clear night, but a very heavy dew falling. We are doing about 6 knots.

Feb. 14.—Carried the same sail, and wind was steady until 4 A. M., when it hauled a trifle more to the west'ard. Sea still as smooth as glass. Turned out at 8 A. M. Another fine day. Wind hauled to S.W. by W. about 9:30 A. M. and we set jibtopsail. At 10 A. M. set fisherman's staysail and we then began to get a move on Crew started in to straighten things up a bit. Stowed trysails in the lazarette and coiled away spare lines, etc. At 11:30 sighted two steamers ahead of us, and both bound our way. We kept picking them up every minute. Had a good sight at noon, and our position was lat. 36° N., lon. 7° 15' W. If wind holds out we will be in Gibraltar to-night.

Breezed up a bit about 1 P. M., and we are now doing about 11½ knots. At 2 P. M. we had passed one of the steamers, and were bringing the other down to us very fast. At 3 P. M. we had passed her and were going about 13 knots. Sighted Trafalgar Point off the lee bow at 3:30 P. M. An hour afterward we sighted Cape Spartel. Kept on going like a race horse, and at 5:30 P. M. we dipped to a French man-o'-war that was coming out of the Strait. She returned our salute. At 6 P. M. we took in maintopmast staysail and jibtopsail. Then got all our ground tackle ready. At 6:30 clewed up and furled both topsails. We were going through the Strait like a torpedo boat, and at 7 P. M. were abreast of Tarifa Light. At 8 P. M. we downed foresail, gybed over, and stood into Gibraltar Bay after giving Pearl Rocks a wide berth. At 9 P. M. we were abreast of the New Mole, and rounded up and let go the mainsail. Stood inside the breakwater under forestaysail and jib, and picking out a good berth next H. M. S. Gleaner, we let go the hook at 9:15 P. M., and our voyage across the ocean was ended.

W. IRVINE ZEREGA.

Tarpon Springs Y. C.

TARPON SPRINGS, Fla., Feb. 2.—*Editor Forest and Stream:* While you of the frozen North cling close to the base burner, with brief, shivering glances through frost-covered windows where the eye finds nothing more inviting than snow or ice, we of the sunny South are enjoying balmy breezes, bright sunshine and sparkling waters.

Hard, isn't it? We pity you, but we are so driven with hunting, fishing and boat sailing that we've only time for a single tear.

Have had some quite cool weather, but now 'tis simply grand. Not an hour of the twenty-four but can be comfortably enjoyed in the great outdoors. To be sure we feel the hard times, but fish are plenty, deer and turkey to be had for the shooting, and the waters of bayou and bay with their ripple of gladness challenge for a sail.

Verily, our lines are cast in pleasant places.

By the way, speaking of deer and turkeys, Johnny Bailey, one of our local guides, last week shot and killed three deer and three turkeys with four shots. How high was that?

But boat racing just now seems to interest the boys more than anything else. We have two new boats this season: a Boston cat, the Fawn, built by Hutchins, and the Mermaid, built by an amateur. The Mermaid is something like the Goblin, and is of the following dimensions: 20ft. over all, 15ft. w.l. and 8ft. beam; slp. rig. She has proved quite fast, and promises to make sport for the boys this winter. She spreads 480ft. of canvas, and carries it well. Just now the Tarpon Springs Y. C. are laboring over new sailing rules.

The club have a fine fleet of boats and deserve some plain and fair sailing rules, but they can't seem to get at anything that will suit everybody.

I wish FOREST AND STREAM would devise some rules that would fit sawed-off catboats, long overhangs, limited and unlimited sail area, bouncers, sharpies, tuck-ups and catamarans. Can't you do it?

The way it is now, the man who gets beat kicks at the rules. The man who comes in ahead is perfectly satisfied.

It don't matter to me, for I'm not a racer, but I like to see peace in the family. But we all have trouble, even our Mr. Hough has some one pitching into him, but then I have been looking for him to have trouble ever since he told that Kekoskee fish story.

Well, I thought I had something to say when I started out, but really I've forgotten what it was.

Very unfortunate ending to the Dunraven affair, that's what we all think here. That's the worst of all racing, the beaten man always thinks he is ill used, but that is human nature. TARPON.

Just How It Happened.

"Hon. E. J. Phelps, Chairman, and Members of Investigation Committee, New York Y. C.:

"GENTLEMEN: I have received a cable message from Mr. Bennett directing me to inform your committee that he was very much astonished and annoyed at the *Herald's* premature publication of the investigation evidence, and he greatly regrets it.

"As soon as he was apprised of the publication he telegraphed to the city editor of the *Herald*, who had just arrived at Nice from New York, expressing his surprise and disapproval. His explanation is that several reporters had been detailed from the commencement of the case, and they had been instructed not to touch upon anything the club could find objectionable, but one of the reporters must have accidentally obtained the report late at night, and in the absence of the editor usually in charge of such matters it was unfortunately printed. Respectfully yours, "GARDINER G. HOWLAND,

"General Manager, New York *Herald*."

This lucid and satisfactory explanation, which completely exculpates the *Herald* from an intentional wrongdoing, incidentally bears proof to the magnificent organization of the *Herald's* establishment. Though this voluminous report, covering nearly 600 octavo pages, was only obtained by a reporter "late at night," and in the absence of all responsible heads, a carefully prepared abstract was printed, covering four full pages of the *Herald* and illustrated by nineteen portraits of the special committee and others connected with the inquiry; and this not only in time for the city edition, but for the out-of-town, which goes to press considerably earlier.

Ogdensburg Y. C.

THE St. Lawrence River from Kingston to Ogdensburg has long been noted for its racing men, but the once popular racing skiff has recently fallen into disuse owing to the expense of racing and the large crews required. The Spruce-Ethelwynn races were watched with deep interest by the yachtsmen of Ogdensburg and other towns on the river, and since last fall the idea of establishing the same class has been under discussion. It has just taken definite form in the organization of the Ogdensburg Y. C., which took place on Wednesday evening, Feb 5, the following officers being elected: Pres., Hon. E. A. Newell; Com., S. Gilbert Averill; Vice-Com., Wm. H. Post; Regatta Committee, Capt. D. H. Lyon, Messrs. Geo. Hall, A. R. Porte, F. Chapman and J. G. Fraser; Finance Committee, Hon. E. A. Newell, Messrs. S. G. Averill, E. L. Strong, J. A. Seely and S. Wilson.

Arrangements were made to hold an international race for half-raters at Ogdensburg some time during the first week of July next, and a vote was passed to offer a $500 challenge cup, to be called the Ogdensburg cup, to be raced for annually. It is expected that those half-raters now being built in Canada for the purpose of entering the trial races of the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C. will also compete for the Ogdensburg cup, and the owners of Ethelwynn have signified their intention of entering, and the English challengers for the Seawanhaka-Corinthian Y. C.'s cup will be invited to enter the race. There are several new half-raters being built on the St. Lawrence River. The race is open to all amateurs, and will be governed by the Seawanhaka rules.

Rifle Range and Gallery.

New York Police Revolver Practice.

DURING the first five weeks of practice at the police school for instruction in revolver shooting, under the supervision of Sergt. Petty, 1,660 men have gone through the mill. Of these only about 1 per cent. have scored 65 out of a possible 75 on the 100yds. Creedmoor target at a distance of 10yds. This record needs no comment, showing as it does in such startling relief the inefficiency of the force as marksmen and their vital need of training. Six months hence it will be interesting to compare these first scores with those made after practice under the efficient coaching which the men receive. Too much cannot be said in praise of Sergt. Petty's intelligent management of all the details. To cite a single instance, he has saved the city already several hundred dollars in the cost of ammunition. All the cartridges used are loaded at the range by the officers in charge, and the cost per thousand is so small that if given here few would believe it. Ninety per cent. of the lead is saved and remoulded into bullets, which, owing to this economy, cost the Police Department less than 8 cents per thousand. With the appliances now in use, a number of which are original with Sergt. Petty, two men load 3,000 cartridges in less than two hours, a supply sufficient for two days.

Thirty-two thousand rounds have been fired since the opening of the school, Dec. 30.

At the recent civil service examination for promotion Mr. Petty stood fourth on the list among nearly 100 roundsmen examined, with a credit of 92.65 per cent., and he was one of the first promoted to the rank of sergeant.

New York Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 5.—The New York Rifle Club has held two shoots since the commencement of the year. The first one was held on Jan. 26, the second was held this evening at the club's headquarters, 219 Bowery. The two best scores made by the members present on each evening, together with his score on the target of honor, are given below:

	Jan. 26.	Honor Target.	Feb. 5.	Honor Target.
D Crooker	244 240	65	241 239	67
Wm Uhler	243 240	71	242 241	67
R J Young	242 241	67	245 243	73
E B Barker	236 233	66		
G Sharkley	244 239	70	241 239	71
M O'Donnell	235 227	61	236 236	62

Pittsburg Rifle Club.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 4.—The Pittsburg Rifle Club held its weekly shoot this evening. The conditions were: 40yds., off-hand, standard American target. The scores were:

Stahl	69 73 70 72 70 76—71	F Ingersoll	80 75 75 81 73 ..—77
Hofmeister	63 69 73 60 66 66—65	L Ingersoll	71 69 74 73 70 71—71
Sorg	65 63 60 65 65 ..—65	Lawrence	.. .. .. 73 65 65 68—73
Schmidt	61 59 70 66 72 ..—66	Ittel	.. .. .. 76 90 84 77—88
Burt	56 49 60 67 56 55—57		HAL.

Zettler Rifle Club.

NEW YORK, Feb. 4.—The Zettler Rifle Club held its regular weekly shoot this evening. The following were the scores made:

R Busse	248	240	239	240	241	Dr W J Furness	235	238	237	239	236
Dr J A Boyken	246	241	249	249	247	H Holges	247	244	243	245	246
S Buzzini	241	247	243	238	241	H Muenz	230	231	229	230	236
G W Downs	229	214	226	228	240	F C Ross	243	247	248	243	245
M B Engel	241	240	238	239	240	C G Zettler	240	239	241	240	245
L Flach	239	248	246	245	247	B Zettler	240	232	239	245	243
P Feigel	240	238	235	230	235						

Trap-Shooting.

If you want your shoot to be announced here send in notice like the following:

FIXTURES.

Feb. 12.—NEWARK, N. J.—One hundred target handicap race, under the auspices of the South Side Gun Club.

Feb. 21-22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club; targets; team match, Rochester versus Buffalo, on Feb. 22. E. D. Hicks, Manager.

Feb. 21-23.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Winter tournament of the Memphis Gun Club; live birds and targets.

Feb. 22.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Return match at targets between teams of the Rochester Rod and Gun Club and the Audubon Gun Club of Buffalo.

Feb. 22.—MARION, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Endeavor Gun Club; targets.

Feb. 22.—MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—All-day shoot of the Maplewood Gun Club; morning—live birds; afternoon—targets.

Feb. 25-26.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Sixth bi-monthly tournament of the Elizabeth Gun Club; first day, targets; second day, live birds.

Feb. 27.—DUNELLEN, N. J.—First tournament of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League; League team race at 9 P. M.

Feb. 27-28.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Forrester Gun Club, live birds and targets, open to amateurs only. J. F. Kroy, Sec'y.

March 18-21.—ROCHESTER, N. Y.—Tournament of the Cobweb Gun Club; targets and live birds. F. L. Train, Captain.

March 24-26.—NEW YORK.—Interstate Association's Fourth Annual Grand American Handicap, at live birds at Elkwood Park; $1,000 guaranteed in the main event, all surplus added.

March 31-April 2.—ELIZABETH, N. J.—Target tournament under the management of Neaf Apzar and C. C. Hebbard.

April 14-16.—CHARLESTON, S. C.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Palmetto Gun Club.

April 14-17.—ATCHISON, Kansas.—Thirteenth annual open to all, and second annual manufacturer's amateur tournament; $1000 added money and manufacturers' prizes. Lou Erhardt, Sec'y.

April 20-24.—HOUSTON, Texas.—Twentieth annual tournament of the Texas State Sportsmen's and Game Protective Association. J. Emmett Haney, Manager.

April 21-24.—OMAHA, Neb.—Nebraska State Sportsmen's Association's annual tournament; $1,000 added to the purses. Frank S. Parmalee, Sec'y.

April 22-24.—WELLINGTON, Mass.—Tournament of the Boston Shooting Association; targets. O. R. Dickey, Manager.

April 28-30.—JOPLIN, Mo.—Annual Owl Shoot of Kansas and tournament of the Missouri Trap-Shooters' Association; also open-to-all programme; $1,000 added to the purses. W. G. Sergeant, Sec'y.

April 29-30.—BIRMINGHAM, Ala.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Birmingham Rod and Gun Club.

April 30-May 2.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual spring tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

May 5-6.—BEDFORD, Ind.—Annual tournament of the Bedford Rod and Gun Club. R. H. Braxton, Sec'y.

May 5-6.—ALGONA, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Algona Gun Club.

May 5-8.—NEW YORK.—Tournament of the American E. C. Powder Company; $2,000 added money.

May 12-15.—MEMPHIS, Tenn.—Tournament of the Memphis Gun Club. $2,000 added money.

May 13-14.—DAYTON, O.—Annual tournament of the Ohio Trap Shooters' League. Ed. Taylor, Sec'y.

May 19-22.—CINCINNATI, O.—Tournament of the Hazard Powder Co. R. S. Waddell, Agent.

May 20-24.—KANSAS CITY, Mo.—Nineteenth annual convention and tournament of the Missouri State Fish and Game Protective Association. J. H. Durkee, Sec'y.

May 23-24.—MISSOULA, Mont.—Annual tournament of the Montana State Sportsmen's Association, under the auspices of the Missoula Rod and Gun Club. Will Cave, Sec'y.

May 26-28.—FRANKFORT, Kan.—Annual tournament of the Kansas State Sportsmen's Association.

May 26-28.—INDIANAPOLIS, Ind.—Tournament of the Limited Gun Club; nobody barred; targets. Royal Robinson, Sec'y.

May 30.—CANAJOHARIE, N. Y.—Tournament of the Canajoharie Rod and Gun Club; targets. Chas. Weeks, Sec'y.

May 30-June 1.—MILWAUKEE, Wis.—Eleventh annual tournament of the South Side Gun Club.

June 1-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Twenty-second annual tournament of the Illinois State Sportsmen's Association. H. B. Meyers, Sec'y.

June 3-4.—NATCHEZ, Miss.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Gulliard Sporting Club.

June 8-13.—BUFFALO, N. Y.—Thirty-eighth annual tournament of the New York State Association for the Protection of Fish and Game, under the auspices of the Audubon Gun Club. E. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 9-11.—DAVENPORT, Ia.—Annual tournament of the Iowa State Sportsmen's Association. R. B. Cook, Sec'y.

June 10-11.—FARGO, N. D.—Second annual tournament of the North Dakota State Sportsmen's Association; targets; $500 added money. W. W. Smith, Sec'y.

June 17-19.—CLEVELAND, O.—Third annual tournament of the Chamberlin Cartridge and Target Company. Targets thrown free; $770 in cash also added to the purses.

June 23-26.—PITTSBURG, Pa.—Tournament of the Pittsburg Gun Club; targets; $500 added money.

June 30-July 2.—WOPSONONOCK, Pa.—Fourth annual tournament of the Altoona Rod and Gun Club; targets. W. S. Bookwalter, Sec'y.

July 22-23.—PORTLAND, Me.—Interstate Association's tournament, under the auspices of the Portland Gun Club.

July 30, 31.—GOSHEN, Ind.—Midsummer tournament of the Goshen Gun Club.

Aug. 4-6.—CHICAGO, Ill.—Tournament of the Du Pont Smokeless Powder Company. E. S. Rice, Mgr.

Aug. 26-27.—BURLINGTON, Vt.—Tournament of the Interstate Association, under the auspices of the Lake Side Rod and Gun Club.

Oct. 7-9.—NEWBURGH, N. Y.—Annual fall tournament of the West Newburgh Gun and Rifle Association; targets and live birds; added money announced later.

DRIVERS AND TWISTERS.

Club secretaries are invited to send their scores for publication in these columns, also any news notes they may care to have printed. Ties in all events are considered as divided unless otherwise reported. Mail all such matter to Forest and Stream Publishing Company, 318 Broadway, New York.

We have received the following communication in regard to the Wollaston (Mass.) Gun Club: "They have a live lot of shooters out at Wollaston, Mass., one of Boston's interesting suburbs, and most of them are banded together in an organization known as the Wollaston Gun Club. At the club's last meeting it voted to put up as prizes three badges for club members to shoot for during the present year. The first badge, to be made of silver, is to be won by members shooting a score of 15 out of 25 bluerocks; second badge, to be made of silver of a more elaborate design, to be won on a score of 20 out of 25; third badge, to be made of solid gold, to be won by those making a clean score of 25 straight. It also decided to join the State Shooting Association and to enlarge the club house. The Wollaston Club shoots regularly every Saturday afternoon, and has a membership at the present time of thirty shooters."

Neaf Apgar and Charlie Hebbard will hold a three days' tournament on the grounds of the Elizabeth (N. J.) Gun Club on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, March 31–April 2. All the events will be at empire targets. The above gentlemen will be assisted by W. R. Hobart, secretary of the N. J. Trap-Shooters' League, and Wm. H. Parker, of the Elizabeth Gun Club. A quartette like the above ought to make any tournament a success. The Elizabeth Gun Club grounds are among those most convenient of access to this city, and the arrangements are of the best. As this tournament is set for the week after the Grand American Handicap, it is thought a good number of the participants of the latter will take part in the Elizabeth affair. New York is quite a good place to see the sights between the dates of the two tournaments, and New York is less than an hour's ride from Elizabeth.

The Pittsburg, Pa., Gun Club's tournament on June 23–26 is a certainty and the $500 added money is also a go. In Pittsburg a tournament is always a success, and this one should be better than any of its predecessors for various reasons, some of which are: The added money, a larger amount than has ever been added at a tournament in the Smoky City, and the fact that this shoot will follow right on the heels of Paul North's Chamberlain tournament, thus making it a nice steppingstone on the way home for many of the boys who have been on the circuit. Another, and a good fat reason, is that the Pittsburg Gun Club can boast of such members as Old Hoss and Jim Crow. A visit to Pittsburg, a few days' target shooting and a few days in company with the above two gentlemen, are inducements that will probably draw even Dutchy Smith from his roost in Plainfield, N. J.

W. R. Hobart, secretary of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League, writes as follows:

"The prize committee of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League reports that they have received the following donations: A $25 gold badge from W. Fred Quimby, and through the same gentleman one $15 gold badge from the E. C. Powder Company, and one Smith hammerless gun from Hunter Arms Company. Besides the above Louis H. Schortemeier, secretary of numerous gun clubs, donates cigars, and Charles Smith, known the country through by his *nomme de fusil* of Dutchy, contributes a handsome prize. Future donations will be duly reported."

The Boston Shooting Association, of Boston, Mass., held its annual election of officers on Feb. 6. The day had been selected as the one on which the annual shoot and dinner, as well as election of officers, should take place; but owing to the severity of the weather, the day being the worst of the season, the shoot was postponed until Friday, Feb. 14. The officers elected on Feb. 6 were: President, Capt. E. B. Wadsworth; Vice-President, Wm. Pray; Secretary, W. A. Sanborn; Treasurer, Chas. A. Ellsworth; Captain, Orrin R. Dickey; Executive Committee: D. R. Melcher, A. W. Gore and the above list of officers.

Dr. Wm. H. Steele, of Forest City, Ia., writes us under date of Feb. 6 as follows: "Last Tuesday evening a large number of our most prominent business and professional men gathered in one of the down town offices and entered into a great conspiracy to smash Eastern made crockery during the close season on game. The organization is to be known as the Hill City Gun Club, and starts out with twenty-two live, paid up, would-be shooters. Manufacturers of targets, traps, ammunition, etc., will confer a favor by mailing me catalogues and price lists."

Owing to the press of shooting fixtures that occur during the week of Feb. 23–29, the South Side Gun Club, of Newark, N. J., has decided to hold its 100-target handicap race on Feb. 19 instead of Feb. 26, as previously announced. This race will be at unknown angles, $5 entrance, the event being shot off in four 25 target events, with an optional sweep on each 25; targets are 2 cents each, and will be charged for extra, as in all such events. Entries close after the 25th round has been completed, and the event is announced for 10 A. M. sharp. Billy Hobart will run the shoot and see that everybody gets what's coming to him.

The return match between the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., and the New Utrecht Gun Club, of Long Island, takes place this afternoon, February 15, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Club. Sweepstake shooting commences at 10 A. M.; this means that the boys will have a chance to get all the shooting they want before and after the team race, and also enjoy one of those excellent lunches provided by the lady who looks after that part of the Boiling Springs entertainments. Given fine weather there will be over 40 shooters facing the traps in the team race.

The most favorable opinions have been expressed in our hearing in regard to the division of the moneys in the Grand American Handicap. The idea of splitting up the purse into more moneys seems to have caught the shooting public. It begins to look as if there'll be over 70 entries, in which case there'll be a good surplus to divide. The miss-and-out set of traps will catch a good many also. The Grand American week of 1896 ought to be a hummer; all it needs is good weather.

The E. C. tournament will be held after all on the Guttenburg race track, a place easily reached from the center of New York City by ferry and trolley car. Elmer Shaner was enraptured when he first saw the race track, saying it was one of the best places for holding a target tournament that he had ever seen. We have not seen it, but take Elmer's word for it that it is as he represented; he knows what is required for the holding of such an affair as the E. C. tournament will be, and his judgment on such matters is pretty good!

The Altoona, Pa., Rod and Gun Club announces that it will hold a tournament on June 30–July 2. Those dates place it in the week following the Pittsburg shoot above alluded to, and as the Altoona boys tell us that they are going to make some special attractions to keep the shooters in western Pennsylvania for a day or two, the Wopsy tournament of 1896 should not be missed when it comes to scanning over the list of fixtures.

At the Elliott-Morfey match at Willard Park, on Saturday, Feb. 8, Frank Class offered to back Jim Elliott against Brewer for any sum from $250 to $1,000 a side; Brewer accepted the offer, naming $1,000 a side as the sum he wanted to shoot for, and offered to put up $50 as forfeit. Elliott refused to shoot Brewer under any conditions, so nothing resulted but the usual sighing of the wind that seems the inevitable accompaniment of such offers and challenges.

"Airy Lou Hart"—that is, Lou Erhardt, of Atchison, Kansas—has sent us by a late mail an advance notice of his great shoot, which takes place April 14–17. Erhardt's circular deserves a more extended notice than we can give it in this week's issue; it is therefore held over until our issue of Feb. 22. His programmes will be ready for distribution on March 1.

A new gun club has been organized at Boonton, N. J., under the title of the Boonton Gun Club. The officers are: President, Lewis Van Duyne; Vice-President, Wilbert Garrison; Secretary, C. E. Banta; Treasurer, D. R. Conklin; Captain, A. J. Neafie. The club holds its initial shoot at live birds on Feb. 22.

Anybody who thinks that target-shooting is on the down grade is very much mistaken. The best indications of the growth of this sport in popularity are the organization of new gun clubs every week, and the statements of officials of both the great target companies, bluerock and empire, that it is taking them all their time to keep up with their orders.

Dispatches from Monte Carlo show that the Grand Prix was won by a shooter whose name is given as Galfon. There were 102 competitors and only four rounds were decided on the first day, Feb. 5. Mr. Dolan was unfortunate enough to lose 3 out of his 4 birds, H. J. Roberts losing 2 out of the same number.

Elliott defeated Morfey on Saturday last, Feb. 8, by killing 91 to 87 killed by Morfey. We had looked for a different termination to the match, but Elliott's final run of 48 straight was the thing that upset our calculations.

The Maplewood Gun Club, of Maplewood, N. J., has elected the following list of officers for 1896: President, J. Warren Smith; Treasurer, T. W. Smith; Recording Secretary, Walter G. Laidlaw; Corresponding Secretary, O. L. Yeomans; Manager, D. W. Van Iderstine; Captain, W. N. Drake.

As an outcome of the Elliott-Morfey match, Smith Hill, of Paterson, N. J., will shoot Morfey a match on Feb. 22, at Willard Park. The conditions are 50 birds, $150 a side; both men are said to have posted a forfeit.

Paul North says he is expecting to have a very big shoot at Cleveland next June and adds that they are well fixed in that city to look after everybody who attends the Chamberlin tournament of 1896.

The first monthly contest of the New Jersey Trap-Shooters' League for 1896 will be held at Dunellen, N. J., on the grounds of the Dunellen Gun Club, on Thursday, Feb. 27. The league team race is set for 2 P. M.

It is now stated that Class and Brewer are to shoot a race, Class standing at 30yds. and Brewer at 33yds. We are told that a forfeit is up and that the match is booked for Dexter Park, Friday, Feb. 21. Next!

J. H. Mackie, secretary of the King's Smokeless Gun Club, Madisonville, O., writes us that his club will give a tournament some time during the coming spring.

The Forrester Gun Club, of Davenport, Ia., announces that its tournament on Feb. 27–28 (a change in dates by the way) will be "open to amateurs only."

The Bedford, Ind., Rod and Gun Club announces a tournament, "open to all comers," on May 5–6. EDWARD BANKS.

FEB. 11.

Boston Gun Club.

BOSTON, Mass., Feb. 5.—It speaks well for the fascination of trap-shooting that 17 shooters gathered for practice at the Boston Gun Club's grounds at Wellington this afternoon. Not but what the weather conditions might have been worse, as indeed the following day showed, yet the conditions were such as to prevent the attendance of all but sloppy weather enthusiasts. When it did not rain it snowed, and new practice in sighting the gun was afforded by the multiplying by raindrops the original bead. The prize totals contained some surprises and show well the ups and downs of life. The top-notchers of last week graced the foot of the list to-day, and one must agree with the feminine remark that "it saves purchasing new hats; evidences of swelled heads are not so liable." The high score, 18, was a most creditable one to make, and Mr. Sheffield was accorded full honors; 1,400 targets were thrown, and three straights of 10 were equally shared by Leverett, Howard and Horace. Summary below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20
Targets:	10	10	5	10	10	10	10	6	5	10	6	10	5	6	10	10	10	10	5	10
Leverett (17)	5	6	3	9	6	9	8	3	3	7	1	9	3	1	10	6	4	4	..	..
Howard (17)	8	6	2	9	8	8	9	2	2	10	..	7	3	4	8	7	7	9	..	..
Blake (16)	8	8	..	6	..	6	8	2	1	9	3	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Bates (16)	8	8	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Sewall (16)	..	..	..	4	4	4	3	3	1	1	2	6	3	3	4	4	6	4	5	6
Miskay (17)	..	..	..	8	8	6	..	4	3	8	3	5	3	2	6	8	8	8	2	7
Sawyer (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	1	5	3	6	3	1	6	8	9	8	..	..
Horace (14)	..	..	..	..	..	..	8	4	..	7	..	10	3	4	5	..	..	..	3	..
Gordon (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	2	9	5	9	5	2	8	..	..	..	..	..
Brown (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	4	6	2	4	4	2	7	3	..	..	..	..
Sheffield (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	3	7	4	9	5	4	9	5	7	6	3	8
Williams (15)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	..	8	4	4	..	..	..	..	1	..
Block (28)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
Darke (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	1	2	6	2	4	..	..	..
Wildman (16)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	3	2	5	8	5	5	2	..
Gleason (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	8	1	7	6	..	7	..	..
Parker (17)	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	9	3	3	..	..	..	..	3	8

No. 16 was known angles reversed; Nos. 9, 13 and 19 at unknown traps; Nos. 8, 11 and 14 at pairs; balance of events at known angles. Nos. 12, 13 and 14 composed prize contest and scores were as follows: Sheffield 18, Horace 17, Gordon 16, Williams 16, Parker 15, Howard 14, Leverett 13, Gleason 13, Sewall 12, Wildman 12, Sawyer 10, Brown 10, Miskay 10, Darke 8.

Trap at Watson's Park.

CHICAGO, Ill., Jan. 31.—Oswald von Lengerke shot a couple of races at live birds to-day, each shoot being at 25 birds per man, loser paying for his birds. The first was with W. N. Morgan, who beat Von Lengerke by 1 bird, scoring 22 to 21. In the second match Von Lengerke did some good work, scoring 24 to his opponent's, J. T. Glover's, 21. The full scores were:

No. 1:

W N Morgan..........1222022011122121121122022—22
O von Lengerke..........2222222222021012111001112—21

No. 2:

O von Lengerke..........2101212222112211111221211—24
J T Glover..........0012012222021112222221122—21

Feb. 1.—To-day several gentlemen shot at targets and live birds for practice. The target scores were: Powers 24 out of 30, and 18 out of 20; Goodwin 20 out of 30. Shooting at 20 targets the following scores were made: Hicks 20, Shaw 17, Kuss 16 and Palmer 13; the same parties shooting at 15 pairs broke as follows: Shaw 24, Hicks 24, Kuss 23, Palmer 20.

The live-bird scores were as below: No. 5 was a 10-bird race between Kuss and S. Palmer, both tied on 8 out of 10. They agreed to shoot it off at 5 birds; they tied again, both men killing straight. To settle it they next shot off miss-and-out, Kuss winning on the second round.

Scores:

Dr Shaw...21021121011111020211—16 S Palmer..21122212001111001100—14
Dr Shaw...11010112111211222120—17 T Hicks...20121111111101111221—18
R Kuss....11101121021101011221—16 Lindberg..2110010121010120101011222—17
R Kuss....12101002111110110012—14

Sweeps:

	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Tie.	Tie.
R Kuss	11121—5	02111—4	10111—4	2101101111—8	12211—5	21—2
S Palmer	10012—3	01102—3	21021—4	1210111101—8	21122—5	10—1
Dr Shaw	11112—5	11122—5	11212—5	....	.....	..
H Wesley	11102—4	.....	.....	....	.....	..
T Hicks	12222—5	.....	.....	....	.....	..

RAVELRIGG.

Pennsylvania Spring Chickens.

BEAVER FALLS, Pa., Feb. 4.—At the annual meeting of the Spring Chicken Gun Club, held on Jan. 8, the following officers were elected for 1896: President, D. R. Wilkinson; Vice-President, B. E. Suris; Secretary-Treasurer, H. W. Nair; Captain, H. W. Nair. The Board of Directors is: Wilkinson, Suris and Nair. The Chickens are still able to scratch, and are just as eager to catch the festive bluerock with a charge of No. 8 shot as ever. Some of the boys are doing a little shooting at live birds and make some good scores.

D. C. Braden, the one-armed champion of western Pennsylvania, has arranged a match with W. S. Canon, the one-armed crack of Newark, N. J., for Feb. 22, 50 live birds at $250 a side; shoot to take place in the Beaver Fair grounds. It is a magnificent place to shoot at live birds. We anticipate a good shoot, as both men are good ones, and it will be hard to name the winner until the match is shot out. Braden and Canon shot a match at Hummelstown last September, Braden winning by 3 birds, if I remember rightly. Braden's right arm is off at the shoulder and he shoots left-handed of course. It is wonderful how he can handle a gun, and is generally among the winners at targets or live birds. BAD SHOT.

The Dexter Park Handicap.

FEB. 10.—The handicap live-bird shoot at Dexter Park, postponed from Feb. 6, was brought off to-day with an entry list of 20. The birds were a good lot and were helped by the strong northwest wind that blew during the day. W. G. Clark won first money with 23, Aaron Woodruff, Eddie Hill and James Timmons dividing second money with 22 each. Brewer, Class and W. H. Lair divided third on 21; Dutchy Smith, Dick Phister, F. Van Dyke and G. H. Thompson splitting up the fourth money.

The conditions of the shoot were: 25 live birds per man, handicap rise, $10 entry, birds extra, $40 added to the purse, four moneys. The scores were:

W G Clark (30)......23
E Hill (30)..........22
J Timmons (27)......22
A Woodruff (30).....22
J L Brewer (31).....21
F Class (31).........21
W H Lair (27)......21
R Phister (29).......20
Dutchy Smith (29)..20
G H Thompson (27).20
F Van Dyke (29).....20
Scott Terry (28).....19
F W Pfaender (27)..19
C Zwirlein (30).....18
G H Menjies (28)....18
Dr Little (27)........18
J A R Elliott (31)...16
E F Ward (29)......16
Dr Hudson (27).....15
E Halpin (27).......15

Meadville Gun Club.

MEADVILLE, Pa., Feb. 5.—The following scores were made by members of the Meadville Gun Club:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Krider	1111111111111011111111110—23	....
Prenatt	1011011111101111111111110—21	0111001111101111011101110—18
H A Johnson	1011111111111101011011111—21	1111111111011111101111111—23
Reisinger	1101100110101110001110010—14	1111111111011111101010100—19
Hayes	1111011111111111101111111—23	1111111101110110111111101—21
Aff'ntranger	0101110111111111110111111—21	1100110110110111011011111—18
Baker	1010000100111101001000011—11	....
Stein	0111111001111101011111111—20	....

No. 3 was at 5 pairs, the following being the scores: Prenatt and Krider 8, H. A. Johnson and Stein 7, E. L. Affantranger 4. CHOKE BORE.

Trap Around Pittsburg.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Feb. 6.—A large number of Pittsburgers left their dollars in Washington, Pa. to-day, the cause being their faith in Alex. King's ability to defeat Dr. E. M. Cundall, of Washington, in a 100-bird race. After a close and most exciting race from start to finish, Cundall won by just two birds. Elmer Shaner officiated as referee. The weather was very bad, but the birds were excellent, the wind sending them away from the traps very fast.

At the end of the first 25 the score was a tie with 22 everybody; the close of the 50th round saw Cundall one ahead, the scores standing 46–45 in his favor. By some excellent work King gained one bird on his opponent in the third 25, scoring 24 to his 23, the totals at the end of the 75th round showing each man with 69 to his credit. Both men missed their 76th birds, King also losing his 81st putting Cundall one ahead again. Then they both lost their 83d birds, the positions being unchanged. King lost his 89th and Cundall's 90th fell dead out of bounds; so with only 10 more to shoot at, the Washington man had still a lead of one. King made this two by letting his 92d get away from him, but Cundall put it back to one again by losing his 94th. King's friends felt the cold very severely when his 95th and 98th birds fell dead out of bounds, placing Cundall three in the lead; the loss of Cundall's 100th bird did not affect the result of the match, only reducing his lead to two. Out of the series of 25 birds, King scored 18 to Cundall's 20, quite a falling off in form on the part of both men.

Some good runs were made by both men. King leading with 37 and 12. Cundall's high runs were: 21, 16, 15 and 11. Scores:

Trap Score Type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

A H King.......
↓↙←↖↑↗↖↖↙←→↑↑↗↑↖←↑↖↑↑↓↖→↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22
↓←↑↖←↓←↖↗↙↓↓←←↑↑↖↖↗↗↓↑↓↑↓
0 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23
↓↑⤴↗↰↓←↓⤴↓↑↓↖↑↗⤴⤴←⤴↖⤴⤴←↑↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2—24
↖↑↗↑↖←↙←↑⤴←⤴↖↖↑←←↖↑←↑←↑↑⤴
0 2 2 2 2 0 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 • 2 2 • 2 2—18—87

Dr E M Cundall.
↑↓←↙↑↓↓↙↗←←↖↖↖←↖↖→↑↑←↖→←↑
2 1 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2 1 0 0 2 1 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2—22
↖↑↑←↙←↖←↓↑↖←←↙↖↗←↖↑↖↗←←↗↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 • 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—24
↓↓←↗⤴←⤴↓↗←↓↑↖⤴↗↓←⤴↑↖←↖↗↗↙
1 • 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—23
↑↓↖←⤴↖↑↓↖↓←⤴←↖↑⤴↑↙←←←↖←←↖
0 2 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 1 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 1 0 2 1 1 1 2 0—20—89

West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa.

WE have received a circular from the West End Gun Club, of Ottumwa, Ia., signed by L. T. Crisman, J. D. Van Eman and J. W. Hedrick, three members of that club, and containing a description of a tournament proposed to be given by the club on Feb. 24 and 25, together with the suggested programme, to be shot on those two days. As we think it is matter that will afford food for thought on the part of all trap-shooters—particularly those directly interested in the running of tournaments—we give the following extracts from the circular:

"The undersigned, members of the Ottumwa West End Gun Club, have been amateur trap-shooters for a few years. We have attended tournaments at several places in this and adjoining States, and always with more or less satisfaction as far as good fellowship and sociability were concerned, but in every case with a lessened opinion of the cheap, low money, 10-bird, $1 entrance, and 15-bird, $1.50 contests, of which 90 per cent. of the tournaments of the country have been made up. This being the case, we have decided to make an effort to hold a shoot on Feb. 24 and 25 on a somewhat larger scale. On the back of this sheet will be found a programme as we have decided to make it, and hope it will meet with your approval. We are aware that these higher entrance fees will bar a good many amateurs, but we certainly hope to make this back by securing the attendance of more good shooters. Good shooting and a good time is what we are after. We urgently invite you to come and shoot with us; also to send one of the inclosed programmes to each of your shooting friends, whose name and address we may not have. We want not less than twenty men. Five traps, electric pulls, 20-bird shoots, divided 3 moneys. The 50 and 100-bird shoots, 4 moneys."

The programme contains seven events each day. Four of the seven events are 20-target events at unknown angles, $2.50 entrance; two are 20-target events at traps pulled in reversed order, $2.50 entrance. On Feb. 24 there is also a 50-target race, unknown angles, $5 entrance, and on Feb. 25 a 100-target race, also unknown angles, $10 entrance. As a warming-up event, each day starts with a 10-target affair, free to all, the low score in this event taking a leather medal that has to be worn by the winner for the balance of the day. The programme is a novel one, and it will be of interest to see how it turns out.

Bayside Gun Club.

KEYPORT, N. Y., Feb. 5.—The Bayside Gun Club, of this place, held its regular club shoot to-day. Wm. Watts scored his second win in the badge shoot with a score of 22. It was a very dark day, with a lowering sky, making a very poor light for target shooting, the result being that many of the shooters fell way below their averages. From to-day the club will hold its badge shoots on the first Wednesday and third Tuesday of every month. Below is the score in to-day's shoot, the conditions being known traps and angles:

Wm Watts..........1101011011111111111111111—22
D W Walling..........1111111011011111111001101—20
J Vigne..........1111111101110101100011111—19
W H Perrine..........1101111110111110111001011—19
A Carhart..........1001110110111100111111100—17
G G Hoagland..........1101111110101010011011101—17
J Crammer..........1000110011111111101001011—16
C Ackerson..........1100011001110111001110011—15
D A Heyer..........0100011101001110010111011—14
H E Ackerson, Jr..........1001110011011010000111011—14
J Aumack..........1010111101011010110100100—14
E Seabrook, Jr..........0110011111111011100000100—14
Mark Brower..........1001110110000100110011O1—13
Wm Maurer..........1000011100110101101011001—13
Arthur Thorne..........1000000100111110001001111—12
Jas T Walling..........1110001101101000000110100—11
Thos Compton..........0011110100100001000001111—11
Chas Covert..........1010000010011001100001101—10
H Bauer..........0111010010000000110100101—10
L B Walling..........1100001100110101010000100—10
Chas Grossinger..........0100100000010101101000110— 9
W B Walling..........0101010000010100001100010— 8
Wm Brower..........1110000000101010000000100— 7
J H Fitzgerald..........001010001000010101 00w

WIDGEON.

WESTERN TRAPS.

THE GUN TRADE.

CHICAGO, Ill., Feb. 8.—Mr. C. E. Willard, of the Colt Company, Hartford, and Mr. S. A. Tucker, of the Parker Gun, are both in town this week. Mr. Tucker starts on his Coast trip soon. Mr. Willard goes to St. Louis and thence returns East.

NORTH DAKOTA.

Reports from Fargo state there is great local enthusiasm in the arrangements for the State shoot next June. The Dakota men expect "the largest tournament ever held west of St. Paul."

MEMPHIS.

Report from a prominent member of the Memphis, Tenn., Gun Club states that the Memphis Gun Club has begun preparing for the host of shooters who will take part in the May tournament. At a recent meeting of the club a new tournament committee was elected, consisting of Irby Bennett, Chairman; T. A. Divine, J. C. Neeley, F. P. Poston and A. B. Duncan. Divine refused to serve again as chairman of the committee. The club has secured new grounds and will erect club house and make other improvements that will render the whole nearly perfect for the purpose. The ground secured is 600×800ft., and a set of five live-bird traps have been put up. Although the appointments will not be complete, the grounds will be thrown open the 21st inst., and a grand live-bird handicap, for amateurs only, will be contested. The following day—22d—will be devoted to targets. The Memphis men expect thirty or forty shooters from adjoining States.

CHICAGO.

John Watson says that shooting matters were never so quiet at his park as they are this winter. It does not pay to run a pigeon park when there are no pigeon shooters. Nothing promised but the Gilbert-Avery match Feb. 22. We would almost welcome Jimmy Elliott, or even Jack Brewer or Dr. Carver, if they would come and make a few bluffs at $10,000 matches. We wouldn't call any bluffs, probably, but we would like to hear them for the sake of auld lang syne. The safe door of the Chicago shooters swings idly in the wind. Will no kind enemy come here and jog things up a bit? The monotony is awful. E. HOUGH.

909 SECURITY BUILDING, Chicago.

In New Jersey.

ENDEAVOR GUN CLUB.

Feb. 1.—In spite of the heavy fog and drizzling rain a few members of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, went out to Marion to break a few targets. Eight events in all were shot, the scores being as below:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*10*	*10*	*10*	*25*	*10*	*10*	*15*
Corson	9	6	9	9	22	8	3	12
Ingram	8	6	7	8	17	6	8	16
G Piercy	9	9	6	7	22	7	7	14
L Piercy	10	7	..	..	19	..	..	..
Eames	..	..	6	9	..	..	..	..

UNION GUN CLUB.

Feb. 5.—Owing to the disagreeable conditions of the weather only a few members of the Union Gun Club, of Springfield, N. J., have so far faced the traps in the monthly contests for club prizes. Below are the names of those who have attended the two shoots held thus far in '96, together with the records made:

January Scores.

E D Miller (A)..........111111111111111111111111111111—30
Dr T J Jackson (A)..........111111111101111110011110110111—25
R S Willard (A)..........111111111010100111111101011111—24
J Bryant (B)..........100001001111111111111010111110—21
W Sprague (B)..........110111011111110101001000010101—18

February Scores.

E D Miller (A)..........101111001111110111111111111111—25
Dr Jackson (A)..........111101101111111101111111110001110—22
J Bryant (B)..........111111011110011111010011101000—20

E. D. Miller, Sec'y.

AT THE CARTERET CLUB.

Feb. 5.—To-day was originally set as the day on which the second Knapp cup contest was to take place; shooting to commence on the arrival of the 10 A. M. train from New York. The only members of the club that put in an appearance on that train were Capt. A. W. Money, Fred Hoey and Louis Duryea. The conditions of the contest are: 50 live birds per man, $50 entrance for men on the 29yds. mark and back, optional $50 or $25 entrance for men forward of the 29yds. mark; five entries or no contest. The last clause put a stopper on the shoot for to-day It did not prevent a great day's sport, however, because the three shooters above named, reinforced at 2 P. M. by Work, Knapp, Lent and McAlpin, managed to shoot at 539 birds before the guns had to be hurriedly packed up in order that the 5:29 P. M. train might be connected with at the West Eighth street station, C. of N. J. R. R. Including byes and no birds there must have been very little short of 600 birds trapped on the Carteret grounds between 11 A. M. and 5:10 P. M. This was very good work, particularly as there was no hurry during the first three hours, an excellent lunch also taking a good slice out of a half hour.

The weather was dull, with very little wind to aid the birds. On dark birds there was very little to complain of, the snow making a nice diffused light, and when birds flew low showing them up like crows. On light birds and mud-colored ones, of which there were altogether too many for such a day, the background was most trying. With birds so mixed in color, injustice was bound to be done to a shooter now and then; luck was too strong an element for short sweepstake shooting. A notable case of this kind occurred in the sixth event; it was a 10-bird sweep, $10 entrance. The three shooters tied on 9 each, and then shot off miss-and-out. Hoey's 5th tie bird was a pure white one from No. 1 that left the trap very fast and low, skimming over the snow, which it resembled very closely in color. Hoey hit it very hard with the first barrel, but a little too far back; he was unable to locate it accurately with his second, the bird going out of bounds over the left field fence, becoming the property of a boy who was on the lookout for just such snaps. Duryea and Money both drew easy dark-colored birds in the same round, and had no difficulty in dividing up Hoey's $10.

The most interesting part of an interesting day's sport was the return to his best form on the part of Capt. Money. The captain had lost his grip apparently about a year ago and it looked as if he was never going to find it; to-day settled all disputes on that point; he was right in it from the time he fired at his 7th bird, scoring 123 out of his last 131. It is true that he drew a lot of easy birds at times, but he also killed his hard ones in good quick time and used his second barrel on incoming birds with his usual good judgment and accuracy. To say that Capt. Money was tickled with his shooting hardly expresses it; any way he was justified in feeling good over it. He was in for part of pretty nearly every pot with a regularity that grew so monotonous that Fred Hoey straightaway revived the nickname of "Old Cinch," a soubriquet earned by the captain when he first came to this country on account of the regularity with which he won his matches and bets.

Duryea started off well, making a run of 25 straight; then he struck bad luck for the remainder of the day, losing 9 birds dead out of bounds, and like Hoey, losing them just at the wrong time. He was shooting again as well as ever when the time came for quitting. Hoey was not in form at all; in fact he has never shot as well since he came back from Europe as he did before he went there. It is his first barrel that seems to us to be wrong, while time and time again he throws away his second when it would have done him a lot of good. Luck in the matter of birds also seems to pursue him at the Carteret grounds; he and Stafford appear to draw the pick of the crate right along. To-day he drew what seemed to us to be the two best birds of the day; one was the bird in No. 6 referred to above, the other was his 18th bird in No. 4; it was a black bird that sprang straight up into the air and kept climbing up until Hoey had fired his second barrel, when it flew back over the house and lit out for the Statue of Liberty at the rate of speed never attained by the Empire State Express. Hoey called that bird bad names with impunity; it was miles away before he could think of an epithet that could be suitably applied to a bird of that kind.

Of those who came down in the afternoon Knapp did the best work, but shot at the fewest number of birds, leaving early to catch a train for the city. Lent made a good run of 28 straight, besides killing 11 straight in a miss-and-out, No. 11; his handicap distance is very light, but he is too erratic a shooter to be put much further back. Work was shooting a new Purdey that he bought from Charles Macalester; it is a hammer gun, something that is uncommon at shoots nowadays, especially in the East. He made one nice run of 19 straight, but his percentage was the lowest made during the day. McAlpin was unlucky from the start; he lost his first bird in both Nos. 11 and 12, miss-and-outs, having to sit down and wait for the others to fall out; both his birds fell dead out of bounds. In No. 13 he had only to kill his sixth bird to tie Work for first money; he called "Pull," but the apparatus wouldn't work; after it had been apparently made all right he called "Pull" once more; again it would not work; the third time he called "Pull," after a short time had been spent in fixing the apparatus, No. 4 trap opened and a twisting driver jumped forth and made for Newark Bay and safety—lost bird. It was a case of sheer hard luck.

A funny thing happened in the 3d round of No. 16: Capt. Money was at the score and drew a right-quarterer from No. 1 trap that was clean missed with the first barrel; as the bird showed symptoms of lighting Money did not fire at it, expecting to make sure of it with his second on the ground; the bird did light, but when it did so it hid behind No. 5 trap and refused to come out for a long time, keeping the shooter on the *qui vive*, with his gun to his shoulder. John Hoey was the referee, and after the bird had been scored the question was asked him, "What could have been done had the bird refused to come out from behind the trap?" He said that although there was nothing in the rules governing such a case, in his opinion, under the circumstances, if a balk was claimed it should be allowed, the shooter shooting at another bird with the use of both barrels. Such a decision seems to us to be perfectly fair and just to everybody. The result of each event is given in detail below:

No. 1 was a 5-bird sweep, $5; Duryea won it with a straight score. No. 2 was a 10-bird match between Duryea and Hoey, $10 a corner, Money shooting along for practice; Duryea again went straight and won the $10. No. 3 was a 10-bird match between Duryea and Capt. Money, $10 a side, under the following conditions, both at 31yds., Money getting a miss as a no bird; both tied on 10 straight, and Money refused to shoot off on even terms, that is, without an allowance, so the stakes were drawn down. No. 4 was a 20-bird sweep, optional $20 or $10 entrance: Money won with 19 out of 20. No. 5 was a 10-bird, $10, match between Duryea and Hoey; Duryea won with 9 out of 10. No. 6 was a similar race, three-cornered; all tied on 9 out of 10; shooting off miss-and-out, Money and Duryea divided on the 5th round of the ties. No. 7 was another race of the same nature; Hoey and Money divided with 9 out of 10, also dividing No. 8, which was another 10-bird sweep. The three then started on No. 9; this was to be the same as No. 9; at the end of the third round, Work, Knapp and Lent having arrived, the sweep was carried along into No. 10 and part of No. 11, making it a 10-bird race; Money won the purse alone. No. 10 was 5 birds, $5; Money again took first, Duryea, Hoey and Knapp tieing for the second money and deciding the tie in No. 11, when Knapp took it, Duryea losing his 11th bird. Money again came to the front in No. 11, a $5 miss-and out, winning first with 12 straight, Lent and Knapp losing their 12th birds, Knapp's bird falling dead out of bounds. No. 12 was also a $5 miss-and-out, as were all the events shot after this one. Work and Money divided the pot in No. 12; Work won first in No. 13, Knapp and McAlpin tieing for second money. No. 14 was divided by Hoey and Lent on 10 straight, Work losing his 10th bird dead out of bounds. Money and Lent divided No. 15 by killing 11 straight, McAlpin dropping his 11th bird. No. 16 was divided between McAlpin and Hoey, Hoey and Duryea dividing the next event, No. 17. Duryea and Money divided No. 18, the last event of the day, with 8 straight, Hoey staying in until the 8th round.

The long runs made during the day were: Money, 30, 27, 18, 15 and 14; Duryea, 25, 13, 12, 12 and 10; Lent, 28 and 11; Hoey, 19 and 12; Work, 19; Knapp, 10; McAlpin, 10. Following are the total scores for the day: Money, 126 out of 137; Hoey, 118 out of 131; Duryea, 99 out of 116; Knapp, 23 out of 27; Lent, 45 out of 53; McAlpin, 25 out of 30; Work, 37 out of 45.

The traps were pulled as follows, No. 4 being pulled many more times than its average:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	Total.
Hoey	27	22	17	35	30	131
Duryea	18	25	16	38	19	116
Money	27	22	27	35	26	137
Work	10	7	6	15	7	45
Lent	10	13	12	12	6	53
Knapp	6	10	2	5	4	27
McAlpin	4	6	5	10	5	30
	102	115	85	150	87	539

Scores in full detail are below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
F Hoey (31)	3 2 1 2 4 →→⟷⤵⤵ • 2 2 1 2—4	5 2 5 3 5 1 1 5 5 ↰↖↗→↑↱⟷↘ 2 • 2 1 2 2 2 • 1—7	....
L Duryea (31)	3 1 4 5 5 ↑↑↰↖→ 2 2 2 2 1—5	2 3 3 5 1 2 4 4 5 ↖↗↰↖→↗↑↲↗ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 2—9	4 1 5 2 3 5 1 4 4 2 ⟵⟵↰↑→↖↖←↗← 1 1 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—10
Money (30)	3 1 2 3 4 ↗←↰↱→ 2 0 2 0 2—3	3 3 2 3 2 4 3 4 4 ↑→↲↑↖T↑↖→ 0 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1—8	2 1 5 2 1 2 3 2 3 5 ↑↑↖⤵↙↲↗↖↖ 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2—10

	No. 4.
Hoey	2 4 1 2 5 5 5 5 3 2 1 1 2 4 3 5 1 2 5 ↖←↱↘→⟵↕↑↰↙←↓↑↙↘↙T↖ 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2—17
Duryea	4 5 3 1 4 4 2 4 4 →↑→↰H↑↲↗↕ 2 • 1 2 1 0 2 0 0 w —5
Money	1 3 3 3 5 4 4 1 4 4 2 2 1 3 4 4 4 1 4 4 ↙↗↖⟷⟵↗←↖↰↑↗↙↑↑↳↑→↙→ 2 1 2 1 2 1 1 1 2 0 1 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 1—19

	No. 5.	No. 6.
Hoey	4 4 4 2 5 1 1 1 ↰↖↘↘↗↖↗→ 0 2 2 1 2 1 0 1 —6	4 4 3 5 4 3 5 5 4 4 4 4 4 3 1 ↑⤵↰←↰↖↘↖↖↕↑⤵⟵← 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 •—13
Duryea	4 4 4 3 3 4 1 2 5 4 ↗↕→⟵⟵⟶↖↘⤵ 1 0 2 1 1 1 1 2 2 1—9	4 3 3 5 4 4 5 3 2 5 2 4 2 4 5 →↖↖↗↗↖↑⟵⟶↰↗↑↑⤵ 2 1 • 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 2 1 2 2—14
Money	....	4 4 5 5 4 3 3 5 4 3 1 5 4 3 2 ↑↕H↑→H→⟵↗↗←↖↗↑← 2 2 1 1 1 2 2 2 0 1 1 1 2 2 1—14

	No. 7.	No. 8.	No. 9.
Hoey	4 4 4 2 5 4 2 3 2 4 ↖⟵↲→↗→→↗→T 1 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 2—9	2 2 1 1 4 1 2 2 3 1 ↙↖↑⟷↑⟷↱↙ 2 2 2 1 1 0 2 2 2 2—9	4 4 2 ↖↗→ 2 0 2—2
Money	4 4 4 4 4 3 4 5 2 5 2 ↖⤵→↳⟵⤵⟵↰↗ 0 2 1 2 1 1 2 2 2 1—9	3 1 5 2 5 4 1 2 2 3 ↑↘↓→⟵↰↖→↱↗ 1 2 1 2 1 1 0 1 1 2—9	5 2 5 ⟵↘ 2 1 1—3
Duryea	4 2 4 4 ↑⟵↱ • 2 1 • —2	2 2 5 1 2 2 ↖⟷↑→↗ 2 2 1 • 1 • —4	4 1 2 ↖↗→ 2 2 1—3

	No. 10.	No. 11.	No. 12.
Duryea (31)	4 5 1 5 4 ↑↑⤵↗↗ 2 2 0 2 2—4	2 4 4 2 4 2 1 5 2 3 1 ←↖→↰↗↑↑↗←↗↗ 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 2 2 1 0 —10	4 4 2 ←↗↖ 2 2 0 —2
Money (30)	3 4 1 1 4 →↖←↑→ 1 2 1 2 1—5	4 1 1 5 4 4 1 5 3 2 3 5 ⤵←↰←↖↑↗←⤵↖←↱ 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—12	3 4 5 5 ↘⤵H↗ 2 2 1 2—4
Hoey (31)	5 2 1 2 2 ↰↱⤵↖↱ 2 2 0 2 2—4	1 1 2 2 2 4 1 ↙←↖↑↗↰↰ 1 2 1 2 2 0 —6	2 4 4 4 ←↑↗↰ 2 2 2 0—3
Work (31)	4 3 1 2 ⤵↘↗↲ • 2 2 0 —2	2 1 1 3 ↑↑←↱ 2 2 2 • —3	4 4 4 4 ↑↖⟷ 2 2 2 2—4
Lent (26)	4 4 4 4 1 ↰↗H↖↑ 0 2 2 2 0—3	1 5 4 2 3 1 3 2 2 2 1 2 ↗→↖→↘↱↗↑→⟵↑↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 0—11	3 5 ↲↗ 2 • —1
Knapp (31)	4 2 5 4 4 ↱→↖↑↑ 2 2 2 2 0—4	2 5 5 2 1 1 3 1 2 3 2 4 →↖←↖⟵↰↗←↗↘↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 •—11	2 ↰ 0 —0
McAlpin (29)		3 ↖ • —0	4 ↕ • —0

	No. 13.	No. 14.
Duryea	3 1 5 ↖↑↰ 1 2 • —2	1 ⤵ • —0
Money	4 1 1 1 ↖↖→↖ 2 2 1 0 —3	3 2 1 ↖↖↖ 2 1 • —2
Hoey	4 2 1 ↗↲↑ 2 2 0 —2	3 2 2 3 2 2 3 5 4 5 2 ⟷↖↑→↑↖↕↖↖ 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 1—10
Work	4 1 2 1 3 1 ↖⟷→↓← 2 2 2 1 2 1—6	4 5 4 4 3 4 4 4 5 2 ↑↑↑↘↙↖↗↗↖← 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • —9
Lent	4 2 ↰← 2 • —1	1 3 2 3 1 4 1 2 4 1 ←↗⤵↙←↖↖←⤵↖ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—10
Knapp	5 4 1 2 2 2 ↖⟷→↰↖ 2 2 2 2 2 0—5	1 2 1 →⟷ 1 2 2 w —3
McAlpin	4 3 1 4 5 4 ↖↗↑↗↗↕ 2 2 2 2 1 0—5	2 2 2 1 ↗↖↗↖ 1 2 1 0 —3

No. 15:

Duryea	2 4 ↗⤵ 2 0 —1	Work	5 5 1 4 5 5 4 3 ↑↘↙→↲↰→↗ 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 0 —7
Money	1 5 5 5 2 2 3 5 4 4 1 ↖↓→↘→↰←↑↗↖↗ 2 1 2 1 1 2 1 2 1 1 1—11	Lent	3 3 2 3 3 4 3 3 2 5 2 ↑↕H↖←↖↑↰←↑← 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2—11
Hoey	2 4 3 ↖↰↗ 2 2 0 —2	McAlpin	5 2 4 2 1 5 3 3 4 4 5 →←↖↖←↖↱↲↗→↗ 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—10

	No. 16.	No. 17.	No. 18.
Duryea	4 1 2 3 1 3 4 ↑↗←↖←↘→ 2 2 1 2 1 1 •—6	1 3 4 3 1 ⤵↑↑⟵← 2 2 2 2 2—5	4 2 4 3 1 5 2 5 ↗↖⟷↘↲↖→ 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2—8
Money	4 1 1 5 ⟵⟶⤵ 2 2 2 • —3	1 3 1 2 ←↖↗↑ 2 2 1 • —3	1 5 4 5 1 3 5 5 ⟵↓↖⟵⟶↑ 1 1 2 2 2 1 1 2—8
Hoey	1 1 2 4 1 5 4 ↲←↖↰↙⟷ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—7	1 3 1 4 1 ↕⤵⤵⟷ 2 2 2 2 2—5	2 4 3 4 1 2 4 2 ←↑↓→↖↘↑ 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 0—7
Work	1 1 5 ↖→↗ 2 2 0 —2	2 4 2 3 2 →⟵↗↑ 2 2 2 2 0—4	1 ↖ 0 —0
Lent	4 1 3 4 2 5 ↖↑→↗←⤵ 2 2 2 2 2 0 —5	2 4 5 5 ←↗↙↗ 2 2 1 • —3	1 ← 0 —0
McAlpin	2 1 3 4 5 4 4 ↑↓↑↗↗⟶ 1 2 1 1 2 1 1—7	....	....

Edward Banks.

HILL WINS EASILY AT YARDVILLE.

Feb. 7.—The match between Eddie Hill, of Trenton, N. J., and A. W. Woods, of New York city, fixed for to-day at the Yardville, N. J., grounds, came off according to the schedule. The result was an easy victory for Hill, Woods withdrawing at the end of the 78th round. Scores:

A W Woods..........0222222022222221022222221—22
2200002222202222222222222—20
0222220222220022022222012—19
020w —1—62
E Hill..........1222222122122112022221211—24
2112221201220211022220222—20
2221221220022222211222212—23
22 —2—69

Charlie Zwirlein and John Rothacker shot a match at 15 birds for $15 a side, Zwirlein winning by one bird, as below:

J Rothacker..........122222012122022—13
C Zwirlein..........111122222102222—14

ENDEAVOR VERSUS BOILING SPRINGS.

Feb 8.—The return match between teams of the Endeavor Gun Club, of Jersey City, and the Boiling Springs Gun Club, of Rutherford, N. J., took place this afternoon on the grounds of the Endeavors, at Marion. The afternoon was dull and somewhat raw, not exactly favorable conditions for target shooting. A late start was made, no shooting being done until 2 P. M., but between that hour and 5:15 over 2,000 targets were thrown, Messrs. Strader, Creveling and Piercy keeping things moving when once a start was made. The targets were thrown very hard and low; the light, too, was very deceptive; so much so that straightaway after straightaway was permitted to go free, a large percentage of the lost targets being straightaways.

The main event, of course, was the team race, 10 men to a team. The first race between these two clubs took place on Saturday, Jan. 25, on the grounds of the Boiling Springs Club, the home club on that occasion winning by 7 breaks. In to-day's contest the tables were turned, the Endeavors winning by the small margin of 2 targets to the good. The closeness of the contest at the finish was most exciting, the tenth man on each team having to go out and shoot his 25 targets with the score a tie. These two were Carl von Lengerke and Neaf Apgar; Carl won for his team by breaking 24 out of 25 to Apgar's 22.

The first squad consisted of Collins, Greiff and McPeek, of the Endeavors, and McAlpin, Huck and Krebs, of the Boiling Springs. The trio from the home club led their opponents from Rutherford by 10 breaks, Collins going straight until he got to his 24th target; Huck was high for his team with 22. The next squad was: Edwards, Creveling and Corson for the Endeavors; Lenone, Simpson and Hebbard for the Boiling Springs. In this squad the Boiling Springs trio picked up 9 targets on the Endeavor men, breaking 56 to 47; this left the Endeavors with a margin of 1 to go on. The third squad was made up as follows: Piercy, Fletcher and Ingram for the Endeavors; Paul, Wise and James for the Boiling Springs team. The scoring in this squad was very even, the visiting trio breaking 52 to their opponents' 51, thus tieing the score with only one more man on each team to shoot. As stated above, Carl von Lengerke broke 24 to Apgar's 22 and won for the home team by 2 breaks. In this part of the team race occurred one of those peculiarities which everybody who has shot many targets at unknown angles will have noticed time and again: One man in a squad will go right down the line, getting straightaway after straightaway, while the man immediately behind him gets a rasping right-quarterer. Carl got a little the best of the targets, it is true, but he broke his hard ones just the same. We think the fact that he did get so many straightaways should be attributed to the chances at this style of shooting, and not to the trapper's favoring him, as was suggested; the element of luck in unknown-angle shooting renders such suggestions possible, but as a matter of fact coincidences such as the above are happening all the time, but are not so liable to be noticed in sweeps as in a match, especially when there is so much interest in the finish as there was in to-day's race.

Eight sweepstakes, all at 10 targets, unknown angles, were also decided during the afternoon, the scores in all these events being given in the following table:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Apgar	10	9	7	9	10	10	9	10	Greiff	..	7	6	7	8	8	9	7
E Collins	8	8	8	6	10	9	8	10	Wells	..	2	6	4	3	..	..	..
Lenone	10	8	8	8	6	7	7	5	Fetcher	..	6	5	..	8	..	..	..
Hebbard	8	8	8	8	..	..	..	..	Wise	..	6	7	7	7	10	8	..
Simpson	7	7	6	6	7	7	..	..	Palmer	..	5	5	7	6	9	4	..
McAlpin	8	10	9	7	..	..	..	..	Strader	..	..	4	..	4	..	6	2
Jersey	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	Ingram	..	..	8	7	4	4	4	6
Creveling	8	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	Barron	..	..	8	7	8	5	9	8
G Piercy	6	9	8	7	8	9	10	8	Thornton	..	..	5	7	6	7	7	7
L Piercy	7	8	..	..	..	7	6	..	Carl	..	..	..	7	9	8	6	5
Huck	8	6	7	6	8	..	..	..	Edwards	..	..	..	..	10	9	9	9
Krebs	10	10	9	8	..	..	..	..	Dodds	..	..	..	..	8	3	3	6
Paul	5	7	3	5	9	6	..	..	W Collins	..	..	..	..	4	9	4	7
Eames	..	8	5	3	7	4	..	8	Frank	..	..	..	..	6	..	..	..
Corson	..	4	5	..	..	4	..	4	Wright	..	..	..	..	..	[illegible]	..	..
James	..	7	7	8	5	..	..	..									

The scores in the team race were as follows:

Endeavor.

Eddie Collins..........1111111111111111111111101—24
Carl von Lengerke..........1111111111111111111011111—24
G E Greiff..........1010111111101111111110101—20
C W McPeek..........0111011110101110011111111—19
E Edwards..........1011111011101101111110010—18
G H Piercy..........1101111111101101100100 11—18
Dr Fletcher..........1111111001100011010110111—17
E Ingram..........0100111001110011111110011—16
J A Creveling..........0111110100101100111101100—15
H L Corson..........1100110101110111010010100—14—185

Boiling Springs

Neaf Apgar..........1111111101111110111111110—22
W H Huck..........1011111101110111111111111—22
Paul Jeanneret..........1011111111110110111110101—20
C F Lenone..........1111010111111001101111111—20
W J Simpson..........1111111001111111101110101—20
F Krebs..........1011110101110111100101101—17
Wise..........1100011010110101111110111—17
C C Hebbard..........1010110001111010101111110—16
B James..........1111011111000110011000011—15
G S McAlpin..........1011011110001001111100001—14—183

Edward Banks.

SOUTH SIDE'S SATURDAY.

Feb. 8.—The shoot Saturday afternoon saw the destruction of nearly 1,200 targets. Marked improvement in the shooting of some of the new members was noticed, with an exception in the case of Mr. Folsom, who was handicapped by using a new gun, this being the first time he had tried it. That the gun was all right was proved by the fact that Luedecke shot it in the team race, scoring 22. The team race of course was the event of the afternoon, as it usually is; Thomas's side won with a lot to spare. The work of the second squad was particularly noticeable, being almost a model in time, averaging about 88 per cent., and occupying less than 15 minutes.

Boys, if you want to shoot artificial targets, and do it quick, South Side can "take the cake" around this part of the country. Scores in to-day's events were:

Events:	*1*	*2*	*3*	*4*	*5*	*6*	*7*	*8*	*9*	*10*	*11*	*12*	*13*	*14*	*15*	*16*	*17*
E Edwards	9	7	8	8	10	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
T J Jackson	7	7	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
B Young	..	6	8	6	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
I H Terrill	..	..	..	8	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
W M Smith	..	..	..	6	4	5	2	5	6	9	7	..	..	..	..	..	..
A Whitehead	..	..	..	..	..	10	9	..	..	7	7	7	..	..	..	..	..
Dr Orton	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	4	4	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
H Folsom	..	..	..	..	..	5	7	3	2	6	5	5	6	6	8	5	4
Dawson	..	..	..	..	..	6	6	8	8	4	4	7	9	5	..	..	..
Compton	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	9	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..
L Thomas	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	7	8	6	4	8	7	7	4	4
Kiersted	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	5	9	9	6	6	5	7	9
Geoffroy	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	10	9	3	8	10
Bercaugh	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	..	6	5	7	6	5

The team scores were as below:

Thomas's Team.

C M Heddon..........1111111001111111111110111—22
I H Terrill..........1111111111101111111011011—22
W R Hobart..........1111111110110110111111011—21
Kiersted..........0110110111111100111110111—19
L Thomas..........1001101101011011101111111—18
A Whitehead..........1101110010110101111011001—16—1 8

Folsom's Team.

E A Geoffroy..........1111111011111111111111111—24
Luedecke..........1111111111011111110111011—22
Dr Orton..........1101110111101111111010011—19
W M Smith..........1000110111000010111110011—14
Dawson..........0100000110111111000011111 0—13
Folsom..........1000010010001000000000110— 6- 98

W. R. Hobart.

ELLIOTT DEFEATS MORFEY.

Feb. 8.—Jas. A. R. Elliott, of Kansas City, Mo. (to give Jimmy Elliott his full title), and T. W. Morfey, of Paterson, N. J., shot a 100-bird race to-day at Willard Park, for the consideration of $100 a side, the loser paying for the birds. Both men stood at the 30yds. mark, Elliott using his Winchester repeater, Morfey his double Parker. The result of the match was a victory for Elliott by 4 birds, his score showing 91 to 87.

There were between 300 and 400 persons present when the match began, many of them coming from a distance, the match having ex-

cited a good deal of interest in and around New York and New Jersey. Morfey has a record for winning matches that is hard to equal and which has probably seldom been equaled, while Jim Elliott is known from one end of the United States to the other.

The officials at this match were: Capt. A. W. Money, referee; W. Dutcher, scorer; Charles Lee, trap-puller; Joe Boyle looked after the birds and trappers. Morfey's red setter dog Eagle and Boyle's Nancy did part of the retrieving, being relieved by J. Doty's gordon setter who put in some of the finest work that has ever been seen on these grounds. He is perfectly under control, there being no occasion to hold him when a shooter is at the score. He does not start to retrieve until told to do so, and can be called back any time when in the full run for a bird. This was shown to-day when Elliott elected to gather a doubtful bird. The dog answered the whistle when within a few yards of the bird, coming to heel promptly amid the applause of the crowd. Then Elliott tried his hand on the bird, but lost it.

The shooting was very fine, the birds being a fair lot of strong flyers. The close of each of the first three series of 25 saw the score a tie, both men scoring 22, 21 and 23 out of the above series in order named. The tie was finally broken when Morfey lost his 81st bird; losses in the 85th, 88th and 95th rounds left him four birds to the bad at the end of the 100th round, Elliott having finished the race with a run of 42 straight. In addition to his unfinished run of 42 straight, Elliott made runs of 16, 14 and 11; Morfey's high runs were 16, 13 and 12. The time for the first 100 birds was 57 minutes; the second 100 took 66 minutes, making a total of two hours and 3 minutes for the 200 birds. In the last half of the match the traps broke down twice, making a delay of a minute or two each time.

The scores in full, showing trap and the flight of each bird, are given below:

Trap score type—Copyright, 1896, by Forest and Stream Publishing Co.

4 2 2 3 3 5 3 4 5 1 5 2 2 3 2 2 4 4 4 3 1 3 5 2 1
↓ ↑ ↑ ↖ ↑ H ↖ ↑ → ⟷ → ↗ ↗ ↑ ↕ ↑ ↖ ← ↗ → → → T ↗ ↗
Elliott.........2 • 0 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—22

2 5 3 4 4 4 1 5 1 5 2 3 1 1 4 2 4 2 5 2 5 3 1 2 5
↑ ↑ H T ↖ → ↗ ↓ ↗ ↗ ← ↘ ↗ ↘ ↗ ↑ H → ↘ → → → → → ↗
2 2 2 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 0 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 1 2 2 2—21

2 3 3 4 5 1 3 2 2 1 1 3 2 4 4 4 1 3 2 1 4 2 3 3 2
→ ↗ ↖ ↗ ↖ ↓ ↙ ↘ → ↖ T ↘ ↑ ↗ ↙ → ↗ ↖ ↙ ↑ ↖ ↙ ↗ ↙ ↘
2 2 0 2 2 2 2 • 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—23

3 5 1 5 5 2 2 4 2 2 1 4 3 4 2 1 3 5 2 3 2 3 5 4 2
→ → ↖ → ↑ → ↗ ↑ H → ↖ → ↙ → ↙ → → ↓ ↗ ← ↑ ↖ → H ↖
1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2—25—91

4 2 1 3 2 3 5 2 2 2 5 5 4 5 5 2 2 5 5 1 1 3 2 5 3
↑ ↖ ↗ ↘ ↑ → ↘ → ↗ ↖ ↑ ↗ ↗ ← ↑ ↖ ← → → ↗ ↗ ↗ H → ↑
Morfey.........• 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 0 2 1 1 2 1 2 2 1 2 1 2 2 2 1—22

3 4 1 4 3 5 5 3 3 1 4 2 2 3 1 4 1 3 3 2 1 4 4 2 3
→ → ↰ → → → ↑ ↗ ← ⟵ → ↙ ↗ → ↗ → → → → ↘ ↖ → ↗ → →
1 2 0 2 2 0 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 2 1 0 2 1 2 0 1 2 2 2 2—21

5 1 4 3 5 1 1 1 2 5 4 1 4 3 4 5 5 2 2 3 1 5 2 1 5
↘ ↑ ← ↘ ↗ ↖ ↖ ↗ ↗ → ↖ ↑ ↗ → H ↘ ↘ ↗ ⟷ ↖ → H ↖ →
2 2 2 • 2 1 2 2 2 2 1 2 2 1 1 2 0 2 2 1 2 1 1 2 2—23

2 1 5 2 1 1 1 1 1 4 5 4 1 5 2 4 2 2 1 4 5 4 3 3 4
↘ H ↙ → → ↘ ↘ ↖ ↘ ↘ ↑ ↗ ↗ ↓ ← T → ⟷ ↰ ↘ ↰ ↖ ← ↙
1 2 2 2 1 0 2 2 2 0 2 2 • 2 2 2 1 1 1 0 2 1 2 2 2—21—87

The following sweeps were also shot, Nos. 1, 2, 4 and 5 being $2 miss-and-outs; No. 3 was a 10-bird match between Capt. Money and Hill:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.
Brewer	1222—4	222—3	....	2222—4	0 —0
Money	2110—3	212—3	2221112112—10	121 —3	2121221—7
Morfey	20 —1	...	....	220 —2	2212222—7
Class	20 —1	...	....	....	2222222—7
Hill	2111—4	220—2	0211122222— 9	2220—3	20 —1

DUTCHER.

On Long Island.

CONEY ISLAND POINT.

Jan. 31.—This afternoon a number of business men of New York and Brooklyn held a shoot at targets at Coney Island Point. Considering that some of the shooters had never shot at targets before, the scores were good. Each man shot at 40 targets. Among the shooters was Mr. Doan, a visitor to the East from Minnesota. The scores were:

Henry Lemaire	1001101111111111111111111111010000111101l—31
Albert Battersbee	0001111111101101110111111111111101110010—30
Frank Lawrence	1111111111110001001101101111100011111101—29
Capt Fraser	1111111001111111011111100011011110000000—26
Doan	1110010011001010011100110001110101100010—20
J Sullivan	1110000010000011000100010000100000010010—11
Wm Monroe	1000001001100010000110100000001000100000—10

LAW.

OLD MILL ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 1.—The regular bi-monthly shoot of the Old Mill Rod and Gun Club was held at Kaiser's Hotel, Old Mill, L. I., this afternoon. The club shoot was at 15 bluerocks, John Blake winning the gold medal and Bob Schneider taking the silver medal. Scores: J. Kaiser 10, R. Kaiser 10, R. Schneider 11, S. Gales 9, W. Edwards 4, E. Forbell 10, A. Schoverling 8, A. Kessel 6, A. Curran 6, John Blake 12, A. Ritzler 2, B. Cruger 7.

EUREKA GUN CLUB.

Feb. 3.—The Eureka Gun Club, of Brooklyn, N. Y., held its monthly live-bird contest at the North Beach shooting grounds this afternoon. The club shoot, which is at 7 live-birds, was won by Philip Myles after a tie with two others. The scores were as follows:

P H Myles (28)	1211202—6	C W Williamson (28)	1000101—3
S R Johnson (28)	2111120—6	E H Kennedy (28)	1200010—3
Harry Claverly (28)	2121220—6	A W King (28)	1000110—3
George King (28)	0211020—4	D W Ryan (26)	1200200—3
Thomas Porter (25)	0112002—4	Fred Reynolds (26)	0100001—2

Shoot off for the badge: Myles 3, Johnson 2, Claverly 1.

SEA GATE GUN CLUB.

Feb. 4.—A new trap-shooting organization is the Sea Gate Gun Club, of Brooklyn. This club was organized very recently and held its first shoot this afternoon at Sea Gate, L. I., formerly Norton's Point, Coney Island. There was a good attendance of members, the club shoot at 15 targets attracting 11 entries; the scores in this event count in the yearly averages for prizes at the end of the season. The score in to-day's shoot was as follows:

Thomas Lloyd	111110111111111—14	Daniel Long	011010011100111— 9
W Henderson	111010111111111—13	Chas E Dobson	101010101110001— 8
W R Samuels	011111011110111—12	J G Britton	100010010110010— 6
J G Robertson	011011111011101—11	F Van Anken	010010110001000— 5
R Lampson	100111010011111—10	T Bennett	101000001000001— 4
H W Vincent	011101001001111— 9		

The officers of the Sea Gate Gun Club are: President, J. G. Robertson; Vice-Presidents, H. W. Vincent and Thomas Lloyd; Secretary, Charles E. Dobson; Treasurer, Richard Lampson; Captain, W. R. Samuels; Trustees, W. G. Henderson, James Britten, Frederic Van Anken, Thomas Bennett and Daniel G. Long.

BUSHWICK ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 4.—A 25-bird race was shot to-day on the grounds of the Bushwick Rod and Gun Club, the contestants being Thomas G. Dawson, of Brooklyn, and P. J. O'Brien, of the Bergen Gun Club. The conditions were: 25 live birds per man, 28yds. rise. Dawson won by 3 birds, the score being reported as: Dawson 15, O'Brien 12.

CONEY ISLAND ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 5.—The monthly shoot of the Coney Island Rod and Gun Club was held this afternoon at Dexter Park. The contest for the Hughes diamond badge was productive of much sport, Helgans, Pfaender and Lair tieing for it with straight scores of 7 kills. On the shoot-off, miss-and-out, Helgans won by scoring 4, Pfaender scored 3, Lair 2. The scores in the club event were as follows: E. Helgans (29) 7, Fred Pfaender (29) 7, W. H. Lair (29) 7, Henry A. Mueller (27) 6, Dr. Parker (27) 6, Dr. Fuller (27) 5, J. B. Voorhees (29) 5, H. McLaughlin (29) 4, Dr. Little (29) 4, Hy. Koebel, Jr. (29) 4.

ARVERNE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 5.—The members of the Arverne Rod and Gun Club held a shoot to-day for the first time in many months. All events were at targets, the club event being at 15 targets: The scores were:

Club shoot: J. G. Foster 13, F. G. Henderson 10, T. R. Wentworth 9, J. H. Schaeffer 8, C. T. Elliott 7, G. H. Kennedy 5, A. E. Murphy 4, T. J. Higgins 3, F. H. Philips 2.

WOODSIDE ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 5.—At the Woodside Rod and Gun Club's shoot to day James B. Colgan secured the first honors on 9 out of 10 targets. The scores in the club event were:

James B. Colgan 9, Edward V. Kent 6, Henry P. Schmidtt 5, James J. O'Brien 7, Ulysses V. O'Connor 5, Andrew J. Henderson 5, James R. Seaman 3, James W. Heaney 4, Henry P. Cummings 6, Samuel P. Schleuter 7, Edward S. Norris 4, Wm. H. Hunt 5.

AT DEXTER PARK.

Feb. 6.—The weather to-day was enough to break the heart of anybody except the most eager pigeon shooter. A live-bird handicap race had been fixed for to-day and several of those who had put up their forfeits were on hand to take part in whatever was going. The wind blew a gale that swung around from the northeast to the southeast, blowing all the while at about 60 miles an hour. This wind was right in the teeth of the shooters, making incomers terribly fast, and carrying lots of birds that had been killed in the air over the boundary, the shooter being credited with a lost bird. In consequence of the disagreeable weather conditions it was decided to postpone the handicap until Feb. 10, those who were present then going in for several sweepstakes, although the rain was coming down in torrents all the day, particularly between the hours of 2 and 4 P. M. The scores made were as follows:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.	No. 4.	No. 5.	No. 6.	No. 7.
J L Brewer (31)	9	9	4	4	8	5	6
J J Timmons (28)	9	..	..	..	..	..	..
F Class (31)	8	0	6	2	..	..	..
Dr Little (27)	8	1	1	1	..	0	6
W G Clark (30)	7	1	5	3	6	3	5
T C Wright (29)	6	10	1	1	..	..	..
S Hill (28)	6	0	..	4	8	5	2
T W Morfey (31)	5	1	7	3	4	4	5
T C Ward (28)		10	7	4	3	4	4

No. 1 was at 10 live birds; all others were miss-and-outs.

WAVERLY ROD AND GUN CLUB.

Feb. 6.—Notwithstanding the desperate gale and pouring rain, several members of the Waverly Gun Club went to the club's grounds at North Beach and took part in the monthly live-bird shoot of the club. Henry G. Ranken won the badge after tieing with Richards and Schaeffer. The tie was shot off miss-and-out, Ranken scoring 3, Richards 2 and Schaeffer 1. The scores of the shoot were as follows:

H. G. Ranken (27) 6, T. W. Richards (26) 6, J. G. Schaeffer (26) 6, W. G. Hennessy (25) 5, D. H. Longman (26) 4, C. H. Kelley (26) 3, A. V. Williams (25) 1, J. C. Bertram (26) 3, S. W. Murphy (26) 2.

NEW UTRECHT GUN CLUB.

Feb. 3.—There was only a small attendance this afternoon at the grounds of the New Utrecht Gun Club, at Woodlawn. Six shooters were present, but only five took part in the club shoot at 10 birds. Coulston, the only A Class man had, of course, an easy thing, having only himself to beat for the honors in that class. Conny Ferguson had three competitors in Class B, but none of them gave him any trouble, he killing his first 9 birds without a miss. Scores:

	No. 1.	No. 2.	No. 3.
G W Coulston (A)	0222221102—8	20221—4	•2212—4
Conny Furgueson (B)	2222212120—9	11202—4	01010—2
F W Duryea (B)	1212001200—6	21222—5	10102—3
J Gaughen (B)	212001101•—6	21122—5	12112—5
C T Pennington (B)	1200201010—5	12211—5	11022—4
D Bennett (B)	....	22221—5	02222—4

Messrs. Coulston and Pennington shot two matches this afternoon. The first was at 10 birds, Coulston allowing Pennington one miss as a no bird; this match Pennington won by killing 8 out of 11, to Coulston's 7 out of 10. The second match was arranged as follows: 25 live birds per man, Pennington being allowed five misses as no birds; this match Coulston won as Pennington was shot out at the end of his 26th round. Score:

Coulston	0222221102221201221020221 —20
Pennington	12002010100021220•02122110—15

Trap Around Buffalo.

IDLE HOUR GUN CLUB.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Jan. 30.—The Idle Hour Gun Club held a shoot to-day at Audubon Park. Thirteen members took part in the sweeps shot during the afternoon. The scores were as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	Events:	1	2	3	4
Targets:	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*	Targets:	*25*	*10*	*10*	*10*
B F Smith	19	8	6	9	H B Smith	12	..	..	..
R Hawkins	18	..	7	7	P Smith	14	..	..	..
Jos Gray	11	5	..	..	P Hovey	..	6	..	..
A Trimmer	13	6	..	..	Norris	..	..	5	8
F Sink	13	6	..	..	P Meyers	..	..	5	8
Wm Daw	17	7	7	5	Porter	..	..	5	5
J Ambrose	15	7	..	..					

Events 5, 6, 7 and 8 were a series of matches between B. F. Smith and Norris; they resulted as follows: No. 5, 15 targets: Norris 12, Smith 11. No. 6, same: Norris 10, Smith 12. No. 7, 10 targets: Smith 10, Norris 9. No. 8, 5 targets: Smith 5, Norris 4.

HEINOLD IN GOOD FORM.

Jan. 31.—A 3-men team race was the special attraction at Audubon Park to-day, the event bringing out quite a large number of shooters. The teams were: A. Heinold, L. W. Bennett and A. Forrester, against F. D. Kelsey, E. C. and C. S. Burkhardt. The conditions of the race were sporting ones: 25 live birds per man, 28yds. rise, 50yds. boundary, and 25 targets per man, 16yds. rise, unknown angles. Heinold's team won by a majority of 5—119 to 114.

The day began well and everything looked promising for a fine day, but before the last sweep was brought to a close a drizzling rain made it unpleasant for the shooters. In the first half of the team race, the live-bird part of it, team No. 2 led by 1 kill, scoring 60 to 59. In the target half team No. 1 led by 6 breaks, scoring 60 to 54. It is but fair to the losing team to state that C. S. Burkhardt's unlucky drop from his average number of breaks down to the low score of 14 was the chief cause of the team's failure to come out ahead. A. Heinold, of the winning team, led in almost all the events of the day. In the live-bird event he beat the others by some excellent shooting. All the members of the team are Audubon Gun Club men, and all are well known in the State of New York. The scores in the sweeps and team race are as follows:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6
Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*	Targets:	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*15*	*10*
C S Burkhardt	12	13	9	13	9	10	A Heinold	12	12	12	14	15	8
A Forrester	6	12	..	12	12	9	P G Meyers	10	10	..	..	..	..
E C Burkhardt	12	9	10	8	9	6	F D Kelsey	..	..	13	..	..	8
Norris	13	10	..	11	9	..	E Storey	..	..	7	..	..	..
L W Bennett	12	4	13	..	..	8	B F Smith	13	10	..	11	10	..

The scores in the team match were as follows:

No. 1 team, live birds.		Targets.	
Heinold	22•2221112221•22212012221-23	1111111110111001111110111-21	—43
Bennett	12022•212221½•12220210112-20	0011111111101011111111111-21	—41
Forrester	2•2001•21111102•10021111-17	1101111100011110101011111-18	—35
	60		60 119
No. 2 team.			
Kelsey	221220•212221201•22221122-21	1011111010011111111111011-20	—41
EBurkh'dt	22221½•2201•2212100212021-19	1100111111101111110101111-20	—39
CBurkh'dt	21121•0•22212022011222-20	1010011001110110100110011-14	—34
	60		54 114

AUDUBON GUN CLUB.

Feb. 1.—The Audubon Gun Club's weekly shoot was held to-day at Audubon Park. The badge race was the main event of the afternoon. In this event the members of the club are divided into three classes, A, B and C. Class A badge was won by A. Forrester with 23 out of 25; Reid won the Class B badge with 21, the Class C badge being taken by Miller, who broke 16. Scores:

Class A.	
A Forrester	1111111101110111111111111—23
Fisher	1111111111101100111111101—21
L W Bennett	1111011110011111111010111—20
C W Burkhardt	0111101111111100111111110—20
B F Smith	1111011111101011110011111—20
B Talsma	1101101101111101010111011—18
E Burkhardt	1011110111110101111010100—16
E W Smith	1111100101011100110011111—16
P Meyers	0001110110101110111100101—15
E Storey	0101000111000101101110101—13
Class B.	
Reid	1011111111101111110110111—21
L Erb	1111100111111110011101111—20
Hanks	1110111110110100111101111—19
Williams	0011011111111010111101111—19
O'Brien	0111110111110101110111010—18
McArthur	1011011110111110100110011—17
Brown	1001100110011111111000111—16
Class C.	
Miller	1110011011000011110111011—16
Haigh	0000111101011111100000001—12
Woodbury	0100111100100011000001110—11
Coombs	0100100100001010010010011— 9

King's Smokeless Gun Club.

MADISONVILLE, O., Feb. 1.—The scores made in to-day's shoot by members of the King's Smokeless Gun Club, of this place, were as below, all those taking part in the events using Peters's shells and Milt Lindsley's new powder—King's Smokeless:

Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	Events:	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8
Targets:	*10*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*25*	*10*	*20*	*15*	Targets:	*10*	*20*	*10*	*20*	*25*	*10*	*20*	*15*
Mackie	10	19	9	19	23	10	19	15	Settle	10	17	10	19	20	9	16	14
Conklin	8	15	7	15	..	7	..	..	Burton	9	16	8	17	..	7	15	12
Stinkorb	7	15	8	16	..	8	14	12	Stevens	7	16	9	18	..	8	16	13

J. H. MACKIE, Sec'y.

Lynchburg Gun Club.

LYNCHBURG, Va., Feb. 4.—The weekly shoot of the Lynchburg Gun Club was held to-day. In addition to the scores given below, Dornin and Scott shot four 25-target matches and one 20-target match with the following result: No. 1, Dornin 22, Scott 19; No. 2, Scott 21, Dornin 20; No. 3, Dornin 24, Scott 18; No. 4, Dornin 20, Scott 17; No. 5, 20 targets: Dornin 20, Scott 15. Total out of 120 targets: Dornin 106, Scott 90. The other scores were:

	No. 1.	No. 2.
Nelson	1011111111111110011111111—22	1110011110111111111101111—21
Terry	1110110001110100110111111—17	0111111110010111111101101—19
Scott	0111101111101101110011101—18	1100110111110011101011011—17
Dornin	1011111111111101111111111—23	1111111101111001111111111—23
Stearns	0111111110111111001011101—19	1101111111101010101101110—18
Moorman	....	1100011011011111101001111—17
	No. 3.	**No. 4.**
Nelson	1111111111111110111111111—24	1111011111111000111111101—20
Terry	1111010011111111111110011—20	1111111111001110111001011—19
Scott	0111101011110111111110111—20	1001111111101111001011011—18
Dornin	1110111111101110111101111—21	1111111111111111101111101—23
Stearns	1110101011011111111011111—20	0101011111110111111011101—19
Moorman	1001111101001110011111110—17	1100110011111111011011111—19
	No. 5.	**No. 6.**
Nelson	1011101111101111111111101—21	1101111111111111111111111—24
Terry	1011110011110011111111011—19	1110111111111110111110101l—21
Scott	0101010011111010011011111—16	1111111010011001111110101—18
Dornin	1111111111111011110101111—22	1110110111111001111111111—21
Stearns	1110101111111111110101111l—21	1110011110110101011111111—19
Moorman	0111010110110001011111101—16	1111101111111111110010111—21

F. M. D.

Smashing Targets in Colorado.

TIMNATH, Col., Jan. 30.—The North Timnath Gun Club shot a race to-day with a team from Greeley, the losing team paying for the targets. The conditions were 25 targets per man. Timnath won by 12 breaks. Scores:

North Timnath Gun Club.	
J M Edwards	1111111101101110111011011—20
S J Reed	0001000101011001000011010— 9
C Parker	1011111111111101111101111—22
G Woodard	1111111110111101110111011—21
F Paige	0011001001001110001000101—10
H G Springer	0011101011001001110110001—13
J L Gray	1101111101111101110110110—19
C Adams	0100101000111011111110110—15
J Hayden	1110111111111110101111011—21—150
Greeley Gun Club.	
W J Baxter	1101101111111111011000111—19
H Sorenson	1011001101101001101110110—15
E M Neusbaum	0111101111111111001111001—19
F E Smith	0101111001000010000100011—10
Wm Lee	1111101100111011010000110—14
H Cooper	0110101100000110011101101—13
E McKinney	1011101100110111011100111—17
W Henderson	1011110001011111001011010—15
I Igo	1001111111111011000011001—16—138

J. M. EDWARDS, Sec'y.

Farmer Jones's Handicap.

ALBANY, N. Y., Feb. 8.—Some one has said that the sooner the almighty dollar ceases to play so important a part in our tournaments, and that the clubs holding these shoots do not endeavor to make all they can out of the visiting sportsmen, the sooner the attendance will increase. All of this is true. One must pay for his pleasure, and no one ought to gain more out of it than his proportion. The club should have a fair recompense for its hard work and should charge as small a price for birds and shells as the times warrant. Make it a pleasant day for all the shooters; see how much they can give them for their money; pay some little attention to the poorer shots; make it a day of pleasure (if not profit) to them, and they will come again. Charge every man the same entrance and give him what he has won in proportion to his skill. No sliding scale—one man $1, another $2; some at 16yds., and some at greater distance. Away with all this! and take in pleasure what you can't win. But serve all alike, irrespective of rank. My neighbor has fifty cows; I have twenty. He sends his milk to the same factory, pays the same price per pound for making his share of the butter as I do, and has to pay for the same in proportion to the amount of milk sent. The writer gets the same proportion, but at the end of the year has received less money than he of the larger number of stock. Is not this correct? What about the handicap? Why, "straight out;" is there anything more equitable and fair for all the shooters? The better you shoot, the more you get of the cash, and "dropping" won't work. No one to blame but the contestant if he don't get a piece, and no one will get more than he is entitled to.

FARMER JONES.

Answers to Correspondents.

No notice taken of anonymous communications

A. T. L., Delawanna, N. J.—No sailing yacht can sail faster than the wind.

S. R. T., Scranton, Miss.—Jeffrey's marine glue is used between planking of boats. Directions for use are furnished by the makers with each package. It is not used for hollow spars, special glues being used for this purpose; the composition being the secret of the spar maker.

P. J., 111.—Canvas will make a strong and durable boat. The model should carry the sail named. You can reach the Ohio from Pittsburg, Pa., but will have to use the rail from New York to Pittsburg. Such charts as are to be had of the rivers are published by the Hydrographic Office, Washington, but we believe the Ohio and Mississippi are not charted.

W. G., Toronto, Canada.—1. Which yearly report of the U. S. Fishery Commissioner contains the best practical hints, etc., to one who desires information on the breeding and raising of speckled trout and also of the black bass? 2. Can you give me the address of any taxidermist or any one from whom I can purchase hackle feathers, etc., suitable for fly making? Ans. 1 and 2. Write to J. B. McHarg, Jr., Rome, N. Y.

H. A. C., Laconia, N. H.—I wish to inquire through your corresponding column the best place in Maine where I could find good trapping and fishing. Ans. There is no "best place" for trapping and fishing in Maine, or anywhere else for that matter. Trapping is played out in Maine at present, and where expert trappers cannot make expenses there is no opening for anyone else. You can find fishing of one kind or another almost anywhere in the State. Consult our hotel advertising columns.

S. M. VAN A., Jamaica, N. Y.—I have taken interest in New York police pistol practice. I read this week of too light pistols, holding in hand, etc. Could you give me any information in this respect, as I have been trying to learn to shoot a Stevens single shot, but can't seem to hold it steady? Ans. To shoot a pistol or revolver with any degree of accuracy, the weapon must be held in such a manner as to make it an integral part of the shooter's arm. No other cause is so productive of wild shooting as a weak grip at the point where the pistol is held, which permits it to turn to either side or wobble up and down. The inevitable shaking of the pistol arm is of little consequence as compared with the slightest motion at the grip, as owing to the shortness of the barrel such motion is multiplied tenfold. Do not permit yourself to pull off with a jerk, but gradually tighten the pressure on the trigger, meanwhile keeping a firm grasp on the pistol and your arm extended in the direction of the target, with the sights as near the center of the bullseye as you can hold. When you have learned to grasp the pistol firmly, so that no matter how your arm moves about the pistol itself will always point just where your arm does, you will have no difficulty in doing good average shooting.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT.

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NEW ORLEANS MARDI GRAS.

THE Southern Railway, Piedmont Air Line, operating the Washington and Southern Vestibule Limited, composed of Vestibule Coach, Dining and Sleeping Cars, between New York and New Orleans, announces that on Feb. 14-17 they will sell round-trip tickets, Washington to New Orleans and return, for $27.50, these tickets good to return within fifteen days. This low rate is given so as to enable all to attend the Carnival, which takes place in the Crescent City on the 17th of February. The attendance from the East this year will be very large. Already a number of special car parties have made arrangements to take in this great celebration.—*Adv.*